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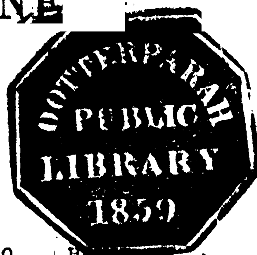
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OF 1833.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE



THE POLITICIAN, NO. XIV.

REMARKS ON THE MALT-TAX—LETTER FROM A WHIG TEN-POUND HOLDER TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON THE BUDGET.

THE Ministers have been beaten by their friends, the country gentlemen, who have stolen a march upon the metropolis. The Malt-tax is to be reduced one-half. Very well. How is the revenue to be made up?—Not by further cuttings down; because if that be *possible now*, it should have been possible *before;* and a reduction of expenses, as the only consequence of reduced taxation, will be a premium to every man to attack every tax. No—the Malt-tax must be made up by some other tax: what that may be, Heaven knows!—it ought, perhaps, to fall on that class who have repealed this one,—viz. the country gentlemen. The Assessed Taxes—will they go too? Sooner or later all these takings off must terminate in one great putting on: the tide of events makes towards a Property Tax. And objectionable, in many respects, as that tax certainly is, it will be, perhaps, the most popular of taxes on the whole. We may see, by the bye, in the divisions on these recent debates, what is the *real* feeling of the House of Commons. There is but a very *faint* desire for further constitutional change; consequently, the minority on the Ballot is small—the debate attracted no interest—the House was thin—the discussion wretchedly cold and feeble. But the debates on the Currency, Mr. Robinson's motion for a Property-tax, the recent victory over the Malt-tax, and the meditated sallies against the rest of the Budget, prove that the House is, on the whole, faithful to the great trust confided to it by the people, and anxious, above all things, for a relief from fiscal burthens. God defend us, at all events, from quackeries! and not condemn us to lose our credit by the economy of resisting our debts.

We cannot here too strongly reprobate the language used at the Metropolitan meeting against the Assessed Taxes, and the treasonable threat of men too rich, at least, to have the plea of distress, that they will refuse to pay taxes imposed by the nation to pay the debts of the nation.

We pause here to give insertion to a letter on the Budget, from an

honest Ten-Pound Householder. He is a little hard upon some parts of the proposed alleviations; but his letter may serve to put in a clear point of view the state of feeling in the provinces;—it may show a Government that is beset with unprecedented difficulties, that both Tory and Radical are gaining ground upon them, and that the middle class, which ought to be their natural strength, are beginning the most to desert them. For our own part we should deeply regret their abdication. They have done much that would have secured the everlasting gratitude of the nation, if they had not, by a sort of voluntary perverseness, counterbalanced the benefit. There are evidently two parties in the Cabinet; —and if the people are pleased to-day, one of these parties insists on the right of disappointing them to-morrow. Heaven help them and us! for we dislike and fear these times more and more. Would to God the Ministers, by a firm and consistent conduct, would suffer us to rally round them as the great landmarks of good government! In so much that is vague and uncertain, fain would we keep our eyes to one certain point. We dread that the day is coming when the honest friends of the people, in their determination to defend national faith and individual property at all hazards, will be the stanchest opponents to the popular demand. But now to our Householder's letter:—

Letter from a Whig Ten-Pound Householder to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Budget.

I am, my Lord, but a poor man, who, thanks to the exertions of the administration to which your Lordship belongs, was admitted to the right of voting for Members of Parliament, for the first time, in the last election. The ministers, no doubt, *had* their difficulties in obtaining Parliamentary Reform—humble individual though I be, I also have had *mine!* I am a tradesman with a large family, and most of the custom which I receive has been given to me by certain great families in my town—the Parson, and the Captain, and his worship the Mayor, and the Squire who lives at the hall as you enter the town. I dare say your Lordship would laugh to hear these called great families; but I assure you they are quite as proud, and think as much of commanding their tradespeople and their tenants, as if they were the richest peers in the realm. They are mighty particular in exacting the votes of all whom they deal with, and they call that sort of exaction "the legitimate influence of property." Now, your Lordship must know, that these great people are all violent Tories, and thereby opposed to your Lordship's administration. They brought down a fine young gentleman, a lord's son, and insisted on our voting for him, because *he* had voted in the last Parliament against reform, and was resolved to vote against your Lordship, should we return him to the next. There were two other candi-

dates in the field—one was what is called an out-and-out Radical; the other was "a gentleman Reformer," and of an old Whig family. Our borough returns only one member—we returned the Whig. For my part I would not vote for the Tory, who abused your Lordship, because I thought the time was come for considerable changes in the mode—partly of governing, but principally of taxing, the people. Neither would I vote for the Radical, who abused your Lordship still more, because I thought that your administration would be the best for carrying these changes into effect;—I voted, accordingly, for the Whig candidate;—I lost my Tory customers, and ever since I have been several shillings a week the poorer for my patriotism. What is very provoking, I am not considered exactly a patriot for my pains—and the Radicals look upon me as a half-and-half sort of fellow. Had I voted with them I should have got praise—had I voted for the Tory I should have got pence—as it is, I have got neither the one nor the other.

Still, my Lord, I have consoled myself, and, let me add, I do still console myself, by hoping that your Lordship and your colleagues will make all smooth, and that by your exertions, economy, and wisdom, I shall gain more from a reduction in taxes than I shall lose from a loss of custom;—on the other hand, there is some pleasure in the triumph I shall enjoy over the Radicals, by pointing to the acts of the ministers, and saying, "You see what they have done." Now, my Lord, if you ask me why I expected and expect so much, I will tell you, that your own language taught me to expect it from a reformed parliament and a reforming ministry. When you attacked the unreformed parliament, for what did you blame it?—For its profligate expenditure! When they told you it had worked well—you replied, "No; that it had not worked well—for it had been always exceedingly extravagant." When they asked you what you wanted a reformed parliament for—you answered, "As a court wherein to effect other reforms." I have a file of old newspapers—I keep them in my back parlour—they are very convenient in refreshing one's memory. Well, my Lord, I find those were the arguments used by Lord Grey, by Mr. Stanley, by Mr. Macaulay, and by your Lordship, to say nothing of other fine speakers who support the ministers, but are not at present in office;—I had, therefore, every reason for believing that you intended to be much better than those who had gone before you; and that indeed you have been,—but to be better than bad is hardly sufficient. Indeed, I confess that I, and my friends in the town of ——, began to be a little staggered when we saw that the very first thing your Lordship and your supporters did, was to put into the chair of your reformed house a gentleman who, had he given his vote one way or the other, would have prevented a reformed parliament ever meeting at all. "Why," said my neighbour Styles to me—(Styles is a very active, acute man)—"when we summon a public meeting about

Negro slavery, we don't call on Mr. Whipcord, the planter, to take the chair—when we meet to petition for a reform in the church, we don't beg the Rector to preside over us—and I must say, it is a little discouraging to see, after all the pains and so forth that we have just taken to return reformers, that the very first thing these gentlemen do is to elect an anti-reformer. Why, it seems as if they were laughing at us." "No!" said I, "the ministers are economical—you know we save four thousand a-year by it." This was an argument undoubtedly of much importance. The whole country considered it as such; the House of Commons—the reformed House of Commons—did the same; and I think old Styles, *might* have been wrong to this day. Well, but if some thought choosing a Tory for your chairman was an inauspicious beginning, they opened their eyes in good earnest when they saw what you did next. Our fellow countrymen in Ireland had been oppressed, and harassed, and impoverished—you finish the matter by taking away from them every shred of the constitution. They were so wronged that their petitions grew noisy—you took away the right of meeting to petition altogether. By way of making the matter up to them, you have certainly promised to reform the Church—you have taken off ten Bishops—but many say that they would sooner see Bishops in the pulpit than soldiers in the jury-box— and the blackness of the physic makes them think very little of the size of the sugar-plum. This is the common opinion in my town. However, Ireland is—*Ireland!* and, like the eels, she is used to the culinary operations of legislative benevolence. Besides, property must be preserved, &c. &c.; and having doubts upon the subject, I put my scruples in my pocket. The next cry that was raised amongst our more reading and radical folks was on the Sinecure votes. I thought you were wrong, I confess; but there was a good deal of unjust clamour on the subject,—and, after all, I have a great respect for the prerogative. Besides, I waited for the budget. It is out, my Lord; and I won't flatter your Lordship—there are only two opinions on the matter—the Tories laugh at it —the Radicals, even the moderate Radicals, abuse it. There are two grievances in taxation that we especially complain of in our part of the world—and our part of the world is very little different, I fancy, from the rest of England—these two are the taxes on knowledge and the taxes on industry. By the taxes on knowledge, we mean no abstract and refined idea, which is to be picked up only from philosophers. Some people say—"Why, you can't eat and drink knowledge; why should you be so anxious to abolish the taxes upon it?" The answer is very plain— "because knowledge teaches us the cheapest modes of obtaining meat and drink." Our town, my Lord, is situated in one of those districts which, a short time since, were called "the disturbed." Two years ago riots, and machine-breaking, and incendiarism, were common among

us. It was not only the bad characters that were engaged in these offences—several of our most industrious and hardworking labourers were among the criminals—induced by the force of example, and by the *ignorant* persuasion—1st. That to destroy corn would raise wages; and, 2dly. That the law could only sentence them, if detected, to a month's confinement to hard labour (and to hard labour, God knows, they had been condemned all their lives!) We have seen these men taken away from their families, and sent to the hulks, for no other crime than that of not knowing their own interest and the laws of their country. We wished therefore to have in future amongst us those cheap modes of publication which may allow every man, however poor, to know the nature of his offence and the penalty which he incurs. These modes of diffusing cheap information are only to be obtained from cheap periodicals; and therefore, my Lord, as in our Christian and civilized district we happen to have a regard for the lives and virtue of our poor neighbours, we did desire, and from a reformed Parliament we did expect, that the stamp duty, which now prohibits cheap periodicals, would be abolished. We expected this the more, because you yourself had assured us that you *were convinced of the fact I have just stated*, and that you *were* conscious that a stamp duty on periodicals was a premium upon vice, and the main means of perpetuating distress. You allowed this in Parliament publicly—you argued against this tax out of office—you professed the same opinion in office—you declared your creed to be, that ignorance was the cause of immorality—that immorality (and this all the recent evidence on the Poor Laws goes to prove) was the cause of distress—and we did not doubt therefore, that, as far as you could, you would remove that ignorance which was the root of national affliction. You bring forward your budget—you have 1,500,000*l.* to dispose of—this tax upon knowledge is not one-third part of that sum—we conclude that, of course, you will redeem your pledges—not a whit of it—you have not taken off a single shilling of that tax. With the candour which marks your words, you declare, in your speech, that you think this tax "*poisons the mind of the people;*" and then, leaving the poison to operate as it may, you declare you have something better to do with the money!—something better than the morals of a nation! Well—I said our second grievance in taxation was the burthens upon industry: if you would not take off the tax which makes men criminals, we might comfort ourselves, with a sigh, that your excuse would be the necessity of taking off those which make men paupers. You proceed like the "Devil on Two Sticks," you make a descent on the housetops, and lavish your fiscal generosity upon tiles. What do the poor care for tiles?—It is not a tax upon the poor, but a tax upon the rich gentlemen who build houses, and let them at eight per cent.! And these are the people you have relieved. Marine insurances!—Does your Lordship think we have so much leisure that

we make summer excursions on the sea? Raw cotton!—Well, there *is* some sense in taking off a tax upon *that*, I allow; but when my Lord Althorp takes off the tax upon raw cotton, he makes no boon to the people—none in the world. For who *put the tax upon* raw cotton?—Why, my Lord Althorp himself! He makes the giants first, and *then* he kills them. The soap duty—you take off half.—We are very much obliged to you—cleanliness is a virtue. You allow then that soap is necessary for the body; but there is a soap also for the mind—and on that you keep up the price of cleanliness. Half the duty on soap!—it is well meant – the best thing you have done. I might say that it is still not low enough to defeat the contraband trader—and that

"The smuggler and the poor divide the prize."

But I will not be too critical where I see some merit. You reduced the duty on advertisements,—in what way?—so as to make a man who can afford three advertisements pay prodigiously less than the poor devil who can only pay one. In this instance, it would seem as if there had been a sort of fellowship with certain quack doctors, who advertise to unfortunate youths and maidens destruction on scientific principles every day in the week. The servant and the clerk, who can only afford one advertisement, are put to the highest terms—the overgrown razor-vender and the quack doctor to the lowest. True, it is now said that the newspapers have shamed your Lordship out of this gradation; but there it is—there is what I complain of,—so obvious and easy an improvement would have suggested itself to you, had your Lordship but consulted practical individuals. Under such profound secrecy you can but prepare the public disappointment; I complain also, that, while you prepare nothing by deliberation, you concede amendment only to clamour. You consult nobody; and therefore you must err, however honest and able;—and it then depends on the quantum of noise made as to the quantum of error that is redressed!

So much for the principal part of your Lordship's budget. Oh! I forgot though—there is the window tax! In this you actually make such an adjustment of taxes, that the rich man, who has a large store-room with five windows, shall be, indeed, considered and eased; but the poor shopkeeper, with only one window to his front shop, gets no relief at all. But perhaps your Lordship, as you never consult anybody, did not know that there are some shops in existence that *have* only one window; perhaps you supposed that a shop so small as not to have a warehouse did not exist. I have read a story of poor Marie Antoinette, that when the people complained of the want of bread, she said innocently, "Why don't they eat cakes then?" Your Lordship is not unjust —I suppose you, therefore, a *leetle* in the dark as to practical matters; and whenever the people complain of not having bread enough, I dare

be sworn you will recommend them to go to the cake-shop; but, however, a man gains *something*, even when he is in the wrong, if his error gives *somebody* satisfaction. These rich aristocrats of dowlas and tallow, —these five-windowed traders,—these mighty ones of Bond-street and Marylebone,—what do *they* say? Are *they* pleased—are *they* contented? Not a bit of it: they have summoned a great meeting to assure you of their disappointment and talk treason. You have framed your relief so unhappily, that even those who gain the most by it are discontented.

This, then, is the history of your Lordship's budget. You had 1,500,000*l.* to spend: you have thrown the greater part of the sum entirely away,—you have managed to spend it with at least the smallest possible benefit to the people,—you have hit on a solution of the arithmetical problem, "Given 1,500,000*l.*—reduce them to 0." By a series of small boons, by trying to please this man and ease that man,—you have neither pleased nor eased any one. A great load might have been taken from the shoulders of one class or another; you have preferred dabbling to the weight of pins' heads with all classes. What ought to have been the obvious plan to a financier? Should he not have said, "In taxation small benefits are no benefits?" Should he not have applied to some one or two great taxes, and got rid at once of the tax and the expense of collecting it? He should not have made all the grinding-stones go round a little slower, but he should have broken up one of the grinding-stones, and sold the materials to improve the others. He should have got rid of the whole tax in order to get rid of the whole machinery. Thus, even with 1,500,000*l.*, some *great* good might have been effected, and the country have beheld the dawn of effectual relief, not in the amount of the reduction, but in the large mind which learned upon what principles to reduce.

But let me be still more plain. When the people struggled for a Reformed Parliament,—when they underwent the ordeal of excitement and suspense, when they saw without complaint their trade suffering and their commerce stagnant,—when, in defiance of the threats of the great warrior, they braved the vengeance of his returning power, and rallied round a baffled and fainting Administration,—when they bore you back amidst bonfires and huzzas to your proud pre-eminences,—believe me, they did not calculate on a budget that was to promise relief only to the amount of a million and a half. They expected, at least, that you would say, as an excuse for so diminutive a saving, "This is all we can do, supposing our present expenditure continues the same. You see that it is not enough. What is the consequence? Why, that with a bold and unsparing hand we *must* cut down all expenses on the one hand, or modify the unequal principle of taxation on the other." Of the first you give us no hope; hope of the second you have already denied.

My Lord, I am not, as I have before said, what is called a Radical;—no; I am a moderate, quiet man, who hates rash schemes, and has no wish to sacrifice this generation for the experiment of benefiting posterity. But I, and all of the Whig party in our town, (and on Saturdays the market makes it wonderfully full,) feel our confidence in the Administration beginning to shake. We don't know what to say when we are told—"This is the very Parliament *you* summoned: you have the mightiest majority at your back that the House of Commons ever saw,—and what have you done? Elected to your chair an avowed enemy of Reform!—declared Sinecures a part of the prerogative!—put Ireland under Military Law!—(by the by, we are to pay for the soldiers!)—refused a Commutation of Taxes!—and brought forward a Budget, in which the most solemn expectations are violated, and the principle of DO LITTLE is illustrated by the principle of DO IT BADLY!"

We don't know well what to say when we are told this. You have no idea how many amongst your old friends now exclaim, with old Styles—"It was not for this that I—(yes, we must all look to ourselves)—that *I* renounced my Tory customers that I might return Lord Grey's supporter—it was not for this that I bore the jeers of the Radicals, that I might assist his friend. I candidly confess, that unless the second session regain the confidence Ministers have lost in the first, I shall be Whig no more—I will either be a Tory and Conservative of my customer, or a Radical—and then content myself, at least, with the praise of undeniable patriotism."

All this, there is no doubt, is very improper in one man to address to another—if that other has the power to ruin him; for what seems to me very odd is, that the more harm a man has the power to do you, the more impertinent it is thought in you to beg him to refrain from harming you. *But I have not yet renounced all that confidence* I entertained so warmly four short months ago.—And I think that when you see a man walking into a quagmire, it is a sign of liking, not of hatred, to pull him pretty sharply by the shoulder, and beg him to see where he is going.

So, wishing long life to your Lordship, and better health to your Lordship's next budget,

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

A WHIG TEN-POUND HOUSEHOLDER.

April 25, 1833.

" ARMY REFORM.

" BY A CI-DEVANT CAVALRY OFFICER."

The subject of this pamphlet, rather than the pamphlet itself, induces us to offer a few observations on it: and our reason is, that in fact by the amount of our current expenditure, under the head of military charges, (for this is the largest of all the estimates to be provided for,) the extent and pressure of taxation must mainly be regulated. Now, those who know what that pressure is, and the distress consequent on it, will probably excuse a page or two being devoted to so dry a topic.

We cannot compliment the anonymous writer of this brochure on the amenity or kindly feeling evinced in it towards the profession he states himself to have belonged to; but some of his remarks are nevertheless shrewd, to the point, and worthy of the attention of those who, not already conversant with such details, may yet be desirous of taking part in discussions on the estimates.

"The system," (he says,) "of perpetuating the *half-pay*, by young men *purchasing* old officers' half-pay, (including generals') has rendered it *immortal;* after eighteen years of peace, it flourishes like an evergreen." This has been a flagrant abuse, and has been carried to a shameful extent. In truth, the system of purchasing commissions in the army is altogether a monstrous specimen of unblushing impudence and corruption. But abuses long continued are no longer recognized as such. And whatever plausible cant may be urged in favour of the practice, it is certain it did not originate in any of the reasons which have been since excogitated in its defence, and which, if they were worth any thing, would be equally applicable to the sea service. The truth is, the practice originated with corrupt and corrupting ministers, who, having contrived or permitted that commissions in the army should become articles of traffic, gave them to their political adherents as money's worth. Eventually, the system having become general, is openly sanctioned by authority. Ours is the only army in the world in which there is a pecuniary qualification for command, instead of zeal, conduct, or valour.

The writer proposes, on the ground of economy, the establishment of a large force of *stationary colonial* corps. In this there is no novelty, but it involves important considerations which do not appear to have entered into his speculations. He attacks the *sinecures, pluralities,* and *regimental colonelcies* of the generals; and, were he less flippant and indiscriminate, not without reason. He insinuates that the present appointments and former pecuniary rewards enjoyed by his Grace the

Duke of Wellington are enormous and excessive. These are, unquestionably, points fairly open to debate. But when he attempts to depreciate the military exploits of the Duke, when he repeats the hackneyed, futile pretexts of some French pamphlet writers, to prove that the battles of *Quatre Bras* and *Waterloo* were only won by the English army through *accident*, he betrays an entire ignorance of the matter; and if he prove anything, it is that he himself most probably never shared in any such services. But a warrior of the barrack-yard, or of Hounslow Heath, may still be capable of contributing to administrative economy.

His objections on the subject of Chelsea Hospital we in a great degree concur in; and would add a word or two from our own knowledge. In this institution the system of jobbing has flourished, and the King's regulations have been utterly violated—so much so, that instead of veteran soldiers, non-commissioned officers, or meritorious subalterns filling certain appointments, as was the intention of the Legislature, there have in many instances been selected for them the valets-de-chambre, gamekeepers, butlers, electioneering or political agents, or partisans, and other such protégés of former *Postmasters-General*, or of their friends or colleagues. We are well aware that the present noble Lord at the head of the Pay Office is incapable of making such appointments. He will do well, however, to clear the public establishment under his auspices from this species of vermin, and so send them back to the unscrupulous patrons who thus pensioned them off at the public expense.

We coincide in many of his strictures concerning the Guards. The advantages, peculiar privileges, and superior pay and rank enjoyed by this corps over the rest of the army, are invidious and undeserved distinctions. This regiment is, in fact, an aristocratical institution, engrafted on a public service. On this gewgaw of royalty, this select preserve of the Aristocracy, about 70,000*l.* yearly* of the public money is wasted. But the prejudice to the *morale* of the Army generally, by the existence of a privileged corps, not selected on account of merit or service, is a consideration of more consequence. The carpings of the writer on the History of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mackinnon, are paltry and contemptible. Colonel Mackinnon is a Guardsman; he writes as a Guardsman; and his account of the Coldstream is distinguished by good sense, much and careful research, contains many curious and interesting historical facts, and altogether does him great credit.

The writer proposes a most sweeping reduction of from 20 to 35 per cent. from the pay of all generals, officers, and soldiers, without distinction or exception; and, having great confidence in the Whig mi-

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* Beyond a similar number of troops of the line.

nistry, counts on their adopting this crude, extravagant proposition, forgetting how they served Sir Henry Parnell for having suggested some fractional part of this species of retrenchment.—But we must draw these observations to a close.

. Constant complaints, we find, are made in Parliament, on the subject of the taxes. But while many of the popular members loudly call on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to repeal various and considerable imposts, they yet allow him to pass almost *sub silentio*, or at least with little serious opposition, those estimates which justify and even compel him to continue the imposts against which they declaim! This, in our opinion, is an inconsistency which electors should see to, by giving more definite instructions to those in the guardianship of their interests.

But the real difficulty of any essential and well-considered plan of reduction being carried into effect with respect to the Army, is, that certain false friends of the court set their faces against it. They deem any such proceedings as most "*destructive*,"—and look upon a standing army, a *generous* scale of expenditure, a liberal distribution of commissions and promotions, as the true and indispensable attribute of a monarchy, especially surrounded, as ours is, by a splendid and powerful, but also for their junior branches and followers, a needy and grasping Aristocracy. But the views of the court in this respect are well supported elsewhere. There are probably, *at least*, two hundred members of the House of Commons' Patriots, Whigs and Tories, of all shades and gradations, who have good and sufficient personal or family reasons for not desiring a too vigilant curtailment of this wide and convenient branch of expenditure. Thus it is, that from amidst friends and foes the ministers find an overpowering body of supporters on both sides of the House, —all desirous, on this question, not to thwart the court and the chiefs of the army. For the scions of the great families, the Army is an excellent resource

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S MEMOIRS ON THE IRISH UNION.

The affairs of Ireland have come of late so frequently under discussion, that the book of Sir J. Barrington, evincing upon the whole considerable ability, is a work of interest. Ramblingly written, it extends over that period of years which commences with the struggle of Ireland for independence, and continues down to her union as an independent state with the independent state of Great Britain.

The claim of the British Parliament to bind Ireland by British statutes was first disputed in a little pamphlet, by Mr. Molyneux, which, now scarce and almost forgotten, obtained for the writer a reputation the more considerable to him from the circumstance that the book was burnt by the hangman. This work appeared in 1698: but up to 1779, at which period Ireland appears to have been in the most desponding and depressed condition, little effort had been made to procure either constitutional or commercial liberty for the Irish people. As long as Poyning's well-known law, which prohibited the Irish Parliament from more than simply assenting to or dissenting from the will of the English Privy Council, was in force—as long as that law was in force, and the law enacted in the 6th year of George the First—and which gave to England the express power of legislating for Ireland whenever it was thought proper to insert her name in any statute—as long as these two laws existed and were acted upon, it is quite clear that the Legislature of Ireland was a mere mockery of the magnificent name that it assumed, and that the Parliament of Ireland was no more a national parliament than the coronet of the Lord Lieutenant was a sovereign's crown

The name existed, and that was all; and so little indeed was the insignificance of senatorship thought an honour to dispute, that almost up to this time the member duly elected was not given the trouble to be elected again—once a member, he remained always a member, to the great ease and comfort of his constituents.

The contest with America humbled the pride of England; a disposition to concede was wrung from her by a mighty concession; and the demand of Ireland for a free constitution, however disagreeable, was still less obnoxious than the demand of the United States for absolute separation. But this was not all: the French royalists were leagued with the American revolutionists; Ireland was threatened with invasion—"Ireland, without money, militia, or standing army, without ordnance or fortifications," was threatened with invasion; and since no less dangerous alternative remained, she was allowed to act in her own defence. The volunteers, the most singular military force that ever existed in any country, and bearing no resemblance to any, if we except, perhaps, the German Landwehr, in the last campaigns of 1812 and 1813—the Irish volunteers were formed, and formed with an eagerness and enthusiasm which resulted from the love of military enterprise natural to the Irish people.

"Self-governed, they accepted no commissions whatever from the crown, and acknowledged no connexion whatever with the government. The private men appointed their own officers, and occasionally cashiered them for misconduct or incapacity—they accepted no pay whatever—

the more wealthy soldier cheerfully shared his funds with his poorer comrade, and the officers contributed their proportions to the general stock-purse." No army could be enrolled under regulations more contrary to our notions of discipline, no army was ever better disciplined. The influence of rank and character which conferred command was sufficient to procure obedience—every man was a soldier, and the best citizen stood highest in the service. One peculiarity attended an army so peculiarly formed—its desires for a time were sure to be the desires of the community. Arming, then, against a foreign foe, it became anxious to secure domestic benefits. Mr. Grattan, thus supported at the opening of the session of 1779—80, made an amendment to the address which Mr. Burgh (then prime sergeant) afterwards couched in the terms, "that it is not by temporary expedients, but by free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin;" and this amendment of the Irish parliament was followed by the British parliament "proceeding to pass various resolutions, declaring that it was expedient forthwith to repeal the several statutes and laws of Great Britain which restrained the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, and, in that respect, partially to place her on a level with British subjects."

But concessions made to people with arms in their hands should never be short of full and ample satisfaction: resist and conquer, or concede and satisfy, are the only alternatives that present themselves to an able and stern-minded minister in such a difficult conjuncture. Few ministers, however, are statesmen of this character, and there are few examples of such a wholesome policy being pursued. Commercial concessions were followed by constitutional demands; the question whether Ireland was or was not an independent kingdom,—a question that depended upon no abstruse or logistical reasoning, but on the very simple fact of whether she was in a situation to assert her independence or not—was theoretically treated as matter of argument, but brought rather practically to issue by a proposition of Sir Lucius O'Brien, that the King of Great Britain should, as King of Ireland, declare war against Portugal, with whom the neighbouring United State was in the strictest term of friendship and amity. The cause was one which appealed powerfully to the Irish nation: the Portuguese had refused to receive their articles of commerce, as by treaty they were bound to do those of England. Sir L. O'Brien's amendment was of course lost, but it gave the keenest spur to the desire, already popular, for some express acknowledgment of that which the Irish doubted of—while they claimed it as unquestionable—their national independence: this the volunteers, and, backed by the volunteers, the parliament, were determined at every risk to obtain. The meeting at Dungannon of 200 volunteer delegates took place:—the armed bodies throughout Ireland echoed the resolutions of their delegates. The Irish parliament granted the supplies for six months instead of two years—the Priests, Catholic and Dissenting, claimed that liberty "without which," said they, "life is but a prison, and society a place of bondage." The ministry of Lord North was dismissed; Lord Carlisle was recalled; and the Duke of Portland, as the envoy of Lord Rockingham's cabinet, proceeded to Ireland with the message, "that mistrusts and jealousies had arisen there, and that it was highly necessary to take the same into immediate consideration, in order to a *final* adjustment." To this message, delivered at the meeting of parliament, by Mr. Hutch-

inson, Mr. Grattan replied, by moving a declaration that "the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof." The effect of Mr. Grattan's speech and amendment, says Sir J. Barrington, who was present, "was instantaneous and decisive; Ireland was committed, and must persist; Great Britain had lavished in America her powers of resistance;" and even Fitzgibbon, the stern, stubborn, and the tyrannical Fitzgibbon, called upon the people "to stand firm in the unretractable position in which they had placed themselves." It is not our intention to follow further a subject which must be so well known to the generality of our readers as that of the tacit acknowledgment of Ireland's right which was made by the repeal of the British statute (6th George I.) Divisions among the liberal party now arose; Mr. Flood demanding a positive recognition of Irish independence, Mr. Grattan being satisfied at the repeal of those laws which interfered with it. Gratitude for the Whig ministry prevailed, and Mr. Grattan was for the time triumphant. Shortly after, the Duke of Portland closed the parliament in a speech "that every cause of party jealousies and discontents was finally removed; and that both countries having pledged good faith to each other, their best security will be an inviolable interest to their compact." It is to this compact, to this final adjustment, that Sir Jonah Barrington perpetually refers, in contending against the union; from which, he asserts, the two nations were barred by their previous declarations. Is it necessary to say, that all final adjustments and final compacts are absurd? The fallacy of supposing that any government can finally bind a succeeding government is almost too antiquated, we should hope, to call for present refutation. An adjustment spoken of as final at any time can only mean that at that time it settles all pending disputes; and really the accusation of duplicity and treachery, and so forth, against the Duke of Portland, and against the English nation for subsequently effecting another arrangement, is neither worthy the Irish cause nor the talents of its advocate. The Union is to be defended or to be assailed on the ground of its utility or its necessity at the period when it took place. As to the champions or the opponents of the Union, they indeed, as individuals, may be judged according to their motives; and we believe, that neither the one party nor the other were guided by perfectly pure and unselfish ones. Some made their fortunes by it, some saw they would be ruined if it took place. To some it cleared the road to advancement in Ireland, to some it opened the road to advancement in England; and in the most corrupt and most intriguing of all corrupt and intriguing parliaments, as many jobbers or would-be jobbers stood, in all probability, by one side as by the other The first debate on the subject of the Union took place 22d January, 1799. On the 24th was the main debate. It commenced about seven o'clock. Silence prevailed in the galleries; an indecent noise ran through the corridors; it was the bustle of the canvass. Lord Castlereagh, silent, ran his eye anxiously round the assembly. Several opposition members rose at once to tell the Secretary their opinion of his merits. Sir J. Parnell opened the discussion. Mr. Ponsonby's speech, directed personally against Lord

Castlereagh, was very effective; but Mr. Plunkett's, on the same side, was the great speech of that night; and it was then that he vowed the little Hannibals of Mr. Cobbett to an eternal hostility to the invaders, as he called them, of his country's freedom.

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That this majority was not decisive Sir Jonah Barrington attributes to the subsequent motion of Mr. Ponsonby, "That this house will ever maintain the undoubted birthright of Irishmen, by preserving an independent parliament of Lords and Commons resident in the kingdom," being met by two or three members, Mr. Fortescue the first, declaring that though they had voted decidedly against the Union, they did not wish to bind themselves for *ever;* and this declaration, which at once showed that the triumph of the anti-unionists was but momentary, and that the defeat of government could not be considered final, introduced doubt and irresolution into the one party, and hope, almost amounting to confidence, into the other. The augury was true; for in the next session the question was carried for the ministry by a majority fluctuating between forty and fifty,--never less than the one, never more than the other.

The blackness of the transaction on the side of government was the gross and indisputable treachery with which the Catholics were inveigled into dissension with the anti-unionists. and subsequently betrayed by the pious monarch and his perfidious minion. On the side of the parliament, the historian and eulogist of the parliament says enough to convince us that there never was an assembly so ill qualified to superintend the interests of a nation as that which, according to his own account, unblushingly sold those interests. The unparalleled profligacy, the profligacy unparalleled even in parliamentary annals, with which members on the same night spoke on both sides of the question—the disgraceful haggling after the price of political prostitution, which, in one or two instances, Sir J. Barrington lays before the public eye, give as sordid a picture of patriotism as any who wished to caricature the independent parliament, *bullied* by Fitzgibbon, and *bought* by Castlereagh, might well desire.

From the year 1780 to the year 1800 we are far from denying that Ireland made considerable progress in civilization; and the commercial advantages which she then, for the first time, enjoyed, are sufficient to account for this. But during the whole of this period, there is not one moment when she may be said to have enjoyed anything like political tranquillity. She was in a state which might procure temporary advantages to liberty, but which, if continued, could alone be favourable to military despotism. The government of armed men, and the pretensions of an armed parliament—though the one body and the other may, for a while, speak the language and breathe the spirit of freedom—must, eventually, tend to merge the rights and feelings of the citizen in the duties and passions of the soldier. The scenes of this animated time are vividly and strikingly portrayed in the book before us. We see the Bishop of Derry enter Dublin with his splendid guards; the gallery of the House of Commons filled by the graceful

beauties of the vice-regal court; and in the strong and living delineation of the celebrated characters of the time—Ponsonby with his cool collectedness, Grattan with his drawling energy, Curran with his quaint vivacity, and Fitzgibbon with his towering pride—the author has been remarkably successful; his description, indeed, of individuals, is the best part of his volumes.

REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

A SONNET. BY MRS. HEMANS.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
  Lulled on his mother's breast the young child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
  Brooding above the slumber of his eyes:
And through the silence of the burning skies,
  Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
  Regal and still, as everlasting things.
Vain pomps! from *Him*, with that pure flowery cheek,
  Soft shadowed by his mother's bending head,
A new-born spirit, mighty and yet meek,
  Through the whole world like vernal air shall spread;
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown
Before the suffering and the lowly down.

THE RISING OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

He that was dead, rose up and spoke—he spoke—
  Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words, that first the bier's dread silence broke,
  Came they with revelation in each tone?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
  The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For Man uncurtained by that spirit lone,
  Brought from their portal back across the deep?
—— Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn:—thy Lord recalled the voice departed,
To spread His truth, to comfort His faint-hearted,
Not to unfold the mysteries of its way.
—— Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith—
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question* Death!

THE HISTORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY'S EXPULSION FROM OXFORD.

THE theory of civil liberty has ever seemed lovely to the eyes of a young man enamoured of moral and intellectual beauty; Shelley's devotion to freedom, therefore, was ardent and sincere. He would have submitted with cheerful alacrity to the greatest sacrifices, had they been demanded of him, to advance the sacred cause of liberty; and he would have gallantly encountered every peril in the fearless resistance to active oppression. Nevertheless, in ordinary times, although a generous and unhesitating patriot, he was little inclined to consume the pleasant season of youth amidst the intrigues and clamours of elections, and in the dull and selfish cabals of parties. His fancy viewed from a lofty eminence the grand scheme of an ideal republic; and he could not descend to the humble task of setting out the boundaries of neighbouring rights, and to the uninviting duties of actual administration. He was still less disposed to interest himself in the politics of the day, because he observed the pernicious effects of party zeal in a field where it ought not to enter. It is no slight evil, but a heavy price paid for popular institutions, that society should be divided into hostile clans to serve the selfish purposes of a few political adventurers; and surely to introduce politics within the calm precincts of an university ought to be deemed a capital offence—a felony without benefit of clergy. The undue admission (to borrow the language of universities for a moment) is not less fatal to its existence as an institution designed for the advancement of learning, than the reception of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy was to the safety of that renowned city. What does it import the interpreters of Pindar and Thucydides,—the expositors of Plato and Aristotle,—if a few interested persons, for the sake of some lucrative posts, affect to believe that it is a matter of vital importance to the state to concede certain privileges to the Roman Catholics; whilst others, for the same reason, pretend, with tears in their eyes, that the concessions would be dangerous, and, indeed, destructive, and shudder with feigned horror at the harmless proposal? Such pretexts may be advantageous, and perhaps even honourable, to the ingenious persons who use them for the purposes of immediate advancement; but of what concernment are they to Apollo and the Muses? How could the Catholic question augment the calamities of Priam, or diminish the misfortunes of the ill-fated house of Labdacus? or which of the doubts of the ancient philosophers would the most satisfactory solution of it remove? Why must the modest student come forth, and dance upon the tight-rope with the mountebanks, since he is to receive no part of the reward, and would not emulate the glory, of those meritorious artists? Yet did this most inapplicable question mainly contribute to poison the harmless and studious felicity which we enjoyed at Oxford.

During the whole period of our residence there, the University was cruelly disfigured by bitter feuds, arising out of the late election of its Chancellor: in an especial manner was our own most venerable college deformed by them, and by angry and senseless disappointment. Lord Grenville had just been chosen. There could be no more comparison

between his scholarship and his various qualifications for the honourable and useless office, and the claims of his unsuccessful opponent, than between the attainments of the best man of the year and those of the huge porter who, with a stern and solemn civility, kept the gates of University College,—the arts of mulled-wine and egged-hot being, in the latter case, alone excepted. The vanquished competitor, however, most unfortunately for its honour and character, was a member of our college; and in proportion as the intrinsic merits of our rulers were small, had the vehemence and violence of electioneering been great, that, through the abuse of the patronage of the church, they might attain to those dignities, as the rewards of the activity of partisans, which they could never hope to reach through the legitimate road of superior learning and talents. Their vexation at failing was the more sharp and abiding, because the only objection that vulgar bigotry could urge against the victor was his disposition to make concessions to the Roman Catholics; and every dull lampoon about popes, and cardinals, and the scarlet lady, had accordingly been worn threadbare in vain. Since the learned and the liberal had conquered, learning and liberality were peculiarly odious with us at that epoch. The studious scholar, particularly if he were of an inquiring disposition, and of a bold and free temper, was suspected and disliked: he was one of the enemy's troops. The inert and the subservient were the loyal soldiers of the legitimate army of the faith. The despised and scattered nation of scholars is commonly unfortunate; but a more severe calamity has seldom befallen the remnant of true Israelites than to be led captive by such a generation! Youth is happy, because it is blithe and healthful, and exempt from care; but it is doubly and trebly happy, since it is honest and fearless—honourable and disinterested. In the whole body of under-graduates, scarcely one was friendly to the holder of the loaves and the promiser of the fishes. All were eager,—all, one and all,—in behalf of the scholar and the liberal statesman; and plain and loud was the avowal of their sentiments. A sullen demeanour towards the young rebels displayed the annoyance arising from the want of success, and from our lack of sympathy; and it would have demonstrated to the least observant, that, where the Muses dwell, the quarrels and intrigues of political parties ought not to come. By his family and his connexions, as well as by disposition, Shelley was attached to the successful side; and although it was manifest that he was a youth of an admirable temper, of rare talents and unwearied industry, and likely, therefore, to shed a lustre upon his college and the University itself; yet, as he was eminently delighted at that wherewith his superiors were offended, he was regarded from the beginning with a jealous eye. A young man of spirit will despise the mean spite of sordid minds; nevertheless, the persecution which a generous soul can contemn, through frequent repetition, too often becomes a severe annoyance in the long course of life; and Shelley frequently and most pathetically lamented the political divisions which then harassed the University, and were a more fertile source of manifold ills in the wider field of active life. For this reason did he appear to cling more closely to our sweet studious seclusion; and from this cause, perhaps, principally arose his disinclination, —I may say, indeed, his intense antipathy,—for the political career that had been proposed to him. A lurking suspicion would sometimes betray itself that he was to be forced into that path, and impressed into the civil service of the state,—to become, as it were, a conscript legislator.

A newspaper never found its way to his rooms during the whole period of his residence at Oxford; but when waiting in a bookseller's shop, or at an inn, he would sometimes, although rarely, permit his eye to be attracted by a murder or a storm. Having perused the tale of wonder, or of horror, if it chanced to stray to a political article, after reading a few lines he invariably threw it aside to a great distance; and he started from his seat, his face flushing, and strode about, muttering broken sentences, the purport of which was always the same: his extreme dissatisfaction at the want of candour and fairness, and the monstrous disingenuousness, which politicians manifest in speaking of the characters and measures of their rivals. Strangers, who caught imperfectly the sense of his indistinct murmurs, were often astonished at the vehemence of his mysterious displeasure. Once, I remember, a bookseller, the master of a very small shop in a little country town, but apparently a sufficiently intelligent man, could not refrain from expressing his surprise that any one should be offended with proceedings that seemed to him as much in the ordinary course of trade, and as necessary to its due exercise, as the red ligature of the bundle of quills, or the thin and pale brown wrapper which enclosed the quire of letter-paper we had just purchased of him. A man of talents and learning, who refused to enlist under the banners of any party, and did not deign to inform himself of the politics of the day, or to take the least part or interest in them, would be a noble and a novel spectacle; but so many persons hope to profit by dissensions, that the merits of such a steady lover of peace would not be duly appreciated, either by the little provincial bookseller or the other inhabitants of our turbulent country.

The ordinary lectures in our college were of much shorter duration, and decidedly less difficult and less instructive, than the lessons we had received in the higher classes of a public school; nor were our written exercises more stimulating than the oral. Certain compositions were required at stated periods; but, however excellent they might be, they were never commended,—however deficient, they were never censured; and, being altogether unnoticed, there was no reason to suppose that they were ever read. The University at large was not less remiss than each college in particular: the only incitement proposed was an examination at the end of four years. The young collegian might study in private as diligently as he would at Oxford, as in every other place; and if he chose to submit his pretensions to the examiners, his name was set down in the first, the second, or the third class,—if I mistake not, there were three divisions,—according to his advancement. This list was printed precisely at the moment when he quitted the University for ever;—a new generation of strangers might read the names of the unknown proficients, if they would. It was notorious, moreover, that, merely to obtain the academical degrees, every new comer, who had passed through a tolerable grammar-school, brought with him a stock of learning, of which the residuum, that had not evaporated during four years of dissipation and idleness, would be more than sufficient. The languid course of chartered laziness was ill suited to the ardent activity and glowing zeal of Shelley. Since those persons, who were hired at an enormous charge by his own family and by the state to find due and beneficial employment for him, thought fit to neglect this, their most sacred duty, he began forthwith to set himself to work. He read diligently,—I should rather say he de-

voured greedily, with the voracious appetite of a famished man,—the authors that roused his curiosity: he discoursed and discussed with energy; he wrote—he began to print—and he designed soon to publish various works.

He begins betimes who begins to instruct mankind at eighteen. The judicious will probably be of opinion that in eighteen years man can scarcely learn how to learn; and that for eighteen more years he ought to be content to learn; and if at the end of the second period he still thinks that he can impart anything worthy of attention, it is at least early enough to begin to teach. The fault, however, if it were a fault, was to be imputed to the times, and not to the individual, as the numerous precocious effusions of the day attest.

Shelley was quick to conceive, and not less quick to execute. When I called one morning at one, I found him busily occupied with some proofs, which he continued to correct and re-correct with anxious care. As he was wholly absorbed in this occupation, I selected a book from the floor, where there was always a good store, and read in silence, for at least an hour. My thoughts being as completely abstracted as those of my companion, he startled me by suddenly throwing a paper with some force on the middle of the table, and saying, in a penetrating whisper, as he sprung eagerly from his chair, "I am going to publish some poems." In answer to my inquiries, he put the proofs into my hands. I read them twice attentively, for the poems were very short; and I told him there were some good lines, some bright thoughts, but there were likewise many irregularities and incongruities. I added, that correctness was important in all compositions, but it constituted the essence of short ones; and that it surely would be imprudent to bring his little book out so hastily; and I then pointed out the errors and defects. He listened in silence with much attention, and did not dispute what I said, except that he remarked faintly that it would not be known that he was the author, and therefore the publication could not do him any harm. I answered, that although it might not be disadvantageous to be the unknown author of an unread work, it certainly could not be beneficial. He made no reply; and we immediately went out, and strolled about the public walks. We dined, and returned to his rooms, where we conversed on indifferent subjects. He did not mention his poems, but they occupied his thoughts; for he did not fall asleep, as usual. Whilst we were at tea, he said abruptly, "I think you disparage my poems. Tell me what you dislike in them, for I have forgotten." I took the proofs from the place where I had left them, and looking over them, repeated the former objections, and suggested others. He acquiesced; and, after a pause, asked, might they be altered? I assented. "I will alter them." "It will be better to rewrite them; a short poem should be of the first impression." Some time afterwards he anxiously inquired—"But in their present form you do not think they ought to be published?" I had been looking over the proofs again, and I answered, "Only as burlesque poetry;" and I read a part, changing it a little here and there. He laughed at the parody, and begged I would repeat it. I took a pen and altered it; and he then read it aloud several times in a ridiculous tone, and was amused by it. His mirth consoled him for the condemnation of his verses, and the intention of publishing them was abandoned. The proofs lay in his rooms for some days, and we occasionally amused our-

selves during an idle moment by making them more and more ridiculous; by striking out the more sober passages; by inserting whimsical conceits; and especially by giving them what we called a dithyrambic character, which was effected by cutting some lines in two, and joining the different parts together that would agree in construction, but were the most discordant in sense.

Although Shelley was of a grave disposition, he had a certain sly relish for a practical joke, so that it were ingenious and abstruse, and of a literary nature; he would often exult in the successful forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland; and he was especially delighted with a trick that had lately been played at Oxford, by a certain noble viceroy, at that time an undergraduate, respecting the fairness of which the University was divided in opinion, all the undergraduates accounting it most just, and all the graduates, and especially the bachelors, extremely iniquitous, and indeed popish and jesuitical. A reward is offered annually for the best English essay on a subject proposed: the competitors send their anonymous essays, each being distinguished by a motto; when the grave arbitrators have selected the most worthy, they burn the vanquished essays, and open the sealed paper endorsed with a corresponding motto, and containing the name of the victor. On the late famous contention, all the ceremonies had been duly performed, but the sealed paper presented the name of an undergraduate, who is not qualified to be a candidate, and all the less meritorious discourses of the bachelors had been burnt, together with their sealed papers—so there was to be no bachelor's prize that year. When we had conferred a competent absurdity upon the proofs, we amused ourselves by proposing, but without the intention of executing our project, divers ludicrous titles for the work. Sometimes we thought of publishing it in the name of some one of the chief living poets, or possibly of one of the graver authorities of the day; and we regaled ourselves by describing his wrathful renunciations, and his astonishment at finding himself immortalized, without his knowledge and against his will: the inability to die could not be more disagreeable even to Tithonus himself; but how were we to handcuff our ungrateful favourite, that he might not tear off the unfading laurel, which we were to place upon his brow? I hit upon a title at last, to which the pre-eminence was given, and we inscribed it upon the cover. A mad washerwoman, named Peg Nicholson, had attempted to stab the King, George the Third, with a carving-knife; the story has been long forgotten, but it was then fresh in the recollection of every one; it was proposed that we should ascribe the poems to her. The poor woman was still living, and in green vigour within the walls of Bedlam; but since her existence must be uncomfortable, there could be no harm in putting her to death, and in creating a nephew and administrator to be the editor of his aunt's poetical works.

The idea gave an object and purpose to our burlesque; to ridicule the strange mixture of sentimentality with the murderous fury of revolutionists, that was so prevalent in the compositions of the day; and the proofs were altered again to adapt them to this new scheme, but still without any notion of publication. When the bookseller called to ask for the proofs, Shelley told him that he had changed his mind, and showed them to him. The man was so much pleased with the whimsical conceit, that he asked to be permitted to publish the book on his own account; promising inviolable secrecy, and as many copies *gratis* as

might be required: after some hesitation, permission was granted, upon the plighted honour of the trade. In a few days, or rather in a few hours, a noble quarto appeared; it consisted of a small number of pages, it is true, but they were of the largest size, of the thickest, the whitest, and the smoothest drawing paper; a large, clear, and handsome type had impressed a few lines with ink of a rich glossy black, amidst ample margins. The poor maniac laundress was gravely styled "the late Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, widow;" and the sonorous name of Fitzvictor had been culled for her inconsolable nephew and administrator: to add to his dignity, the waggish printer had picked up some huge text types, of so unusual a form, that even an antiquary could not spell the words at the first glance. The effect was certainly striking; Shelley had torn open the large square bundle, before the printer's boy quitted the room, and holding out a copy with both his hands, he ran about in an ecstasy of delight, gazing at the superb title-page.

The first poem was a long one, condemning war in the lump; puling trash, that might have been written by a quaker, and could only have been published in sober sadness by a society instituted for the diffusion of that kind of knowledge which they deem useful—useful for some end which they have not been pleased to reveal, and which unassisted reason is wholly unable to discover. The MS. had been confided to Shelley by some rhymester of the day, and it was put forth in this shape to astonish a weak mind; but principally to captivate the admirers of philosophical poetry by the manifest incongruity of disallowing all war, even the most just, and then turning sharp round and recommending the dagger of the assassin as the best cure for all evils, and the sure passport to a lady's favour. Our book of useful knowledge—the philosopher's own book—contained sundry odes and other pieces, professing an ardent attachment to freedom, and proposing to stab all who were less enthusiastic than the supposed authoress. The work, however, was altered a little, I believe, before the final impression; but I never read it afterwards, for when an author once sees his book in print, his task is ended, and he may fairly leave the perusal of it to posterity. I have one copy, if not more, somewhere or other, but not at hand. There were some verses, I remember, with a good deal about sucking in them; to these I objected, as unsuitable to the gravity of an university, but Shelley declared they would be the most impressive of all. There was a poem concerning a young woman, one Charlotte Somebody, who attempted to assassinate Robespierre, or some such person; and there was to have been a rapturous monologue to the dagger of Brutus. The composition of such a piece was no mean effort of the muse; it was completed at last, but not in time—as the dagger itself has probably fallen a prey to rust, so the more pointed and polished monologue, it is to be feared, has also perished through a more culpable neglect.

A few copies were sent, as a special favour, to trusty and sagacious friends at a distance, whose gravity would not permit them to suspect a hoax; they read and admired, being charmed with the wild notes of liberty; some, indeed, presumed to censure, mildly, certain passages as having been thrown off in too bold a vein. Nor was a certain success wanting,—the remaining copies were rapidly sold in Oxford at the aristocratical price of half-a-crown for half-a-dozen pages. We used to meet gownsmen in High-street reading the goodly volume as they walked—

pensive with a grave and sage delight—some of them, perhaps, more pensive, because it seemed to portend the instant overthrow of all royalty, from a king to a court-card.

What a strange delusion to admire our stuff—the concentrated essence of nonsense! It was indeed a kind of fashion to be seen reading it in public, as a mark of a nice discernment, of a delicate and fastidious taste in poetry, and the very criterion of a choice spirit.

Nobody suspected, or could suspect, who was the author; the thing passed off as the genuine production of the would-be regicide. It is marvellous, in truth, how little talent of any kind there was in our famous university in those days; there was no great encouragement, however, to display intellectual gifts. The acceptance, as a serious poem, of a work so evidently designed for a burlesque upon the prevailing notion of the day, that revolutionary ruffians were the most fit recipients of the gentlest passions, was a foretaste of the prodigious success, that, a few years later, attended a still more whimsical paradox. Poets had sung already that human ties put Love at once to flight; that at the sight of civil obligations he spreads his light wings in a moment, and makes default. The position was soon greatly extended, and we were taught, by a noble poet, that even the slightest recognition of the law of nations was fatal to the tender passion; the very captain of a privateer was pronounced incapable of a pure and ardent attachment; the feeble control of letters of marque could effectually check the course of affection; a complete union of souls could only be accomplished under the black flag. Your true lover must necessarily be an enemy of the whole human race—a mere and absolute pirate. It is true, that the tales of the love-sick buccaneers were adorned with no ordinary talent, but the theory is not less extraordinary on that account.

The operation of Peg Nicholson was bland and innoxious; the next work that Shelley printed was highly deleterious, and was destined to shed a baneful influence over his future progress; in itself it was more harmless than the former, but it was turned to a deadly poison by the unprovoked malice of fortune.

We had read together attentively several of the metaphysical works that were most in vogue at that time, as "Locke on the Human Understanding," and "Hume's Essays," particularly the latter, of which we had made a very careful analysis, as was customary with those who read the Ethics and the other treatises of Aristotle for their degrees. Shelley had the custody of these papers, which were chiefly in his handwriting, although they were the joint production of both in our common daily studies. From these, and from a small part of them only, he made up a little book, and had it printed, I believe, in the country, certainly not at Oxford. His motive was this. He not only read greedily all the controversial writings on subjects interesting to him, which he could procure, and disputed vehemently in conversation with his friends, but he had several correspondents with whom he kept up the ball of doubt in letters; —of these he received many, so that the arrival of the postman was always an anxious moment with him. This practice he had learnt of a physician, from whom he had taken instructions in chemistry, and of whose character and talents he often spoke with profound veneration. It was, indeed, the usual course with men of learning formerly, as their biographies and many volumes of such epistles testify. The physician was an

old man, and a man of the old school;* he confined his epistolary discussions to matters of science, and so did his disciple for some time; but when metaphysics usurped the place in his affections that chemistry had before held, the latter gradually fell into disceptations respecting existences still more subtle than gases and the electric fluid. The transition, however, from physics to metaphysics was gradual. Is the electric fluid material? he would ask his correspondent; is light—is the vital principle in vegetables—in brutes—is the human soul? His individual character had proved an obstacle to his inquiries, even whilst they were strictly physical; a refuted or irritated chemist had suddenly concluded a long correspondence by telling his youthful opponent that he would write to his master, and have him well flogged. The discipline of a public school, however salutary in other respects, was not favourable to free and fair discussion; and Shelley began to address inquiries anonymously, or rather, that he might receive an answer, as Philalethes, and the like; but, even at Eton, the postmen do not ordinarily speak Greek—to prevent miscarriages, therefore, it was necessary to adopt a more familiar name, as John Short, or Thomas Long.

When he came to Oxford, he retained and extended his former practice without quitting the convenient disguise of an assumed name. His object in printing the short abstract of some of the doctrines of Hume was to facilitate his epistolary disquisitions. It was a small pill, but it worked powerfully; the mode of operation was this.—He enclosed a copy in a letter, and sent it by the post, stating, with modesty and simplicity, that he had met accidentally with that little tract, which appeared unhappily to be quite unanswerable. Unless the fish was too sluggish to take the bait, an answer of refutation was forwarded to an appointed address in London, and then in a vigorous reply he would fall upon the unwary disputant, and break his bones. The strenuous attack sometimes provoked a rejoinder more carefully prepared, and an animated and protracted debate ensued; the party cited, having put in his answer, was fairly in court, and he might get out of it as he could. The chief difficulty seemed to be to induce the person addressed to acknowledge the jurisdiction, and to plead; and this, Shelley supposed, would be removed by sending, in the first instance, a printed syllabus instead of written arguments. An accident greatly facilitated his object. We had been talking some time before about geometrical demonstration; he was repeating its praises, which he had lately read in some mathematical work, and speaking of its absolute certainty and perfect truth.

I said that this superiority partly arose from the confidence of mathematicians, who were naturally a confident race, and were seldom acquainted with any other science than their own; that they always put a good face upon the matter, detailing their arguments dogmatically and doggedly, as if there was no room for doubt, and concluded, when weary of talking in their positive strain, with Q. E. D.: in which three letters there was so powerful a charm, that there was no instance of any one having ever disputed any argument or proposition to which they were subscribed. He was diverted by this remark and often repeated it, saying, if you ask a friend to dinner, and only put Q. E. D. at the end of the invitation, he cannot refuse to come; and he sometimes wrote these letters at the end of a common note, in order, as he said, to attain to a mathematical certainty. The potent characters were not forgotten when

he printed his little syllabus; and their efficacy in rousing his antagonists was quite astonishing.

It is certain that the three obnoxious letters had a fertilizing effect, and raised rich crops of controversy; but it would be unjust to deny, that an honest zeal stimulated divers worthy men to assert the truth against an unknown assailant. The praise of good intention must be conceded; but it is impossible to accord that of powerful execution also to his antagonists: this curious correspondence fully testified the deplorable condition of education at that time. A youth of eighteen was able to confute men who had numbered thrice as many years; to vanquish them on their own ground, although he gallantly fought at a disadvantage by taking the wrong side. His little pamphlet was never offered for sale; it was not addressed to an ordinary reader, but to the metaphysician alone; and it was so short, that it was only designed to point out the line of argument. It was in truth a general issue; a compendious denial of every allegation, in order to put the whole case in proof; it was a formal mode of saying, you affirm so and so, then prove it; and thus was it understood by his more candid and intelligent correspondents. As it was shorter, so was it plainer, and perhaps, in order to provoke discussion, a little bolder, than Hume's Essays,—a book which occupies a conspicuous place in the library of every student. The doctrine, if it deserve the name, was precisely similar; the necessary and inevitable consequence of Locke's philosophy, and of the theory that all knowledge is from without. I will not admit your conclusions, his opponent might answer; then you must deny those of Hume: I deny them; but you must deny those of Locke also; and we will go back together to Plato. Such was the usual course of argument; sometimes, however, he rested on mere denial, holding his adversary to strict proof, and deriving strength from his weakness. The young Platonist argued thus negatively through the love of argument, and because he found a noble joy in the fierce shocks of contending minds; he loved truth, and sought it everywhere, and at all hazards, frankly and boldly, like a man who deserved to find it; but he also loved dearly victory in debate, and warm debate for its own sake. Never was there a more unexceptionable disputant; he was eager beyond the most ardent, but never angry and never personal: he was the only arguer I ever knew who drew every argument from the nature of the thing, and who could never be provoked to descend to personal contentions. He was fully inspired, indeed, with the whole spirit of the true logician; the more obvious and indisputable the proposition which his opponent undertook to maintain, the more complete was the triumph of his art if he could refute and prevent him. To one who was acquainted with the history of our University, with its ancient reputation as the most famous school of logic, it seemed that the genius of the place, after an absence of several generations, had deigned to return at last; the visit, however, as it soon appeared, was ill-timed. The schoolman of old, who occasionally laboured with technical subtleties to prevent the admission of the first principles of belief, could not have been justly charged with the intention of promoting scepticism; his was the age of minute and astute disceptation, it is true, but it was also the epoch of the most firm, resolute, and extensive faith. I have seen a dex terous fencing-master, after warning his pupil to hold his weapon fast, by a few turns of his wrist throw it suddenly on the ground and under his feet; but it cannot be pretended that he neglected to teach the art

of self-defence, because he apparently deprived his scholar of that which is essential to the end proposed. To be disarmed is a step in the science of arms, and whoever has undergone it has already put his foot within the threshold; so is it likewise with refutation. In describing briefly the nature of Shelley's epistolary contentions, the recollection of his youth, his zeal, his activity, and particularly of many individual peculiarities, may have tempted me to speak sometimes with a certain levity, notwithstanding the solemn importance of the topics respecting which they were frequently maintained. The impression, that they were conducted on his part, or considered by him, with frivolity, or any unseemly lightness, would, however, be most erroneous; his whole frame of mind was grave, earnest, and anxious, and his deportment was reverential, with an edification reaching beyond the age—an age wanting in reverence; an unlearned age; a young age, for the young lack learning. Hume permits no object of respect to remain; Locke approaches the most awful speculations with the same indifference as if he were about to handle the properties of triangles; the small deference rendered to the most holy things by the able theologian Paley is not the least remarkable of his characteristics. Wiser and better men displayed anciently, together with a more profound erudition, a superior and touching solemnity; the meek seriousness of Shelley was redolent of those good old times before mankind had been despoiled of a main ingredient in the composition of happiness, a well directed veneration.

Whether such disputations were decorous or profitable may be perhaps doubtful; there can be no doubt, however, since the sweet gentleness of Shelley was easily and instantly swayed by the mild influences of friendly admonition, that, had even the least dignified of his elders suggested the propriety of pursuing his metaphysical inquiries with less ardour, his obedience would have been prompt and perfect. Not only had all salutary studies been long neglected in Oxford at that time, and all wholesome discipline was decayed, but the splendid endowments of the University were grossly abused; the resident authorities of the college were too often men of the lowest origin, of mean and sordid souls, destitute of every literary attainment, except that brief and narrow course of reading by which the first degree was attained; the vulgar sons of vulgar fathers, without liberality, and wanting the manners and the sympathies of gentlemen. A total neglect of all learning, an unseemly turbulence, the most monstrous irregularities, open and habitual drunkenness, vice, and violence, were tolerated or encouraged, with the basest sycophancy, that the prospect of perpetual licentiousness might fill the colleges with young men of fortune; whenever the rarely exercised power of coercion was exerted, it demonstrated the utter incapacity of our unworthy rulers by coarseness, ignorance, and injustice. If a few gentlemen were admitted to fellowships, they were always absent; they were not persons of literary pretensions, or distinguished by scholarship; and they had no more share in the government of the college than the overgrown guardsmen, who, in long white gaiters, bravely protect the precious life of the sovereign against such assailants as the tenth Muse, our good friend, Mrs. Nicholson.

As the term was drawing to a close, and a great part of the books we were reading together still remained unfinished, we had agreed to increase our exertions and to meet at an early hour. It was a fine spring morning on Lady-day, in the year 1811, when I went to Shelley's

rooms: he was absent; but before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened: "I am expelled," he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little, "I am expelled! I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our master, and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose they put the question. No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated, 'Are you the author of this book?' If I can judge from your manner, I said, you are resolved to punish me, if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country. 'Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?' the master reiterated in the same rude and angry voice." Shelley complained much of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying, "I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and I well know what vulgar violence is; but I never met with such unworthy treatment. I told him calmly, but firmly, that I was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table. He immediately repeated his demand; I persisted in my refusal; and he said furiously, 'Then you are expelled; and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest.' One of the fellows took up two papers, and handed one of them to me; here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up in due form, under the seal of the college. Shelley was full of spirit and courage, frank and fearless; but he was likewise shy, unpresuming, and eminently sensitive. I have been with him in many trying situations of his after life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked and so cruelly agitated as on this occasion. A nice sense of honour shrinks from the most distant touch of disgrace—even from the insults of those men whose contumely can bring no shame. He sat on the sofa, repeating, with convulsive vehemence, the words, "Expelled, expelled!" his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering. The atrocious injustice and its cruel consequences roused the indignation, and moved the compassion, of a friend, who then stood by Shelley. He has given the following account of his interference:

"So monstrous and so illegal did the outrage seem, that I held it to be impossible that any man, or any body of men, would dare to adhere to it; but, whatever the issue might be, it was a duty to endeavour to the utmost to assist him. I at once stepped forward, therefore, as the advocate of Shelley; such an advocate, perhaps, with respect to judgment, as might be expected at the age of eighteen, but certainly not inferior to the most practised defenders in good will and devotion. I wrote a short note to the master and fellows, in which, as far as I can remember a very hasty composition after a long interval, I briefly expressed my sorrow at the treatment my friend had experienced, and my hope that they would re-consider their sentence; since, by the same course of proceeding, myself, or any other person, might be subjected to the same penalty, and to the imputation of equal guilt. The note was despatched; the conclave was still sitting; and in an instant the porter came to summon me to attend, bearing in his coun-

tenance a promise of the reception I was about to find. The angry and troubled air of men, assembled to commit injustice according to established forms, was then new to me; but a native instinct told me, as soon as I entered the room, that it was an affair of party; that whatever could conciliate the favour of patrons was to be done without scruple; and whatever could tend to impede preferment was to be brushed away without remorse. The glowing master produced my poor note. I acknowledged it; and he forthwith put into my hand, not less abruptly, the little syllabus. 'Did you write this?' he asked, as fiercely as if I alone stood between him and the rich see of Durham. I attempted, submissively, to point out to him the extreme unfairness of the question; the injustice of punishing Shelley for refusing to answer it; that if it were urged upon me I must offer the like refusal, as I had no doubt every man in college would—every gentleman, indeed, in the University; which, if such a course were adopted with all,—and there could not be any reason why it should be used with one and not with the rest,—would thus be stripped of every member. I soon perceived that arguments were thrown away upon a man possessing no more intellect or erudition, and far less renown, than that famous ram, since translated to the stars, through grasping whose tail less firmly than was expedient, the sister of Phryxus formerly found a watery grave, and gave her name to the broad Hellespont.

"The other persons present took no part in the conversation: they presumed not to speak, scarcely to breathe, but looked mute subserviency. The few resident fellows, indeed, were but so many incarnations of the spirit of the master, whatever that spirit might be. When I was silent, the master told me to retire, and to consider whether I was resolved to persist in my refusal. The proposal was fair enough. The next day, or the next week, I might have given my final answer—a deliberate answer; having in the mean time consulted with older and more experienced persons, as to what course was best for myself and for others. I had scarcely passed the door, however, when I was recalled. The master again showed me the book, and hastily demanded whether I admitted or denied that I was the author of it. I answered that I was fully sensible of the many and great inconveniences of being dismissed with disgrace from the University, and I specified some of them, and expressed an humble hope that they would not impose such a mark of discredit upon me without any cause. I lamented that it was impossible either to admit or to deny the publication,—no man of spirit could submit to do so;—and that a sense of duty compelled me respectfully to refuse to answer the question which had been proposed. 'Then you are expelled,' said the master angrily, in a loud, great voice. A formal sentence, duly signed and sealed, was instantly put into my hand: in what interval the instrument had been drawn up I cannot imagine. The alleged offence was a contumacious refusal to disavow the imputed publication. My eye glanced over it, and observing the word *contumaciously*, I said calmly that I did not think that term was justified by my behaviour. Before I had concluded the remark, the master, lifting up the little syllabus, and then dashing it on the table, and looking sternly at me, said, 'Am I to understand, sir, that you adopt the principles contained in this work?' or some such words; for, like one red with the suffusion of college port and college ale, the intense heat of anger seemed to deprive him of the power of articulation; by reason of a rude provincial dialect and thickness of utterance, his

speech being at all times indistinct. 'The last question is still more improper than the former,' I replied,—for I felt that the imputation was an insult; 'and since, by your own act, you have renounced all authority over me, our communication is at an end.' 'I command you to quit my college to-morrow at an early hour.' I bowed and withdrew. I thank God I have never seen that man since: he is gone to his bed, and there let him sleep. Whilst he lived, he ate freely of the scholar's bread, and drank from his cup; and he was sustained, throughout the whole term of his existence, wholly and most nobly, by those sacred funds that were consecrated by our pious forefathers to the advancement of learning. If the vengeance of the all-patient and long-contemned gods can ever be roused, it will surely be by some such sacrilege! The favour which he showed to scholars, and his gratitude, have been made manifest. If he were still alive, he would doubtless be as little desirous that his zeal should now be remembered as those bigots who had been most active in burning Archbishop Cranmer could have been to publish their officiousness during the reign of Elizabeth."

Busy rumour has ascribed, on what foundation I know not, since an active and searching inquiry has not hitherto been made, the infamy of having denounced Shelley to the pert, meddling tutor of a college of inferior note, a man of an insalubrious and inauspicious aspect. Any paltry fellow can whisper a secret accusation; but a certain courage, as well as malignity, is required by him who undertakes to give evidence openly against another; to provoke thereby the displeasure of the accused, of his family and friends; and to submit his own veracity and his motives to public scrutiny. Hence the illegal and inquisitorial mode of proceeding by interrogation, instead of the lawful and recognized course by the production of witnesses. The disposal of ecclesiastical preferment has long been so reprehensible,—the practice of desecrating institutions that every good man desires to esteem most holy is so inveterate, —that it is needless to add that the secret accuser was rapidly enriched with the most splendid benefices, and finally became a dignitary of the church. The modest prelate did not seek publicity in the charitable and dignified act of deserving; it is not probable, therefore, that he is anxious at present to invite an examination of the precise nature of his deserts.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Shelley and his friend set out together for London on the top of a coach; and with his final departure from the University the reminiscences of his life at Oxford terminate. The narrative of the injurious effects of this cruel, precipitate, unjust, and illegal expulsion upon the entire course of his subsequent life would not be wanting in interest or instruction; of a period when the scene was changed from the quiet seclusion of academic groves and gardens, and the calm valley of our silvery Isis, to the stormy ocean of that vast and shoreless world, to the utmost violence of which he was, at an early age, suddenly and unnaturally abandoned.

STEAM, A POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

"Tools and the man."—*Edinburgh Review.*

WELL, gaze thou on the hills, and hedge-side flowers!
But blind old Andrew will with me repair
To yonder massive pile, where useful powers,
Toiling unconsciously, aloud declare
That man, too, and his works, are grand and fair.
Son of the far-fam'd self-taught engineer,
Whose deeds were marvels in the bygone days!
Ill it becomes thee, with ungrateful sneer,
The trade-fed town and townsmen to dispraise.
Why rail at Traffic's wheels, and crowded ways?
Trade makes thee rich; then, William, murmur not
Though Trade's black vapours ever round thee rise.
Trade makes thee sage; lo, thou read'st Locke and Scott!
While the poor rustic beast-like lives and dies,
Blind to the page of priceless mysteries!
"Fair is the bow that spans the shower," thou say'st;
"But all unlovely, as an eyeless skull,
Is man's black workshop in the streeted waste."
And can the city's smoke be worse than dull,
If Martin found it more than beautiful?
Did *he*, did Martin steal immortal hues
From London's cloud or Carron's gloomy glare—
Light-darken'd shadows, such as Milton's muse
Cast o'er th' Eternal—and shalt thou despair
To find, where man is found, the grand and fair?
Canst thou love Nature, and not love the sound
Of cheerful labour? He who loathes the crew
To whose hard hands the toiling oar is bound,
Is dark of spirit, bilious as his hue,
And bread-tax-dy'd in sordid lust's true blue.
"Thou lov'st the woods, the rocks, the quiet fields!"
But tell me, if thou canst, enthusiast wan!
Why the broad town to thee no gladness yields?
If thou lov'st Nature, sympathise with man,
For he, and his, are parts of Nature's plan.
But canst thou love her, if she love not thee?
She will be wholly lov'd, or not at all.
"Thou lov'st her streams, her flowers; thou lov'st to see
The gorgeous halcyon shake the bulrush tall;
Thou lov'st to feel the veil of evening fall,
Like gentlest slumber on a blushing bride;
For these are Nature's!" Are not thou hers, too?
A portion of her pageantry and pride,
In all thy passions, all thou seek'st to do,

And all thou dost? The earth-worm is allied
To God, and *will* not have her claims denied,
Though thou disown her *fellow-worm*, and scorn
The lowly beauty of his toil and care.
" Sweet is the whisper of the breezy morn,
To waking streams!" And hath the useful share
No splendour? Doth the tilter's cottage wear
No smiles for thee? " How beauteous are the dyes
Which grove and hedgerow from their plumage shake!"
And cannot the loud hammer, which supplies
Food for the blacksmith's rosy children, make
Sweet music to thy heart? " Behold the snake
Couch'd on its bed of beams!" The scaly worm
Is lovely, coil'd above the river's flow;
But there is nobler beauty in the form
That welds the hissing steel, with ponderous blow;
Yea, there is majesty on that calm brow,
And in those eyes the light of thoughts divine!

II.

Come, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine
Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with me;
For there are wonders, mightier far than thine:
Watt! and his million-feeding enginry!
Steam-miracles of demi-deity!
Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,
From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;
But thou canst hear th' unwearied crash and roar
Of iron powers, that, urg'd by restless fire,
Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,
Or say to greedy man, " Thou dost amiss."

Oh, there is glorious harmony in this
Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,
Commingling growl and roar, and stamp and hiss,
With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's dream
It stuns our wondering souls, that start and scream
With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow
Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!
Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!
His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;
And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands
Before this metal god, that yet shall chase
The tyrant idols of remotest lands,
Preach science to the desert, and efface
The barren curse from every pathless place
Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.
He loves the thunder of machinery!
It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,
Like heav'n's red bolt, it lightens fatally.
Poor blind old man! what would he give to see

This bloodless Waterloo! this hell of wheels!
This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and snore,
And dream of earthquake! In his brain he feels
The mighty arm of mist,* that shakes the shore
Along the throng'd canal, in ceaseless roar
Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.
Is this the spot where stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill
To meet the vale, when bee-lov'd banks, o'ergrown
With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lone
Coo for her absent love? Oh, ne'er again
Shall Andrew pluck the freckled foxglove here!
How like a monster, with a league-long mane,
Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,
Towers the dense smoke! The falcon, wheeling near,
Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.

IV.

At first, with lifted hands, in mute surprise,
Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound
Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes
Brighten with generous pride, that man hath found
Redemption from the manacles which bound
His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy
Constructed these grand works! Lo, like the sun,
Shines knowledge now on all! He thinks, with joy,
Of that futurity which is begun—
Of that great victory which shall be won
By Truth o'er Falsehood; and already feels
Earth shaken by the conflict. But a low,
Deep sigh escapes him, sadness o'er him steals,
Shading his noble heart with selfish woe;
Yes, *envy* clouds his melancholy brow.
What! shall the good old times, in aught of good
Yield to these days of cant and parish-pay,
The sister-growth of twenty years of blood?
His ancient fame, he feels, is past away;
He is no more the wonder of his day—
The far-praised, self-taught, matchless engineer!

But he is still the man, who planted here
The first steam-engine seen in all the shire—
Laugh'd at by many an Eldon far and near;
While sundry sage Newcastles, in their ire,
Swore that a roasting in his boiler-fire
Would best reward the maker. Round his form
The spirit of the Moors wrapp'd fold on fold
Of thund'rous gloom, and flash'd th' indignant storm
From his dilating eyes, when first uproll'd
The volumed smoke, that, like a prophet, told

Of horrors yet to come. His angry scowl
Cast night at noon o'er Rivilin and Don,
And scared o'er Loxley's springs the screaming fowl;
For rill and river listen'd, every one,
When the old Tory put his darkness on.
Full soon, his deep and hollow base forth brake,
Cursing the tilting, tipling, strange machine;
And then the lightning of his laughter spake,
Calling the thing a "Whimsy." * In this day
A "whimsy" it is call'd, wherever seen;
And strangers, travelling by the mail, may see
The coal-devouring monster, as he rides,
And wonder what the uncouth beast may be
That canters, like a horse with wooden sides,
And lifts his food from depths where night presides,
With twinkling taper, o'er the in-back'd slave,
Who, laid face upward, hews the black stone down.†
Poor living corpse! he labours in the grave;—
Poor two-legg'd mole! he mines, for half-a-crown,
From morn to eve, that wolves, who sleep on down,
And pare our bones, may eat their bread-tax warm!

VI.

But could poor Andrew's "whimsy" boast an arm,
A back like these? Upstart of yesterday!
Thou doubler of the rent of every farm,
From John o' Groat's to Cornwall's farthest bay!
Engine of Watt! unrivall'd is thy sway.
Compared with thine, what is the tyrant's power?
His might destroys, while thine creates and saves.
Thy triumphs live and grow, like fruit and flower;
But his are writ in blood, and read on graves!
Let him yoke all his regimented slaves,
And bid them strive to wield thy tireless fly
As thou canst wield it! Soon his baffled bands
Would yield to thee, despite his wrathful eye
Lo! unto thee both Indies lift their hands!
Thy vapoury pulse is felt on farthest strands!
Thou tirest not, complainest not, though blind
As human pride; earth's lowest dust art thou,
Child of pale thought! dread masterpiece of mind!
I read nor thought nor passion on thy brow!
To-morrow thou wilt labour, deaf as now!
And must we say "that soul is wanting here?"

* When the steam engine (not Watt's) was first employed in drawing coals from mines, it was nicknamed a "Whimsy," by those who admired the wisdom of our ancestors; and to this day it is called a "whimsy."

† The colliers are all weasel-backed, in consequence of the position in which they work.

VII.

No; there he moves, the thoughtful engineer,
The soul of all this motion; rule in hand,
And coarsely apron'd,—simple, plain, sincere,—
An honest man: self-taught to understand
The useful wonders which he built and plann'd;
Self-taught to read and write,—a poor man's son,
Though poor no more,—how would he sit alone,
When the hard labour of the day was done,
Bent o'er his table, silent as a stone,
To make the wisdom of the wise his own!
How oft of Brindley's deeds th' apprenticed boy
Would speak delighted, long ere freedom came!
And talk of Watt! while, shedding tears of joy,
His widow'd mother heard, and hoped the name
Of her poor boy, like theirs, would rise to fame.
Nor was she unprophetic: he is famed
For patience, foresight, and improving skill,
And virtues, which might make the proud ashamed.
Lo! yonder shines his dwelling on the hill,
Built by himself!—and she is with him still;
Happy to live, and well prepared to die.

VIII.

How unlike him is Grip, the upstart sly,
Who on the dunghill, whence he lately rose,
Lost his large organ of identity,
And left his sire to starve! Alas! he knows
No poor man now! but every day he goes
To visit his nine acres, pitiless
Of him who tills the road, that shoeless boor,
Who feeds his brother exile in distress.
Hark! muttering oaths, he wonders why your poor
Are not all Irish! Eyeing, then, the moor,
He swears, if he were king, what he would do!
Our corn-importing rogues should have a fall;
For he would plough the rocks, and trench them too.
And then of bloody Papists doth he bawl;—
If he were king, he'd hang or shoot them all.
And then he quotes the Duke! and sagely thinks
That princes should be loyal to the throne.
And then he talks of privilege, and winks.
Game he can't eat, he hints; but kills his own.
And then he calls the land a marrow-bone,
Which tradesmen suck; for he no longer trades,
But talks of traffic with defensive sneer.
Full deeply is he learn'd in modes and grades,
And condescends to think my lord his peer!
Yet lo! he noddeth at the engineer,—
Grins at the fellow—grunts—and lounges on!

THE LATE MR. O'KEEFFE.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers some fresh records of the life of one to whose exertions many of the living, and still more of the dead, have been indebted for some of the gladdest moments which their social existence has known. After the publication, in 1826, of the two volumes of his "Recollections," the veteran dramatist was instigated, on hearing them read over to him by his daughter, to call forth from the stores of his memory several anecdotes and traits of character which had not suggested themselves during the composition of the work. These were penned down at his dictation by the hand of the same affectionate assistant, and are here offered as the gleaning of that field whose harvest has previously created so much enjoyment. As they consist of detached remembrances, we give them under separate heads, as follows:—

A DESPERATE HUMORIST.

Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called "the facetious Tom Ecclin." One day, walking over Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her adorer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-street to Capel-street. He got before her, and again facing her, said that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. "Well, then," said he, "cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will." With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, and a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swum in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor's Walk.

The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, common-councilmen, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Sankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over-brilliant in ideas, who generally took the wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Sankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed, when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman, and said,

"Alderman Sankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge and swim to the Bachelor's Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you *do so?*"

"Sir," said the alderman, gravely, "I never jumped off Essex Bridge."

"Oh! didn't you? I heard you did."

And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice,

"But, Alderman, what the d—l *could* possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor's Walk?"

This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester's print over the mantel-piece. He

took it down, and showed it to the citizen, who read under it, "The facetious Tom Ecclin."

"Ah, true! it was *Tom* that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Sankey, it was not *you* that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor's Walk!"

EARLY INTRODUCTION.

When my brother Daniel was 'st brought home to Dublin from Mullingar (where he had resided from is infancy), I was a child in frocks (or rockets, as we called them the , and he in boy's clothes—a light, long surtout coat, and three-cocked h I was so fond and proud of him that I got into a fancy of *introducing* l ı to everybody, whether I knew them or not. To do this, I thumped and nocked with my little fists and knuckles at people's doors till they were ɔened, and then I would say to them, although perfect strangers to bot of us, "This is *my brother Dan!*" The doors were often shut in our faces.

A HUMAN WARBLER PERCHED ON A BOUGH!

In the year 1759 one of our associates, about twelve years of age, of the name of Bourke, was a kind of idol for his fine voice and exquisite taste in music. He had an evening custom (like the Paris "Rossignol") of climbing up into one of the high trees in the Beau Walk on Stephen's Green, there to sit and sing. His melodious doings attracted the company to that spot. The sole motive with this boy was the pleasure he gave his hearers.

FORRESTER, THE IRISH ARTIST.

Forrester took a fancy to make etchings of the singular characters in Dublin, for which each person sat to him. There was "the facetious Tom Ecclin,"—"Mill Cusheen," distinguished for a form not like any else in the world,—"Bryan the Fool," an idiot with a curly head, who used to walk through the streets in a long coat, with a belt buckled round him. There was also "Garretty Whistle," dressed in a fantastic manner, who went about the town beating a little drum, and wearing sundry feathers all round his hat,—and "Peg of Finglass," a large bulky woman, clean, and smartly dressed, but without a bonnet; she went from door to door, not begging, but talking to people, and making them talk to her,—and "Blind Daniel the Piper," whose mode was to play on his pipes until he gathered a crowd round him, and then to stop in the middle of the tune, saying, "Enough for nothing;" the words of this broad hint were engraved underneath his portrait. All these etchings displayed marked genius.

Another of the individuals who afforded exercise to Forrester's talent was Father Murphy, a priest of exemplary character, who died in my childhood. He was a fine preacher, and, in the dreadful riots between the "Liberty" and "Ormond" parties, when even the military were unable to quell these desperadoes, Father Murphy (like Hersilia with the Romans and Sabines) would step forth between the ferocious bands, calm and undaunted. When his presence had made all silent, he addressed them with a few words of eloquence, and immediately the combatants dispersed their several ways—the "Ormond" party back over the bridge to Ormond market and its precincts, and the "Liberty" faction up across Thomas-street to their looms and habits of industry. In those horrid conflicts some lives were lost.

When Father Murphy died, Forrester made a cast from his face, and also drew a fine likeness of him, which he engraved. It represented him dressed in his white surplice and scapulary. The face was rather large and full, with dark eyebrows, and wig. All the above characteristic portraits by Forrester were whole-lengths, except this of Father Murphy, and none of them were caricatures. This ingenious artist was sent by the Dublin

Society to study at Rome, where, I suppose, he died, for I never heard of him since.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN "YOUTH."

In my juvenile days some one gave me a note to Digges the actor, that he might put me in to see the play. I was brought through the dark lobbies, and up and down many stairs and windings, to his dressing-room, where I found him preparing himself for his part that night of Young Norval. There were six large wax candles burning before him, and two dressers in attendance. I was struck with awe, almost to veneration. After suffering me for a sufficient time to stare at him with astonishment, he said, "Take the child to the slips;" and I was led through the carpenter's gallery, the cloudings and thunder boxes, and placed in a good seat, where I saw the play with great delight.

A few evenings afterwards, I was resolved to see another play. Being acquainted with a youth who was one of the band, and apprentice to Mountain, my grand object was to get to sit by him in the orchestra, and see the opera. Intent on this, I thrust my hat into my pocket, and rushed in from the street at the stage-door, where old Taafe kept the hatch-door, with spikes on it. "What the plague is the boy at?" he cried, as I dashed past him up the stairs. I then ran down again, got under the stage, and hid in the sedan-chair kept there for "High Life below Stairs." My purpose was to sit snug till the going-up of the curtain, and then to join my young friend in the orchestra. One of the scene-men, however, discovered me, and turned me out the house, just before the curtain went up. This was a sad disappointment; but many a night afterwards did I sit in the orchestra to see a play, through the kindness of the band, who were told of the above adventure, and some of whom lived long enough to move an elbow to Darby's serenade of "Good-morrow to your night-cap!" and Dermott's "Sleep on, sleep on!" in my own "Poor Soldier." I had also the satisfaction of procuring for more than two or three of them engagements among the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, through my influence with Mr. Thomas Harris.

AN OFFENCE TO DOCTORIAL DIGNITY.

It was the custom in my youth for all medical people, young and old, to wear very large well-powdered wigs. A schoolfellow of mine, Lofty (Loftus) Dempsey, at Father Austin's, was, when about fourteen years of age, consigned as pupil to a very eminent surgeon. I had not seen young Lofty for some time, until I met him accidentally in Checquer-lane. I spoke to him in *my* way, as my friend and fellow-student, jovially, and in high glee. He, in *his* way (or rather in that of his new profession), just gave me a nod, tossed up his be-wigged head, and was passing me, as I thought, very proudly.

He was dressed in a full suit of black, with large cuffs, and deep skirts to the waistcoat, gray silk stockings with white clocks, long-quartered shoes, and large cut-polished steel buckles, inlaid with gold, and lace ruffles to the last joint of his fingers—while his enormous powdered wig, frizzed and raised up high behind, showed his pole uncovered, except the shining paste stock-buckle, and his very big three-cocked hat, coming down upon his left brow.

Thus caparisoned, young Lofty Dempsey paced on, with the gravity of professional consequence. Nettled at his superciliousness, I forthwith took three steps after him, seized his wig by the friz, snatched it off, and threw it over the hatch-door of a little huckster's shop. He was confounded with shame and vexation, for there he stood, in full view of all the smiling passers-by, with his closely-shaven bald head at the shop-door, calling to the little old woman within to hand him out his wig.

As he was much older and taller than myself, I ran away in full laughter towards Grafton-street, lest his anger should give his surgical skill a new job.

A TERRIFIC JOKE.

I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their waggery, contrived to slip out, one by one, and leave me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and there, at my elbow, stood a complete full-grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room), by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

A GIGANTIC EFFORT.

Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, made a show of himself in a room on College Green, on the left hand, going to the Parliament House. There he died; whereupon a party of the college lads got into the house, and up stairs, with a view of carrying off the body to be dissected at their anatomy-house. Finding that they could not conveniently get the dead giant down stairs, they actually took out the window-sash, and hoisted him out, body and bones, into the street, and thence on to the college. Subsequently I saw his skeleton there, up against the wall in the anatomical theatre, among other skeletons of all ages and dimensions. I was one of the crowd under the window viewing the above enthusiastic exploit, which the parties to the "abduction" averred was for the improvement of surgery.

A MOCK ELECTION.

In my youth it was a Dublin custom to elect every year a *King of Dalkey.* This election was carried through by a jolly set who liked a bottle and a laugh. They went from Dublin through the bay in a fine barge, with attendant music, and landed on Dalkey island, where they dined gloriously, and treated their mimic sovereign with all manner of observance.

The island, where these pseudo-regal ceremonies were enacted, lies on the south side of the bay, a little beyond Dunleary. It is divided from the land by a very narrow sea, called the Sound of Dalkey, which I have swum across. Thence, from the sea-side, uprise three rocks, called Roche's Town.

MOSSOP AND THE CALL-BOY.

In most affairs of life where duty of station is expected, the descending to pleasantry with ignorant subordinates is a hazardous practice. One night in the green-room, while Mossop stood talking to some of the other performers, with his back to the fire, and himself dressed in full puff as Cardinal Wolsey, with rich crimson satin robe, lace apron, and cardinal's hat, the call-boy, in the course of his duty, came to the door, and after first looking at the paper he had in his hand for the names he had to call, said aloud, as was proper, "Mr. Mossop!"—"Gone up the chimney," was the thoughtless answer of the great actor and manager. "Glad of it, sir," was the pert reply of the call-boy, who went his way immediately. Mossop, with whom it was at that time a point of strong expediency to maintain his dignity and keep on the stilts, was suddenly struck with confusion at his imprudence. He turned away from the half-averted looks of the vexed performers, and inwardly censured himself for thus absurdly lowering his own importance.

WOODWARD AS HARLEQUIN.

Woodward, besides being so fine a comedian, was excellent in Harlequin. In one of the pantomimes he had a scene in which he acted as if eating different kinds of fruit. Soft music was played; he came on—sat at a table (on which there was placed *nothing*), and made pretence of taking up the stalk of a bunch of currants. Then, holding high his hand with the points of finger and thumb compressed, he seemed to shake the stalk, and to strip off the currants with his mouth. In like manner he would appear to hold up a cherry by the stalk, and, after eating it, to spurt the stone from his lips. Eating a gooseberry, paring an apple, sucking an orange or peach, all were simulated in the same marvellous fashion. In short, the audience perfectly knew what fruit he seemed to be eating by the highly ingenious deception of his acting.

Woodward's chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented. Hence he was called the "Attitude Harlequin." There was always another Harlequin for the jumping through walls and windows, and such matters of routine. One night, by some blunder, the two Harlequins met each other full in the centre of the stage, which set the audience in a clamour of laughter.

Smock Alley, the rival theatre, availed itself of this mistake in a comedy where one of the characters was made to say to another,—"Ha! we meet here like two Harlequins on Crow-street stage!"

This reminds me of another odd trifle. A stupid kind of actor, being in a room where by accident the light was extinguished, came out with the would-be brilliancy of—"Hey! we're now *all of a colour*, like Harlequin's jacket."

AN IMMOVEABLE PERSON.

Mossop was so correct and particular, that in the parts he studied from (one of which I saw and read), he had marked in the margin even the expression of the face, the raising and lowering of an eyebrow, and the projection of an under-lip. In his acting he had a certain distinct spot upon the stage for almost every speech. One night, "Venice Preserved" being the play, Knight, who was the Reinhold, being rather imperfect, requested the Prompter to take care and watch him. "I will," said the Prompter, "when you are at my side; but when you are O. P. I cannot be bawling to you across the stage."—"Never mind that," replied Knight, "that's *my* business."

All went on well until the scene of the meeting of the conspirators, when Mossop (the Pierre), according to settled business, had to cross over to the Prompter's side. Accordingly he would have advanced exactly to the spot—but there stuck Reinhold! Mossop, in an undertone, desired him to get out of his way. "I cannot, sir," he replied, still keeping his ear as close as possible to the Prompter and his book. This rather heightened the fury of the embarrassed Pierre. After a few ineffectual attempts to drive Knight from his post, Mossop went on, and never was the reproof against the conspirators, particularly Reinhold, spoken by Mossop with more spirit and bitterness than upon that night.

MOSSOP AND THE PROPERTY-MAN.

There was in Crow-street theatre a comedian of the name of Walker, who had a very large nose, which helped out the laugh much. One night, when Rowe's tragedy of "Jane Shore" was under performance, Mossop, standing at the side as Lord Hastings, ready to go on, saw near him a *new* property-man, with a large loaf under his arm. The following dialogue took place between them, much to the amusement of the standers-by:—"What have you got there?"—"My property, sir, for the last act."—"What act?

what property?"—"*Why, sir, it is for Mr. Walker, who does the baker.*"—"Baker! and what's that loaf for?"—"Why, sir, you ought to know best; but is it not for the baker to throw after Jane Shore as she is walking starving about the streets?"—"Go along, sir," said Mossop sternly, "you and it; and I wish Mr. Walker would keep to his musical comedies, and not show himself, that is to say, his nose, at all while tragedy is going on; and, for the future, do you take your list of properties from the Prompter himself, and not from laugh-baking jokers."

MOSSOP AND THE FIDDLER.

Arrigoni, the fine performer on the violin, and leader of the band at Smock-alley theatre, seldom retired into the music-room while the play was going on, but remained to see it. Mossop was playing Zanga one night, when Arrigoni, who was sitting alone in the orchestra, happened accidentally to take up the bow of his fiddle which was lying before him. This occurred in one of Zanga's finest scenes, a soliloquy, I think. On going off the stage he sent for Arrigoni to the green-room, and gave him a most severe reproof.

"I happened, sir, to cast my eye upon you when you were fingering your fiddle-bow, and it put me out so much that——"

"Sir," said Arrigoni, "I only rubbed a little rosin on my bow to prepare it for my violin-concerto between the play and the farce."

"Your fiddle-concertos, sir," replied Mossop, "are not to *dis*concert my tragedy; and I desire in future that you will keep your hands quiet, or else make yourself an absentee from the orchestra while my scene is going on."

A NEW KIND

A fellow-student of mine had a boat of his own, in which he amused himself and his companions on the Liffey. I met him one day with his palette and pencils, and, on my inquiring whither he was going, he asked me to help him out with a touch, as he was going to new-paint his boat himself. Of oil-painting I knew nothing; but having the style of all the Italian and Flemish painters full in my imagination, I thought of Teniers and Homskirch, &c., and when we got into the boat I told him to sit down and be quiet: then, taking his palette and pencils, I dashed out upon a board a party of jovials drinking round a table. All had comic faces, some with wigs turned awry, and they were variously smoking, laughing, singing, &c., all grotesque, but natural, and according to the rules of design, for I had been well instructed in drawing.

My young friend was wonderfully delighted. The board, when dry, was placed in the boat, opposite to where the boat-guests sat, in full view of all; and it had a pleasant and whimsical effect. Indeed it answered a good purpose; for if any of the youths got crusty or quarrelsome, a single glance at my merry pencil-work would change a frown into a hearty laugh. We often crowded the boat to take water-excursions at the hazard of drowning ourselves and my "drinking jovials."

AN ODD MARK OF DISTINCTION.

At the time when there was a great talk in England of "The Flying Highwayman," Digges, in Macheath, was in high favour with the town. He wore a *round* hat, which was at that time unusual, and in the front of it he always stuck a turnpike ticket. Being asked the reason of this singular *affiche*, he answered—"Macheath is one who mixes with the world at large, men of play, &c., whereas 'The Flying Highwayman' is a wild animal who springs over turnpikes and cannot be caught. Now this ticket shows I am not he, for I *pay the turnpikes*."

Digges was the best Macheath I ever saw, in person, song, and manner.

THE HARMONY OF CONTRAST.

There came over to Dublin, as a show, a beautiful little foreigner, a female, about twenty-five years of age, and not above three feet high. Previously to this she had been at most of the courts of Europe. She was elegantly formed, and had a very handsome face: her conversation, accomplishments, and polite manner were captivating. Robert Mahon, before he came upon the stage at all, was, like his father, by profession a dancing-master; and, at his benefit at Crow-street, he put in his bill that he would dance a minuet with the *Corsican Fairy*.

After the fourth act of the play, the stage being clear, he, five feet eleven inches in height, led on this three-foot partner. Both were in full dress of the fashion of the day. The orchestra played Marshal Saxe's (or what is called Woffington's) minuet, which, before the *Minuet de la Cour* was composed, was the air always danced to on such occasions. In the course of the dance, Mahon had to put on his three-cocked hat, which made him look above six feet two, and to take his partner's hand, and lead her to the front of the stage; yet their movements were so graceful, and their dancing so excellent, that all tendency to laughter and ridicule was effectually kept off; and the interests of Terpsichore, in the hands of the little lady and tall gentleman, had a full triumph.

TERRORS OF A DEBUT.

The first appearance of Mahon at Covent Garden theatre was in the opera of "Thomas and Sally." The second act opens with the entrance of Thomas, who, attended by a number of sailors, has to come from the lower end of the stage, and approach the lights, while the symphony is being played. Although Mahon had a strong party of friends in the house, to support him, as the phrase is, and although he was a most scientific singer, he was so frightened at appearing before a *London* audience, that, at the very moment for beginning his song, "From ploughing the ocean," &c., he could not remember a single word. To go on was, with the orchestra, an *obligato* affair: and they did so, but somewhat piano, after the proper method of accompanying the voice. Though perfectly oblivious of every syllable, Mahon felt the necessity of letting the sound of his voice be heard and therefore, making an effort, he blurted out an irregular series of sounds, which, however, he managed to keep in unison with the first violin. The audience were all attention and silence; but still they heard nothing but the wordless notes from him. The other actors who were on with him were confounded and ashamed, and endeavoured to throw him the words; but, in his bewilderment, poor Mahon could not catch a single one. At length the patience of the audience was tired out; and, perhaps through attributing his odd manner to another cause, a multitude of hisses (distressing sound to actor's ear!) arose from all parts of the house.

In the sequel, however, Mahon made amends a thousand-fold, by his merits as a singer and actor, for this one unfortunate lapse.

CONSTRUCTIVE USE OF SKULLS.

When at Sligo, I saw a wonderful and stupendous monument of antiquity, the ruins of the great church. It was in a roofless condition; but the massy walls and the high altar remained. A number of rugged steps led up to the latter, before which, at a few yards' distance, and exactly in the centre, was a pyramid, about twelve feet high, quite regular in its form, composed of human skulls. On each side was a wall, five or six feet high, three feet wide, and about ten feet long, perfectly exact in shape, and consisting entirely of human bones. At a short distance from this ruin stood a large edifice, once the mansion of the Countess of Desmond, celebrated in Irish history

A LIBERAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.

During the first season I was in Cork, there was a stagnant pool close by the town. The physicians and other medicals had a meeting about it, and drew up a report that the existence of such a nuisance was prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants. These, adopting the example thus suggested, all signed it, and presented it to the mayor and aldermen. The pond was thereupon filled up, and the nuisance and danger done away with. Was not this a piece of disinterested candour on the part of those whose living depends on the sickness of others? Indeed, this disposition, notwithstanding Foote's "Devil on Two Sticks," Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," and my own Dr. Grigsby, in "The World in a Village," is a real attribute of physicians all over the world; a general kindness of heart is prevalent among the class. In my own case I remember two excellent instances—Dr. Saunders and Dr. Reynolds, who, on my pressing upon them repeatedly the usual fees, refused, in nearly the same words, though at an interval of several years respectively,—"No, no, my good sir; I have been *indebted* to *you* for many an evening's intellectual enjoyment."

A HANDY REJOINDER.

The Cork ladies have a reputation for good-humour, pleasantry, and wit. One day, at a dinner party where I was present, a lady asked another, who was remarkable for great length of arms, to reach her something, adding—"But you must stretch *a long arm.*" "I have it *at hand,*" was the answer.

A RETORT IN KIND.

When the celebrated Father O'Leary was once dining in a large company, where a very young English officer was present, the latter, concluding that O'Leary, from religion and function, had more affection for a Stuart than a Guelph, gave a toast thus—"Father O'Leary, here's the king!—not *your* king." O'Leary quietly took up his brimming glass, and, keeping exactly to the words of the toast, said, "Captain, here's the king!—not *your* king."

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS IN AN INVOLUNTARY SITUATION.

At the time when the Dublin volunteers were embodied, enthusiasm was very high. Crawford and Daly, the rival managers of Crow-street and Smock-alley theatres, who were by no means on good terms with each other, belonged to the same corps. One day, in a march through the town, the commanding officer, by an arch manœuvre, contrived that these two fine, tall, handsome figures of rivals, armed, and in full regimentals, should walk side by side. As the corps stepped on, it afforded much amusement to the spectators to watch the countenances of each, compelled by duty and patriotism to a comportment which everybody knew was far from their minds.

"AN EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS."

Jack Kane, the actor, had a little horse, called "Shelty," which he put up to be raffled for. The terms were, that the setter-up and the winner should give a dinner and a dozen of claret. Shelty was won, and the terms complied with, which made a very merry day. The winner immediately set him up again; and thus, by the continuance of the same terms, *another* merry day was made. Again and again was the same process repeated; in short, it went on through the whole play-acting season, so that Shelty was constantly set up, raffled for, and won. Strange to say, however, no one ever saw the little horse subsequently to the first setting-up; for either he was sold, or taken to some distant place, or perhaps he died months before the end of the raffling. However that may be, both setter-up and winner, with hearty good will, kept to the original terms; and the jolly set

went on rattling the dice-box, and throwing their *cinque* and *quatre* for Shelty, without more inquiry. Nobody ever asked what stable or pasture Shelty was in, at the time. The only cry of these *bon-vivants* was—"Come now for a throw for Shelty!"

A GOOD REASON FOR BAD ACTING.

When Wilder was one evening playing Young Meadows, in "Love in a Village," some one made a remark, how badly he acted. I ventured to account for it, by replying,—"Of course; how should it be otherwise? Young Meadows is *be-Wilder-ed*."

DAWSON THE PLAYER.

In the *play* scene of Hamlet, George Dawson, in his young days, had to perform "one Lucianus, Nephew to the Duke," and, at his entrance, was so much frightened, that he stood still and silent. Mossop, sitting on the ground at Ophelia's feet, addressed him, as usual, with "Come, murderer, leave your damnable faces and begin." This frightened the boy still more, as, at the moment, he forgot these words were really in Mossop's part, and thought they were addressed to his own very self. The elder Dawson, his father, was the Polonius of the night; and, standing on the lower step of the throne, watched the whole affair with Gentleman-usher-like propriety. George, with the little bottle in his hand, and drawing close to the lower curl of the player-king, asleep in his chair, repeated,—"Hands black—*no* —thoughts black—and time agreeing and no creature seeing—the mixture vile of—of—of." Here he happened to cast a look towards the angry face of his father, who bit his lips, and shook his wand at him, in wrath and reproach. Unable to recollect another word of the speech, he hastily cried out—"Into your ear it goes!" and, dashing down the bottle, ran away, to the horror of his father, the anger of Mossop, and the amusement of everybody else.

Though young George could make but little of a printer's devil, or a mock assassin, he became afterwards quite a favourite comedian, and an excellent harlequin. In the latter, he one night had nearly tragedized the pantomime. Pantaloon, clown, and other fools, being in full chace after him, he had to make his escape by leaping through the scene. The carpenters, as in duty and custom bound, ought to have received him behind the scenes, by holding a carpet ready. Unmindful of this, they were taking their mug of ale; no carpet was there, and, as it fell out, poor Harlequin George fell down on the boards—a descent of some eight or nine feet. Happily no bones were broken; but through this act of negligence he was most severely hurt, and kept out of employment many months.

SCENIC RECOLLECTIONS.

At the bottom of the stupendous Powerscourt Waterfall, on Lord Powerscourt's estate, among the Wicklow Mountains, there was, in my earlier days, a pavilion, with its thatched roof, supported by the trunks of tall trees; it formed, internally, an octagonal room, about thirty feet every way: it was open, except on two sides, but you could occasionally shut or throw up each flat at an instant. Here were sofas, a cupboard of china, tea-things, plates, glasses, knives, forks, kettles, &c.; a closet of books, no attendance, and "nothing to pay." Any parties that might choose to resort thither brought their own tea and cold provisions. Nothing was ever stolen, or destroyed, or defaced—a circumstance to the honour of the liberal-minded owner of this delightful spot, and highly to the credit of the inhabitants of so large a metropolis as Dublin.

The Dargle, or Dark Glen, in that quarter (where I have spent alone, or with my young companions, or accompanied by my family, many happy hours, and indeed days), is a vast mountain, torn in the centre by the giant-hands

of nature, and presenting an *ensemble* of deep and grand caverns, rocks, trees, precipices, waters in dark abyss, and golden streams, such as no language or pencil can describe. Myrtles and arbutus were here in wild profusion. There were winding paths to make accessible the steepest heights and depths, with seats and recesses, and a beautiful place of rest, called the Moss-house. This all-charming and astonishing spot is, or was, free to the stranger. No spider-cicerone to start upon you with a croaking voice of routine explanation, and an out-stretched paw of venality. You had all these enchanting beauties of nature for nothing!

The Dargle is ten Irish miles from Dublin: there are three different ways to it from thence; one is out from Stephen's Green, over Ball's Bridge, through Booter's Town, where you get on the sea-beach—through Black Rock, half-way to Dunleary, up through Cabinteely, Laughlin's Town, leaving Bray Head to the left, Enniskerry, and so among the mountains. Another way out of Stephen's Green is through Donnybrook, Galloping Green, Still Organ, and Cornel's Court. This route is very elevated, and commands a view of the sea, the bay and the hill of Howth, all the way. The third, and most inland road, is from Dublin out of Kevin's Port, through Rathmines and Rathfarnham, and there you immediately rise upon the Wicklow Mountains, and continue among them until you reach Powerscourt.

At Lord Powerscourt's house is an octagonal room, lined with looking-glass, as is also the ceiling. The floor is inlaid with a sort of mosaic in ivory, ebony, &c. in very beautiful symmetry.

When at the Dargle, I have often gone to sleep on a moss-bank, lulled by the roar of the Powerscourt Waterfall. Throughout the whole domain one met with pretty recesses, benches, and every means to accommodate, charm, and refresh the visitor.

I quitted Ireland in June 1781, and never since returned to my native land. Forty-eight years I have been now in England (1829), but, during my weary pilgrimage in and about London, roughing it through every obstacle in my way to fame, and, as I hoped, to fortune, my Irish mind has been often at the Dargle and Powerscourt, when it ought to have confined itself to those dramatic temples, Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the Haymarket theatres.

A HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

On one occasion a fire happened at my house in Eustace-street, Dublin. After sitting up late with a party at supper, I had to pass through the room in which my two infants, Tottenham and Adelaide, slept, in order to get to my own bed-room. On opening the door, flames and smoke burst full upon me. The curtains of their little beds were in one blaze. Both were asleep. I snatched them up in my arms, and ran down stairs with them,—not without our being all a little scorched. Their mother found afterwards, on inquiry, that they had been left by their maid (as she supposed) asleep, and that, on finding themselves alone, they got out of bed and ran to the fire, where they began kindling straws and bits of stick. Our unusually late supper that night saved my poor dear children.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF.

When I was in Cork, I saw the Russian Princess Dashkoff, the favourite of Catherine, Empress of Russia, who cuts such a famous figure in the revolution of that day. I do not know the cause of her being at Cork. It was said she was banished by her *gentle* friend, gray Katty, who was so kind to Warsaw. She lived on the Mall, in lodgings of twelve guineas a-week. I saw her at the play, in a side-box. She was not young, but I could perceive that she attracted more attention than the performers. On her first entering, she took out a large coloured silk handkerchief, and spread it over the edge of her box,—*not* a mode with the Cork, or any other Irish, or *Great British* ladies. This Princess Dashkoff was certainly

not very far from my mind when writing the character of Mrs. Cheshire (Rusty Fusty) in "The Agreeable Surprise."

A STUDIOUS PERFORMER.

Edwin told me that his method was, when he got a new part to study, to turn it about and about, as an artist drawing from a bust, in order to find the points which might give him most power over his audience. The part of Tipple, in "The Flitch of Bacon," first introduced him to public attention. This piece brought a great deal of money in Ireland, and proved to Shield a fine vehicle for his melodies. To the late Sir Henry Bate Dudley, its author, I was under many obligations for the very kind and favourable mention of my dramatic pieces in his newspaper, "The Morning Herald," during a series of upwards of forty years.

AN IRISH ECCENTRIC.

In my published "Recollections," I have given some account of "Tom Five-Cards," a Dublin buck of the first water. A few further particulars here suggest themselves to me respecting him. Tom was so much given to practical capers that it was a matter of some little peril to meet him accidentally in the streets. My brother and one or two friends of mine were once passing with me the entrance of Skinner Row, from Castle-street, Dublin, when we met Tom exactly at the opening. Just then a tipsy man chanced to be passing us, with his reel and stagger. We laughed, which put him into a great rage, and produced much flourish and abuse. We wished to pass on, but Tom Five-Cards called to us to stop a moment, and then planted himself before the drunken fellow in an attitude of defiance. The latter attempted to strike, and fell. Tom instantly, with his arms a-kimbo, and his head in a jig position, danced round him, singing to the tune of "Sir Roger de Coverley." The man got up, and made ineffectual blows at Tom, who, still singing and dancing round him, gave him at intervals little taps on the cheek, which kept him in an irritated state of foam and fury. The excitement was increased by the laughter of the standers-by, for a crowd began to gather round them. Every time the man fell, Tom carefully helped him up, and then continued his dance, his song, and his taps of the cheek, the drunken fellow not being able to return a single blow.

In the year 1782 Tom Five-Cards became a real man of fashion in London. He had his establishment, fine house, livery servants, equipages, capital horses, &c. Some years afterwards, he lived in chambers in the Temple. I was with him one morning when his man of business called upon him, and they talked most profoundly of stock, and funds, and so forth. "Ay, O'Keeffe!" said Tom, "you see how we manage affairs in London!"—Poor fellow! he managed affairs so that he died in the Fleet. This is accounted for by the fact that he was professionally a man of play.

EPIGRAM.

ON A GRANDILOQUENT WRITER.

WHY we with difficulty read
His works I now discover;
A *lofty style* must be indeed
Most awkward to *get over.*

F. J. L.

LETTERS ON THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.

No. I.—The Sheffield Grinders.

Mr. Editor,—Changes producing unmixed good or evil seldom occur in society. Revolutions of the most destructive character, which shake the towers of the social structure to the earth, are sometimes necessary, unless men would be content to dwell in a time-worn and tottering edifice, concealing, in its obscure and loathsome recesses, reptiles, and hiding under its eaves the blind birds of night. Even the gradual improvement of society occasions temporary evils. All progress is difficult; on every step we shed the tears of woe and the sweat of toil. Disappointments are frequent: we sow wheat and reap tares; or when we go to gather the harvest, we find that mildew has fallen on it in the night, or that tempest has destroyed it.

No system has yet been developed tending so powerfully as that of commerce to assist the diffusion of civilization over the world, and to aid the growth of right social institutions in the communities of our own country. Our labourers are no longer serfs, dependent on the bounty of some marauding chief, beneath the shadow of whose castle their wretched huts are built. The disgraceful usurpations by which, in that dark era, they were oppressed are abolished; to each man his house is his castle, and his hearthstone a sanctuary. Ere long the remains of feudality will be uprooted by the efforts of that honest and vigorous middle class which commercial enterprise has created, and whose healthful influence society already begins to feel. Exclusive privileges, unholy and antique tenures, and unjust distinctions, will be destroyed: society will cease to play the stepdame to her children,—cherishing some at the expense of others,—bidding her toil-worn sons pay in bloody sweat for the gems of the tiara and the gold of the coronet. Our merchants will not expend their treasures, nor our more enlightened artisans spill their blood, in wars, to strengthen "legitimacy's crutch." The day is not very distant, we hope, when men will not be cajoled by a drunken sergeant to accept the king's bribe, and leave the loom and the plough for the bayonet and the bivouac, or desert the peaceful cottage for the bloody trenches and the abrupt and ghastly breach. But ere these changes occur, serious duties devolve upon us all in our respective situations; and no efforts will more effectually tend to bring about the results we hope to attain than those directed to improve the condition of the labouring classes of society.

The increase of manufactures has occasioned the sudden colonization of extensive districts, the rapid aggregation of vast masses of population, and an unforeseen development of new energies in the mass. Society has assumed new relations in the great towns which have been thus created. The hum of population, the roll of wheels, and the clangor of mechanical operations have banished silence from former solitudes. Rivers, whose unresisted torrents were then poured impetuously onward from their parent mountains to the ocean, are now diverted, and made the obedient drudges of the will of man. As, during the period in which these changes have occurred, the energies of the inhabitants have been absorbed by exertions necessary for their production, it would have been

wonderful had not some evils, unexpectedly engendered by the changes themselves, baffled, as yet, the best-directed efforts for their removal, had not others of a more obscure character, by their gradual progress, almost escaped observation, until they had produced disastrous effects, and had not some, whose existence was known, been suffered to remain, because of the pressure of incessant occupation and overwhelming anxieties. Such evils chiefly affect the labouring classes, and their exposure is a duty demanded from all who wish the natural to be separated from the accidental effects of commerce; and would thus, at the same time, remove a stigma from its character, and hasten its peaceful triumph. In the efforts necessary to this result, each citizen ought to avoid an ignoble view of the duties of his station; and, acting on the most enlarged and general principles, assist the promotion of the happiness of the mass.

Guided by these feelings, I have, for some time past, been engaged in an investigation of the condition of certain classes of artisans, whose social condition is distinguished by circumstances, interesting alike to the physician and the economist, and demanding the interference of an enlightened and sagacious policy.

Evils of this nature are easily overlooked by the mass of society. Sometimes they exist in districts remote from those circles which would feel the deepest interest in attempting their removal, or their character may be so obscure, that one portion of even a small community may live in ignorance of the miseries suffered by another. In larger towns, subjects of controversy frequently arise between the more wealthy and the poorer classes: the price of labour, the introduction of machinery, questions of municipal policy, and fiercer political feuds, tend to separate the capitalist and merchant from the working men. Anxieties, inseparable from vast enterprises, absorb the thoughts and occupy the time so much, that great evils may affect large bodies of the citizens, and remain unknown to those whom the accidents of society thus remove from immediate contact with them. The first step to the cure of a disease is a knowledge of its character; and ere we can hope to establish a right social condition in the various classes of our general system, the evils suffered by each must be discriminated, and the interest of every order of society be excited for their removal.

He, then, whose duty it is to sit by the couch of the dying artisan should not merely seek to soothe his agony, but to learn the source of his malady, and attempt the extirpation of those defects in society which make it the inheritance of the labourer. He who, in the performance of public services, climbs the ricketty stair to the cold and desolate garret of the pauper, ought to inquire into the social accidents or national evils which have occasioned his destitution; and, whilst breathing the heavy atmosphere that surrounds the victim of pestilence, he endeavours to trace the circumstances that promote its dissemination among the hovels of wretchedness and crime, he has such peculiar opportunities of beholding the consequences of defects in the structure of society, that he cannot be excused from the duty of exposing their pernicious influences; else, how shall they learn their existence whom the refinements and elegancies of life have surrounded by a charmed circle, into which these spectres of misery cannot intrude? What other voice shall be heard in those haunts of fashion, whose votaries a single wail of the victims whom he daily beholds would scatter with affright? Some one must pass between the

hut and the palace, and with a voice less harsh than that of the despairing crowd become the interpreter to power of the wants and wishes of the wretched and abandoned.

Your magazine is a vehicle most appropriate to this office, and I am anxious that its pages should, for some time, be devoted to the promotion of these objects; and with that view it is my intention to send you a series of letters, illustrative of evils suffered by particular classes of the poor which demand the attention of the public.

The Sheffield grinders are a bold and vigorous-minded race—uncouth and ill-educated—prone, from circumstances which will be described, to dissipation—but active and acute, and distinguished by an independence of character which adds to the ordinary manners of the artisan a certain unusual roughness. They earn from twelve to fifteen shillings a week or more, but their wages, from the recent embarrassments of commerce, have of late been considerably reduced. The streets inhabited by the working-classes in Sheffield are well paved, and the houses are generally commodious and are better furnished than those of the poor in many other towns. The manners of the grinders result, in a great measure, from the independence of their social position. They bargain with the merchant for the money they receive for grinding certain articles of Sheffield hardware, and they pay a rent to proprietors of mills for the use of the moving power necessary to turn their grinding-stones, and for the room in which the power moves. In these rooms, denominated "hulls," many grinders work together, each having his own "trough," in which the stone turns, and immediately behind which he sits astride on a rough wooden bench or "horsing." Closely beneath the "horsing" the grinding-stone revolves with great rapidity, and the whole employment consists in applying to the stone the articles to be ground. When this work, as will be explained, was more healthy than it now is, a man has been known to spend sixty years of his life uninterruptedly in this monotonous toil. In each "hull" is a fire-place, and round the hearthstone, in the intervals of their employment, the grinders assemble. They are tenants of the proprietors of the mill, and contractors with the merchant, and at the "hull hearthstone" the topics of the trade or of their "combination" are debated; its rules are discussed, the prices of labour are communicated, and schemes are agitated for their mutual advantage. At other times, amusement or dissipation prevail; and thus the grinders strengthen their peculiar opinions and habits, and grow up a singular, independent, and almost insulated race.

My chief object in this letter is the description of a disease to which they are liable in consequence of their employment. This malady is improperly denominated by those artisans the "grinders' asthma," but is a form of tubercular consumption, peculiarities in the character of which result from its origin. The inhalation of an atmosphere loaded with filaments, or with particles of stone and metal, irritates the internal surface of those tubes *(bronchi)* which convey the air into the lungs in the process of respiration. The irritation thus excited occasions a chronic cough; the voice becomes hoarse and harsh, and the artisan liable to more serious catarrhs, and to inflammation of the substance of the lungs, from exposure to changes of temperature and other ordinary exciting causes. If he be long subjected to the influence of these circumstances, an extreme susceptibility of impressions is developed in the lungs—the

cough is very distressing on wakening from sleep, or passing from a warm to a colder atmosphere, and from speaking or walking quickly. By degrees, the irritation of the lining membrane degenerates into a chronic inflammation which occasions morbid secretions from its surface, thickening, or ulceration. This chronic inflammatory action gradually descends lower, until at length it penetrates the air-cells themselves, and occasions the deposition of a small, white, round body, resembling an exceedingly minute pea, and which is denominated a tubercle, and is the cause of consumption or phthisis. These tubercles subsequently occasion fresh irritation in the substance of the lungs; then fresh depositions of a similar character: so that the lungs are often studded throughout their whole tissue with these miliary bodies, or they are crowded together in masses surrounded by a hard structure impenetrable to the air. The lungs are alternately so extensively disorganized that the sufferer dies in this stage from the interruption of the respiratory function, or the tubercles gradually soften in the centre, and are coughed up mingled with sputa, and leave large irregular cavities in the pulmonary tissue, technically denominated "caverns." This is the pathology of phthisis; and the grinders, from that propensity to self-deception by which we all attempt to hide the disasters to which we are liable, conceal the fatal nature of their malady under the name of "grinders' asthma," a disease which is seldom fatal until late in life.

The grinder, when at work, sits astride on the rough bench, or "horsing," placed immediately behind his stone, and, as he applies the article which he grinds to its surface, he naturally bends forward over it. The stone and the steel are rapidly worn during their contact, and the minute spiculæ of metal and particles of grit dust are propelled by the rapid revolution of the wheel into the air, which thus becomes loaded with them. The grinder's face is blackened by an impalpable steel powder, and especially about the nose and mouth, to which it is drawn during inspiration. By the inhalation of these particles is occasioned that fatal malady of which the grinders perish.

Dr. Knight, a most intelligent physician of Sheffield, has communicated a valuable paper on this disease to the "North of England Medical and Surgical Journal;" and as his statements on this subject must, from his long residence in Sheffield, be received with peculiar respect, I shall make occasional quotations from his paper of details, which I have heard confirmed by other professional gentlemen of that town, or have verified by personal observation.

"The articles which are ground in this neighbourhood," says Dr. Knight, "are forks, awl-blades, fire-irons, razors, scissors, pen-knives, table-knives, large pocket-knives, files, joiners' tools, saws, sickles, and scythes. Some of these are ground on dry grindstones, others on wet grindstones; hence the grinders are divided into two classes, the dry and the wet grinders—and there is a third class, who grind both wet and dry—altogether they amount to about two thousand five hundred; of this number about one hundred and fifty, viz. eighty men and seventy boys are fork-grinders—these grind dry, and die from twenty-eight to thirty-two years of age. The razor-grinders grind both wet and dry, and they live to betwixt forty and forty-five years of age. Some exceptions to these general remarks may be met with amongst those who have con-

tinued to work at open wheels in the country, and *amongst others who have been absent for many years from their employment as soldiers.*" When the grinder leaves his occupation for a few years, the lungs recover from the irritation to which they had been subjected; and though, perhaps, somewhat more liable to its renewal, when subjected to the influence of the same exciting causes, than he would have been had he never suffered from the effects of his trade, yet a considerable time elapses before the disease is again excited, and his life is thus considerably prolonged. The grinders generally begin to work as apprentices when they are about twelve or fourteen years of age, and twenty years of uninterrupted employment at dry grinding are generally fatal; but if they are absent two or three years at successive intervals, their lives may be prolonged much beyond this period. The grinders profess to have observed that the most irregular and dissipated amongst their workmen suffer least from the malady to which they are liable. It is certain that when only part of their time was formerly spent in this occupation, their mortality was exceedingly smaller; and this observation of the grinders just alluded to proves that the benefit derived from even a temporary cessation from this employment, during one or two days in the week, more than counterbalances the injury the constitution receives from spending those days in dissipation.

In 1814 the mortality of the fork-grinders had recently been so alarming, that an inquiry was made by the grinders themselves concerning the numbers who had perished in four preceding years. From this investigation it was discovered that out of sixty fork-grinders then employed in the trade, twenty-six had died in four years, the average of whose ages was thirty-three. There are about one hundred edge-tool-grinders in Sheffield; and, during the last nine years, about thirty are said to have died, the average of whose ages was little more than thirty-five. Among the fork-grinders now in Sheffield, there are a considerable number who have, at different periods, been absent from their employment, either as soldiers, or in other occupations, and hence their mortality has been less than usual. There are about sixty fork-grinders above twenty years of age; and the following is a statement of the ages of fifty-six of these artisans—the average period they have worked at the grinding-wheel—the time they have been absent—and the number of those who are affected with their peculiar malady, and of those who are free from it.

Ages.	No.	Total period they have worked at the wheel.	Average.	Total period absent.	Average.	Free from the malady.	Ill with malady.
Above 50	3	58	$19\frac{1}{3}$	38	$12\frac{2}{3}$	1	2
45 to 50	2	39	$19\frac{1}{2}$	26	13		2
40 to 45	6	122	$20\frac{1}{3}$	49	$8\frac{1}{6}$		6
35 to 40	9	171	19	46	$5\frac{1}{9}$	4	5
30 to 35	14	262	18	5		8	6
25 to 30	10	131	$13\frac{1}{10}$	6		8	2
20 to 25	12	125	$10\frac{5}{12}$			11	1

A similar disease prevails in many employments in which the artisan respires an atmosphere loaded with small particles or filaments. Pattissier, in his treatise on the maladies of artisans, has given interesting details concerning the effects of some of these occupations. Stone-cutters and masons often inhale sharp angular fragments of stone which are driven into the air by their mallets; thus the greater part of them are tormented with cough, and some of them become asthmatical, or even phthisical. There is a memoir, at the close of Bloue's "Précis d'Opérations de Chirurgie," on the phthisis which attacks the workers of freestone, or "*Saint-Rock.*" "*The greater part of the workmen* are attacked by the disease of Saint-Rock before they are forty years of age: *some, however, though very few*, escape phthisis, and live as long as other men. This disease commences by a dry cough, which continues for some months: the patients then expectorate: their sputa are successively white and frothy, thick, bloody, and purulent: they experience occasionally great oppression, and a burning sensation in the trachea: the voice is hoarse, and there is continual fever. The region of the liver is hard, and the patients complain of suffering and a sensation of weight. The epigastrium is tender. The appetite continues until diarrhœa occurs; then the sputa are arrested; the hair and nails fall off; sleep is impossible, or accompanied with profuse perspirations. The sufferers become emaciated like spectres; the limbs, the feet, and the hands are œdematous, and death occurs soon after the commencement of this anasarca. This affection may continue six months, a year, or sometimes several years."

"The dust detached from the stone penetrates the lungs by the mouth, is arrested in the respiratory canals, mingles itself with the mucosities with which these organs are lubricated, and sometimes forms true calculous accretions, which excite cough and expectoration of blood, and may even occasion dangerous inflammations of the pleura and lungs. M. Blozier has observed, 'that the men who work freestone are more subject to catarrhs than other men exposed to cough and violent labour.' These diseases degenerate most frequently into cases of phthisis, which slowly terminate fatally."

The Sheffield grinders are early apprenticed to their fatal trade. A boy is as capable of working at all the lighter branches of the occupation as a man; and hence some combinations have framed rules to prevent men from having above a certain number of apprentices, except they are their own children. In the absence of these regulations, some dissolute workmen would subsist in idleness on the earnings of the boys apprenticed to them. Some boys, whose constitutions predispose them to be affected with consumption, soon experience the injurious effects of this occupation, and are obliged to leave it for other employments. Others, more robust, are for some time conscious of little inconvenience; but, after a certain interval, the characteristic symptoms of the malady gradually supervene. They are subject to a chronic cough; to a difficulty of breathing, increased by rapid motion, or especially by mounting an ascent; they become pale and meagre; their chests are bent forwards, and their shoulders raised; their physiognomy assumes the withered character of premature old age; the muscles shrink, and become attenuated; and the eyes are hollow and anxious. Then follow the symptoms of that destructive malady, consumption:—expectoration of blood and purulent

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matter; nightly colliquative perspiration and profuse diarrhœa; irritative fever, restlessness, extreme emaciation, swellings of the feet and legs, a lingering agony, and then death.

Can it be a just subject of wonder, that with an existence so precarious and miserable, victims from an early age of so fatal an occupation, the grinders should be prone to dissipation? Monotonous, unvaried labour, is itself a curse which degrades man from his higher destinies. What worse punishment was ever devised to subdue the spirit of the most reckless felon, than that he should be condemned to sit at a revolving stone ten hours of every day, grinding steel, and inhaling the germs of a fatal malady,—his only passport from the prison of toil? Suffering such a fate, man seeks to drown his misery in the delirium of inebriation. In the jocund revel he forgets the grim "hull," the dirty trough, and the continual scream of his wheel. He flatters himself that the cup, which is a solace to his woe, is a remedy for his disease, and justifies what is grateful to his appetite and Lethe to his mind, by maxims of prudence and expediency.

The origin of the fatal system, which occasions so great a mortality among the grinders of Sheffield, is thus described by Dr. Knight:—

"Until the beginning of the last century, grinding was not a distinct branch of business, but was performed by men who were also employed in forging and hafting; hence they were exposed but seldom, and then only for a short time, to the pernicious effects of grinding. They worked also in large, lofty rooms, which did not contain more than six or eight stones; were open to the roof, without windows, and with the cog-wheel always on the inside; thus, such a circulation of air was constantly kept up, that the small quantity of dust raised from these few stones was soon carried away. The wheels were always situated in the country, by the side of running streams, and frequently two or three miles from the habitations of the workmen, so that they had the advantage of pure air and moderate exercise in passing to and from their employment. Moreover, for several months during each summer, they could not work more than four or five hours a day, owing to the scarcity of water. The grinders, at that time, lived chiefly in the country, had less intercourse with each other, and were consequently less exposed to those excesses which frequently prevail where large bodies of workmen are congregated together: they were distinguished for their simple manners and temperate habits. This was the golden age of the grinders.

"About the beginning of the last century, the division of labour was gradually introduced into the manufacture of cutlery, and grinding became the sole employment of the grinder. Some time after the middle of the same century several grinders were observed to die of complaints nearly similar. The attention of their companions was excited, and they found the complaint was peculiar to themselves. Still, however, it was far from being common; for they continued to enjoy all the advantages which their predecessors had possessed, except that, being no longer employed in hafting and forging, they passed all their working hours at the grinding-wheel.

"Towards the close of the last century, it was found that the business of grinding had so much increased, that the grinding-wheels already established were insufficient; but as every fall of water within five or six miles of Sheffield was occupied by wheels, it was impossible to add to

their number. In this emergency, those connected with the trade resolved to avail themselves of the power of steam; and, in the year 1786, the steam-engine was applied to the purposes of grinding. A great revolution then took place in the circumstances of the grinder. He now worked in a small, low room, where there were eight or ten stones, and sometimes as many as sixteen persons employed at one time. The doors and windows were kept almost constantly closed; a great quantity of dust was evolved from so many stones, and there was scarcely any circulation of air to carry it away. The steam-engine, unlike the stream that had formerly supplied his wheel, allowed him no season of relaxation; it worked, on an average, eleven hours in the day, and six days in the week. The grinders began to reside, more generally, in the town; most of them lived near their respective wheels; their habits became less temperate; whilst the steady and industrious, having now an opportunity of working as much as they pleased, died at an earlier age than even the idle and the dissipated. So general has this destructive malady become of late years, that the result of some inquiries, made in 1822, showed that out of two thousand five hundred grinders, there were not thirty-five who had arrived at the age of fifty, and perhaps not double that number who had reached the age of forty-five; and out of more than eighty-four grinders, exclusive of boys, it was reported there was not a single individual thirty-six years old.

"As all attempts to cure grinders' asthma, whilst the grinder continued to follow his employment, had failed, it was natural that the parties who were interested should endeavour to find out some means of preventing it. Many expedients have been suggested. Dr. Johnstone proposed that the mouth and nostrils should be covered with crape; but, in a short time, the dust from the stone and the moisture of the breath rendered the crape nearly impervious, and then the heat and oppression of the breathing became intolerable. Another contrivance was suggested by Mr. Abraham, a most humane and intelligent inhabitant of Sheffield. It consisted of magnets, so arranged as to intercept the particles of dust in their passage to the mouth and nostrils. A full account of this ingenious invention may be found in the 'Transactions of the Society of Arts,' vol. xl. page 135. So highly was it valued by this Society, that they presented Mr. Abraham with their large gold medal; and his fellow-townsmen, in order to show the interest they felt for the grinders, as well as to reward Mr. Abraham's ingenuity, requested his acceptance of a service of plate, value one hundred pounds.

"Such were the favourable auspices under which this invention was submitted to the attention of the grinders; yet this 'life-preserving apparatus' was never generally adopted by them, nor even partially, for longer than five or six months. The trouble of arranging the magnets, and of removing the dust as it collected upon them, was too great for the grinders; besides, it was the metallic particles which the magnets were chiefly calculated to arrest; and there is reason to believe, from facts that will be adduced hereafter, that the grit-dust is not only the most copious, but also the most injurious, part of what is inhaled by the grinder. Mr. Abraham's merit, however, was not confined to the application of magnets for the relief of the grinders; he suggested another contrivance, which, though less scientific, has proved of more practical utility, by giving rise to that series of improvements which have been since more or

less adopted. It consisted of an additional apparatus, which was formed of a piece of coarse sacking, or flannel, attached to a frame of wood; this was to be placed before the stone, and closely behind the safety-guard of magnets, so as to secure all the dust which they had failed to arrest. This sacking, or flannel, was to be kept constantly wet, and the dust was to be shaken out of it when sufficient had been accumulated. The next improvement was made by Mr. John Elliott. He made a box, and lined it in the inside with coarse canvass; the box was wider at one end than the other; the wide end was applied to the stone, and the canvass, when used, was to be kept moist with water. It was, however, soon discovered, on experiment, that the dust and the air from the stone dried up the moisture, and rendered the box useless.

"But whilst Mr. Elliott was making experiments with his box, he observed that the dust was driven with great force into it; and, on opening the smaller end, and applying his hand to it, he found that the revolution of the stone produced a current of air sufficiently strong to drive the dust *through* the box. This fact immediately suggested a new idea: he attached to the box a kind of chimney, and covered the top of this chimney with crape, in order to allow the air, but not the dust, to pass through it. Some of the finer dust, however, still passed through; to arrest this, a piece of wet cloth was stretched on two supporters a little above the crape. This improvement quickly led to another;—the chimney was carried through a hole in the wall, or a window, and the dust was driven entirely out of the room. But it was found that the current of air, produced by the revolution of the grindstone, was not of itself sufficiently strong to carry the dust away effectually; and it was ingeniously proposed to increase its power, by placing a fan at the entrance of the chimney,—this fan to be turned by being connected with the machinery of the steam-engine The effect of this simple contrivance was extremely gratifying. The dust, as soon as it was evolved from the stone, was carried through this chimney with very great velocity; and a sanguine hope was entertained, that the means had at length been discovered of preserving the grinder from the injurious effects of his trade. This apparatus was for some time generally adopted by the grinders, with such slight modifications as suited the convenience of particular individuals. It did not, however, entirely answer their expectations: disappointment produced indifference; and I believe it is very little used at present. It was found, by experience, that, notwithstanding the quantity of dust driven off through the chimney or flue above described, still a considerable portion of the finest dust was carried round by the stone, and, rising up under the face of the grinder, was drawn in by his breath. It was proposed to obviate this defect by directing a stream of air along the under side of the stone, so as to meet this current of dust, and check its further progress towards the lungs of the grinder. But the great interest which had been excited a few years before had now died away, and I believe this plan has never been tried. I may also mention that an apparatus has been invented by Mr. Thomason, of Birmingham, a model of which he very handsomely presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sheffield. It was too complicated and expensive for general use, and would apparently—for it was never tried—have been less efficient than some of those contrivances already detailed.

"It is the opinion of those who have paid considerable attention to

the subject, that much might be done towards lessening the injurious effects of grinding. At present both wet and dry grinding are frequently done in the same room. It seems desirable that these two processes should be carried on, as much as possible, in separate rooms, so as to preserve the wet grinder from the effects of the dust raised in dry grinding. A large quantity of dust settles on the machinery during the night, and is diffused through the room in the morning as soon as the engine is set in motion; thus, before even the grinder begins to work, the atmosphere is so loaded with dust as to prove extremely irritating to the lungs of one unaccustomed to breathe it: this additional source of pulmonary irritation might be removed by the machinery being properly dusted every morning. The idle, and even the dissipated, frequently live longer than their more abstemious companions. As this longer duration of life is attributed to their washing down the dust by drinking freely, it is made a pretext for habits of intemperance: in reality it is owing to their being a shorter time at the grinding-wheel. This fact would, however, suggest the propriety of grinders being allowed to work only a certain number of days each week. No work ought to be done on dry stones that can be done on wet ones."

These suggestions are excellent; but the grinders are a reckless race, and, unless precautions are enjoined by the law, every suggestion will be disregarded. Let a short bill, therefore, be passed this Session through the House of Commons, rendering the foregoing provisions imperative, under heavy penalties; but especially enacting that dry and wet grinding shall be carried on in separate rooms. The proprietors of the mills should, moreover, be compelled by this law to lay large main flues on each floor, and provide each with fans to be turned by the machinery, in order that a continued current of air may be maintained in them, and a small flue should be made to open into them from each stone. By means of this current of air passing the stones, and kept up by the constant action of the fans in the main flues, the dust would be drawn into them, and the atmosphere of the rooms would be comparatively free.

The wet grinding still remains, and for it no effectual remedy has been devised. The mortality occasioned by this employment is less than that resulting from dry grinding, but it is an evil of a frightful magnitude. It is an important question whether, under the pressure of the accidental circumstances of life, men should *be permitted to destroy themselves*. The grinder is apprenticed to his trade at a period when his judgment is immature, and when every novelty attracts the buoyant spirits and unburthened mind of youth. When the seven years of his apprenticeship expire he is of age: he has learned an employment whose hazards are alarming; but he must either cast himself on the cold charities of the world, battling alone with a hard necessity, or persevere in his fatal trade. The instincts which support the soldier in the perils of war, steep the spirit of the grinder in recklessness. His death is but antedated. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." Surely is it an unwelcome thing to the young, the hopeful, and the happy, to leave the pleasant face of nature, and be shut up in one of the narrow crevices of the earth's breast,—but not to the miserable. Moreover, the grinder cheats himself with the delusions that are common to man: though he is to die, yet, since he is respited, he can "eat, drink, and be merry." Then follow the cares of life; the burthens of a wife and family;

accumulating demands and decreasing strength; and the grinder, when he might have hoped to retire and repose his exhausted energies, falls the victim of his trade.

Our system of secondary punishments is neither corrective nor exemplary. Crime is often committed in order that the criminal may enjoy the benefit which the law awards for the encouragement of crime. Our laws send felons to the Arcadian solitudes of New Holland; whilst our industrious poor, unable to defray the expenses of emigration, are driven by stern necessity to accept the eleemosynary stipend doled out to them by the agents of the parish, or to die in the crowded poor-houses of our large towns. For one part of this enormous evil we propose a remedy. Let government gradually build a large gaol in Sheffield, erecting successive portions every year until it is capable of holding two thousand five hundred felons, and the machinery necessary for their employment. Send thither the most obdurate felons of England, and establish in this gaol the system of the penitentiaries of America. Confine each felon solitarily to the grinder's stone,—let him hear nothing but the screams of his Ixion-like wheel during nine or ten hours of every day—let him know that every day of this employment subtracts another from his life, —and let him live in the knowledge that he is a self-destroyer, wasting his existence under some unseen eye that constantly watches him at his work; and if the spirit of the most desperate villain be not subdued by this fate, no punishment can correct him.

Thus, also, the grinder's fatal trade might be extinguished as an occupation for our honest and industrious poor.

THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN.

"Andrea Vivano, the Italian gentleman who lately lived with Master Husborn without the town, was yesterday morning found dead in the bed which the gaoler had permitted him to occupy. The crowner's 'quest hath already been taken, and it has been pronounced that the deceased had swallowed some potent drug, by which he was enabled to sleep himself to *death*. There is strange discourse abroad about certain horrible crimes which the dead man attempted, if he did not in truth really perpetrate; but as it is said that the peace and reputation of a lady will be greatly affected by its general publication, we refrain from telling our readers even what little we know of this dark business."—*Woodhead's County Chronicle, Thursday, Sept.* 26. 1776.

THE above paragraph appeared at the time mentioned in a newspaper, printed by one Wm. Woodhead, and published by him at his shop, the King's Head, in a little passage, called Harold Street, in the ancient port of Hastings. Sixty years ago, the very few *chronicles* circulated in the counties were conducted by gentlemen, who would have considered themselves disgraced, and marked for public contempt, if they had given to their little neighbourhood a tale of horror, which, however true, would certainly, in its publicity, deeply wound the feelings of some innocent persons who with it were unhappily connected. The editors of those days had no idea of pandering to the public curiosity by printing the sorrows or sins of private families; nor had they any idea that the time would arrive when not only every piece of the current scandal of the day would appear on their sheet, but when money would at last be profusely paid to any ingenious or menda-

cious personage who could exclusively *report* a tale of terror, or wonderment. Consequently the worthy Mr. Woodhead never gave to the public the history of "The Italian Gentleman." A long period, however, having elapsed since its conclusion, and as nothing now lives and breathes which can claim kin or friendship with those whom it concerned, it is given to the world without any suspicion of impropriety or fear of reproach in its publication.

Master Jacob Husborn lived in a castellated stone house standing between Hastings and Silscomb; a small place in which some medicinal springs had been discovered, and so advertised as to draw to its baths and villas many visiters. He was proud to believe that his dwelling had been erected by one of his own ancestors about the time of the ascension of Queen Elizabeth; but he possessed no written records of his family by which the fact could be placed beyond controversy. He had, however, a few hundred acres of the good land of Sussex, which had certainly descended to him in direct entail from his great-grandfather; and out of the revenue which they produced (he farmed them not himself), he was enabled to support the fitting establishment of an English country gentleman, who aspired to nothing more than lodging, feeding, and drinking genteelly and sufficiently, without being indebted to either physical or mental exertion, or the still more despised operations of trade and barter. Whenever Mr. Husborn was obliged to deliver his opinion on matters not immediately connected with the dining-room or the stable, he betrayed himself as an *ultra* amongst that class of landholders who took their tone from the minister and court of the day. Such men, and the prejudices which distinguished them, are so rapidly passing away, that it may be worth while to expend a few lines in delineating the political character of a man who, had he *not* been that which is about to be described, in the day in which he lived, would have been stigmatized by his contemporaries as a Jacobin, a leveller, a traitor, or even something worse.

Husborn, then, according to the faction of his day, held in most sincere respect "all the powers that be." In his king, George the Third, then in the very prime of his years, he contemplated all the goodness and all the power which distinguished all the benevolent and all the puissant kings whom the western world could boast; and he doubted whether he should be more praised for the constancy he exhibited to the beauty of his wife, or admired for his indefatigable exertions in endeavouring to produce such stupendous turnips as the earth had not hitherto seen. Of Lord North, the minister, his opinion might be guessed by his frequent assertion that those who opposed the principles which distinguished his administration could not by any possibility be either gentlemen or Englishmen. The Americans, who were now seriously mooting the question touching the sovereignty of the British parliament, were the objects of his most bitter, and, strange as it may now appear, most conscientious reprobation. He prayed every night that the honour of England might not be tarnished by treating with the rebels while one of them retained arms in his hands; and he offered thanksgiving for the hope that was in him, that General Howe and his gallant brother, who were going out with thirty thousand Hessians and Waldeckers, would pretty soon bring them to acknowledge the natural obedience which they owed their kind mother-country. Such was Mr. Husborn at his club, or occasionally amongst the neighbouring gentry on a grand jury; at home the most passionless and most healthful animal in the world, which has hitherto given a practical assent to the assertion, "that all that is is right."

The household of Husborn comprised but few individuals; and its monotony must have been unbearable to one of less phlegmatic temperament. He had been early left a jolly, tearless widower, the father of one child,

who alone of all created things could bring warmth and expression to his voice, brilliancy to his eye, or emotion to his heart. Margaret Husborn was some years past the season of absolute youth, but she was constitutionally the true offspring of her parent; and it seemed as if the seasons of infancy, womanhood, and mature age, were to pass over her without bringing forth those fruits of feeling, passion, and judgment which are wont to distinguish her sex. She was, indeed, a woman—full of the virtues and full of the weaknesses of her kind—loving, credulous, passive, believing, she was the creature, the slave, the admirer of all beings more intellectual than herself, with whom she became placed in contact. The Italian gentleman lived beneath the roof of the father and daughter thus described. This circumstance is easily explained. The Cinque Ports, about the middle of the last century, were the favourite resorts of the idle, the fashionable, and the opulent, who were instructed by their physicians to seek health and amusement on their gay shores. Amongst such visiters to Hastings was the foreigner whose name has been given; and as it was not then accounted disreputable, even amongst people of independence, to receive such inmates within their dwellings, Vivano became domiciled with Jacob Husborn and his gentle daughter Margaret. The Italian was a man of singular aspect and bearing; and though it does not appear, that even from among the most discerning of those who looked upon him, any judgment was elicited to the prejudice of his personal and moral character, yet it may not be uninteresting to give the description which was written by one who had long observed and could well describe appearances, if he could not speculate on their probable indication of principles and effects.

Signior Andrea Vivano, at the time hinted at, was probably about the age of thirty. He had lived with Master Husborn more than twelve months—a most unusual circumstance, considering the short season-visits which people were in the habit of paying to the coast; and it was remarked that he had much improved the healthful hue of his complexion, and increased the rotundity and apparent strength of his limbs, since he first made his appearance. That which was most remarkable about him was his unvarying sameness of manner. Did the sun shine merrily in the skies, and all animated nature in some manner seem to rejoice in the calm and majestic beauty of the material world, Vivano would walk abroad, in his usual half-quiet and half-sullen mood, and seem as if he feared or disdained to raise his eyes to the glorious clouds above. In the wildness of the winter storm, amid the night tempest, when the spirits of the waters shrieked, as if in mockery of the cries of drowning mariners, and all along the coast Christian men were busy in setting up lights to direct the endangered bark, he would walk out to look on the battle of the elements; but then, also, were his looks dull and passionless as those of a weary student at the close of his midnight labour; neither by countenance nor voice did he express fear of the great and mysterious powers which were busy around him, or the least hope or prayer that they would sink into peace, and leave man and his merchandise unscathed. Yes, the look of the Italian was certainly not repellent, though it must be confessed it was an object of curiosity to those speculators who pretended to look through eyes into hearts; and it disappointed those who thought to find every biped possessed of the human face "divine." In a word, his head was such a one as a young sculptor, well versed in the mechanical rules of his study, but incapable of high conceptions, would produce,—a model perfectly regular, without a fault, but also without a grace.

Whatever the stranger might be to the curious, he was, however, an accepted friend to Husborn. He reposed upon his imperturbable stillness; and when he ventured to launch into talk, and favour his inmate and his daughter with a few speculations on the course of events, finding his observations ever received without dissent, he began to plume himself on his

sagacity, and inwardly applaud the intelligence and high breeding which was displayed by at least one of his hearers.

Months passed away; and it began to appear, as time fled, that the approach of a more intimate union was about to take place in the little circle. Husborn had for some time seen that Vivano had spent much of his time with his daughter Margaret. He observed his conduct at first with apathy or indifference; and at last, so much had his friendship increased, that he sometimes thought of making a few necessary inquiries into his family and fortune, and accepting him for his son-in-law at once. He was the more induced to arrive at this conclusion, because, dull-eyed as he was, he could not but observe that his fair daughter, nothing loth, accompanied the Italian in all his long and gloomy walks, and, besides, wasted with him many hours in the library,—an apartment in his house into which no intrusion ever occurred. This equivocal intimacy continued to increase; not that, indeed, Vivano was more tender than at first in his attentions to Margaret, but every one could see, save the indolent father, there was a touching submission and respect in the conduct of the lady towards her lover, which declared him the lord of her heart and the master of her destinies, which she had not betrayed during the first few months of their acquaintance.

The dark cloud which had long been rising against the peace of Husborn at length reached its height, and was about to burst on his devoted head. He, too, felt the course of fate concerned him, though he knew not how or wherefore—he fluttered and trembled as a bird does when the heavy air is burdened with the coming storm. Every night he pressed his pillow he determined that the ensuing morn should be dedicated to a long interview with his guest, the conclusion of which, he doubted not, would be the recognition of one of some fortune, perhaps of rank, as the husband of his daughter. Meanwhile, Margaret partook of the change which seemed to pervade all the family. The gay and almost reckless air, with which the young and innocent are wont to enjoy existence, had fled, and gloom and impatience sat on her once calm brow. She seemed to desire to be alone with her father; yet, when she appeared the most so determined, Vivano would decline his usual walk, or hour of study, and, looking at her full in the face, would declare that he could not, would not, lose her society. It became evident that the manner in which the indolent English gentleman, his simple daughter, and the strange Italian, lived together, had in it nothing of the elements of duration, and strange circumstances presently dissolved it.

A court-martial was about to be held by the officers stationed with their troops at the castle of Hastings, on a fellow who had committed so atrocious a crime, that every one knew, though nobody of course spoke about it, that the trial, the sentence, and its execution, would succeed each other between sun and sun. One morning Vivano said, indifferently (it was his custom to attend all judicial proceedings relating to criminal affairs, and all public punishments and executions which occurred within an easy range of his residence) that he should visit the castle. "There, of course, my dear lady," said he, addressing himself to Margaret, "you will not wander."

Margaret trembled, and was the colour of one who had lain a day in the tomb.

"Where will *you* spend the day?" continued Vivano, in the same careless tone, but with his singular eyes turned broadly on the lady's face.

"I—I," said Margaret, laying her hand on the shoulders of her father, who, almost unconscious of their presence, had been musing with his face towards the fire—"I purpose, as the day is dry and fine, walking hence to the house of Madam Dorothea; my aunt, I hear, is unwell, and—" Margaret again turned and encountered the colourless eyes of the Italian—"and," said she, in a firmer tone, "with your good will, I will visit her, and return on the morrow."

"Thy will and mine," said her father, with more sprightliness than was usual, "my good wench, are one; but, prythee, be not long away. And you, Signor Vivano, I shall look for you ere night-fall; you know how our chess-board stands, and to-night I will be revenged."

The Italian smiled after his fashion; and, shortly afterwards, Margaret having twice kissed her father's cheek, a token of affection rarely known to pass in their phlegmatic family, each went forth, apparently to fulfil the purpose each had appointed.

The evening came, the urn hissed, and, the fire hummed cheerfully; the chess-board, on which a game half played was exhibited, seemed to occupy the entire attention of Master Husborn, except that at intervals he turned somewhat impatiently towards the door. "Aye," said he, mentally, again peering towards the table, "thus I shall circumvent him, and prove my skill." But Vivano did not return; and the disappointed player, after concluding the game in his own mind a dozen times entirely to his own satisfaction, with a dismal air ordered his servant to light him to his chamber; and particularly desired, that *when* the Signior came home, he should be told that master had gone to bed, vexed that he had not returned in time to finish the game.

Some time after midnight the Italian gentleman did return, and, with his usual taciturnity, nodding good-night to the servant, after he had received his message, went to bed. In the morning Husborn looked peevish. Vivano, who had risen before him, accosted him frankly.

"Well, Sir," said he, "the foolish wretch was shot—the hour was midnight. I could not forego the sight. You know my foible; it is my philosophy, not my want of humanity, which makes me curious to contemplate the way in which the human taper is extinguished. If I had returned in the evening I should have lost the pleasure—I mean the interest—I take in such scenes, and I should have been vexed to my own death to have been beaten in the match, which must yet, I suppose, be played out between us."

"Well," replied Husborn, with returning good humour, "the night is passed, and the present is a new day; our bonny Margaret will return anon, and we shall all again be merry."

The day did pass, but without its anticipated merriment—the lady returned not; the following night was passed in restlessness—the next day came, and was prolonged in its length by anxious thoughts—the succeeding night was one of trembling fear—the third day, since the departure of Margaret on her little journey, lingered in its course, yet she returned not to her home.

"Sir," said Vivano to Husborn, whose mind, unused to any occurrence out of the common course of an English independent life, seemed utterly broken by the loss of his daughter—"Sir, good and obliging Sir, I will instantly take horse, and visit the lady at whose house your daughter is sojourning; doubtless some sudden illness, perhaps, after all, of little import, has imprisoned her in her chamber. Be assured of her good presence, or at least of happy tidings, ere night."

Husborn sank into his chair, bewildered in doubt and fear, and Vivano immediately took his leave. The father passed another day of undefined anguish: the night was destined to give point and purpose to the arrow of grief which was about to cleave his heart. Long after the clouds of evening had fallen on the earth, the slow approach of a horse was heard at the gate. Husborn hastened to the portal of his house and received Vivano, who seemed labouring with some great sorrow and much physical exertion, and ready to sink to the ground. For a moment he looked as if he had forgotten his own wound, and was conscious only of the apparently prostrate situation of his friend. He led him into the accustomed parlour, and placing him on a chair, sat down in another beside him, unconsciously drawing a third before their position. The instant these movements were completed, Husborn cast his eyes on the seat, and suddenly perceiving it

was empty, he struck his open hands on his brow, and wept like a young child. Uncounted groans and sighs passed a few minutes; and Vivano waited the return of comparative placidity and intellect before he spoke. The old man—he had much advanced in age during the last five days—drew his hands from his brows, and drying them mechanically with his handkerchief, turned towards his companion a look which needed not the interpretation of words.

"Sir," said the Italian, recurring to his usual cold equanimity of manner, "I have read in some books of my native land, that the brave English tremble, like curs, on the first approach of danger and bereavement; but that the moment the demons of evil and grief really present themselves, they assume the courage and constancy of their bold country-dogs, and perish not but in the warm and painless hour of struggling and warfare."

Husborn replied to this exordium with a childish look of inquiry. Another minute of silence ensued, when the speaker continued,—

"Your——my Margaret has not visited the relation she spoke of, nor has the lady seen your daughter since the spring of the last year."

Again the childless father pressed his hands upon his eyes, as he would shut out for ever the light of heaven, and the consciousness of existence. Vivano paused. After some time, Nature ever true to herself, permitted the paroxysm of grief to subside, and Husborn, slowly taking his rigid fingers from his temples, turned a piteous look towards his companion, which seemed to intimate that he was prepared to hear the worst. The speaker continued,—

"Your daughter, on the evening of the day she left us, was seen walking alone near the White-horse rock; a few hours afterwards, an alarm was raised along the coast that a boat's crew from a pirate brig, which the night before had run into one of the neighbouring creeks, had committed many acts of violence and plunder, and had seized an unprotected woman, as she was wandering by the edge of the waters." Husborn again averted his face; but, as he seemed to retain a consciousness of the meaning of the words addressed to him, Vivano steadily continued:—"Upon hearing this rumour, I spurred my horse to the beach, and after some time lost in tiresome inquiry, I arrived at the huts of a few fishermen, by whom, as it afterwards appeared, the rumour of the atrocious acts of the pirates had been sent abroad. It signifies not to mention that the plunder of the seamen was made up chiefly of the coarse provisions of the country people: they bore with them a woman whom they had seized on an unfrequented strand. Several old and discreet fishermen told me that, when the alarm was raised, and they discovered with their glasses that the rovers were four leagues from land, they saw distinctly, standing up amidst their dark-blue jackets, the figure of a tall lady dressed in flowing white. I inquired why they did not make pursuit? They laughed at my question. Her topmost bit of canvass, said one, only was visible when the first officer of his Majesty's revenue cutter was acquainted with the outrage."

Vivano paused, not as if he had concluded his recital, but with a tone which indicated an expectation of hearing some remark made on that which he had already detailed. Not a word was heard: he gently raised the candle, and looked for some moments intently on the face of Husborn; it was partly hidden from view, having fallen on his right arm, as it lay extended on the back rail of the chair. "Malice domestic" could not, for a time "touch him farther." He had fallen into a swoon, and was, for a certain period, dead to the pains of the present hour, and to all the hopes of the future. Vivano silently returned to his seat, and sat down like a piece of art, fashioned in imitation of humanity,—looking like warm life, but being, in reality, without breath or pulse. This statue-like position and silence were maintained upwards of an hour, when the Italian gentleman

rose with the utterly noiseless manner which distinguished all his movements, gave another look at the unconscious Husborn, and gliding out of the room, passed to his own chamber.

The sixth morning after the abduction of his daughter, Husborn met again, at the breakfast-table, his friend and companion. A strange alteration was seen in his appearance. The hearty rotundity of his countenance was broken up; his fleshy cheeks, which so lately bore the shape and hue of vigour, hung in sallow folds on his sunken jaws; his eyes, which, but a few days before, were round and bright, were now reduced to narrow lines, which, obscured with rheum and tears, scarce could take in the glaring light of day; and his manly hands prematurely shook with the weakness of confirmed palsy and extreme age.

"Wherefore did you leave me last night?" he slowly inquired, in the tone of one who would speak something reproachfully, but that he feared to do so.

"I thought, sir," replied Vivano, "that you were asleep. I know how golden are the minutes which the unhappy pass in slumber. Consider your calmness this morning,—perhaps it is owing to your having been left so long undisturbed."

"Alas! I slept not," replied the afflicted man; "I think I shall never sleep more——here, I mean."

The seventh and the eighth day since the departure of Margaret succeeded each other, and it became evident, in this brief space of time, that the amiable and plethoric Husborn would not suddenly die of grief for the loss of his daughter. He seemed to bear the pressure of his woes, as does the tortoise a huge stone placed upon his enduring back; the weight which was upon him made him breathe hard, and remain on the spot on which he was fixed, yet he did breathe, and live. Deprived of the companionship and ministration of his daughter, Vivano became more necessary to him than ever. He now seldom spoke; but, when he did, he called him his son, and entreated him not to leave him alone in a world which contained for him few of kin, friendship, or acquaintance. "When I die," said the old man, "the house and lands are yours; abide here, and wait the coming of my child." Another of those oblivious fits, so common to men of his physical nature, succeeded, and Vivano carried him to his couch.

Husborn's remark that on this earth he should sleep little, proved no chance prophecy, but the emanation of some inward and spiritual knowledge. On the night of the ninth day of his distress, after sitting some hours listlessly in company with Vivano, he said, "My son, I have thrice watched the coming and going of the moon, and the nights appear to me to be treble their usual length. I cannot sleep."

"Sir," said the Italian gentleman, somewhat carelessly, "that should be cured, madness or death must assuredly succeed after a certain number of watching hours. Here now," said he, producing a small phial, "I have the means of commanding tranquil sleep and happy dreams: it is a medicine discovered by a monk of Rome. Take it; seek to slumber without its aid; but, should the hour of midnight again strike on your ear, swallow the whole contents, and quickly you will fall asleep, in the pleasing consciousness of the coming of a peaceful and happy morn."

The passive patient took the nostrum from the hand of his friend, and shortly afterwards the household retired to rest.

The Italian gentleman rose early the next morning, and, with noiseless tread, approached the sick man's door. He listened with much attention for some minutes, and returned. An hour afterwards he glided again to the chamber; all was yet still. He then dressed himself; and desiring the servant not to awaken his master, who happily was in a deep sleep, departed for a walk, which, as he said, would occupy several hours.

Vivano had scarcely passed beyond call from the house, when the bell

of Husborn's chamber was rung somewhat violently. The servant instantly entered, and beheld his master sitting upright in the bed. "Tell Signior Vivano," said he, wildly, "I would speak with him."

"He has left some time," said the man, "on his morning's walk, and I know not which road he has taken."

"Was this done kindly?" rapidly replied the master. "Well, go, and quickly, to Dr. Mytton, and say I need to see him instantly."

The message was a joyful one to a faithful servant who loved his master, and he hastened to deliver it. Hitherto all men of known skill and advice had been kept from his presence by the interposition of Vivano, who denounced the healing art as one of absolute conjecture.

After a very short lapse of time, the gold-headed cane of the physician preceded him in his progress to the sick chamber. The servant had, in fact, met him within a few paces of Husborn's house, to which he was, as he told him, purposely proceeding. In a few minutes he was standing by the side of his patient, had his hand on his pulse, and was anxiously tracing the fearful contortions which now shook his frame. He saw, in a moment, temporary delirium had seized on his friend, and that the present was no moment to enter on business, which required the highest exertions of sanity and self-possession.

"By what fires are those demons burnt, who steal away a man's heart. See, doctor," said the bewildered man, tearing open his vest, "see, they have stolen mine; what a horrible void is here!"

"Your daughter," said the physician mildly. He had, with learned and humane skill, touched the chord which vibrated to intelligence; "your daughter," he repeated in a soothing tone. The wild aspect of the sick man fled at once; he threw himself forward on the bosom of the doctor, and covered him with his tears. Taking instant advantage of this sudden return of sensibility, Dr. Mytton gently chid his patient for his irritability. "Do you know," said he, "that I come to tell you some chance exists of recovering your lost daughter?"

Husborn raised his head from the bosom of the physician, and sprung up with convulsive strength.

"Nay, my friend," he continued, "I did not say she *had* been recovered: I did not say she was alive and in safety amongst her friends: but be patient, bear the dispensations of Heaven, and cease not to pray that they may fall lightly on you."

The sovereignty of the poor father's intellect at this instant appeared perfectly restored. He placed himself in a quiet, retired posture; and, taking the hand of his attendant, said, in a plaintive but composed tone, "I know you, Dr. Mytton: you have dealt kindly towards me; but it avails not. I know what I have lost. I need now no opiate for the mind, no administration of false hope, to give me peace and resignation. As you have commanded me, I bow to the will of Heaven."

"Master Husborn," said the physician, still more depending on the improved manner of his patient, "I have spoken to you the words of hope; and when did Dr. Mytton"—rising as he spoke with some dignity—"when did Dr. Mytton give his patient hope of escape from sorrow or death, that he had to thank the churchyard-stone for concealing his falsehood or his ignorance?"

"Never, never!" said the patient. "But where," continued he, in a voice which increased every moment in power and vivacity, "where is my Signior Andrea Vivano? He had used to watch my bedside, though he never spoke to me such words of good cheer as I have heard from you." The physician changed countenance when he heard the name of the Italian; but Husborn did not notice the circumstance, and proceeded. "He will be angered when he returns to find that I have taken counsel of you;

he hath heretofore administered to me. Here—ah, here! is a draught which I should have taken last midnight, had not the watching of three nights following each other procured me sleep."

"Let me see it," said the physician, in a quick, tremulous tone, seizing at the same time a very small bottle of some black liquid, which lay on a table within reach of the bed. Without saying another word, the doctor opened the bottle, and tasted the contents. With a convulsive effort he instantly ejected the liquid; and, in a sort of constrained composure of manner, put the phial into his pocket. "Farewell, my friend," said he to Husborn; "remember that I, Dr. Mytton, have given you hopes of soon-coming health and peace. I shall visit you again ere the day be out, and in the mean time repose in quiet. Follow only the directions of your faithful servant, whom I will instruct in his duty."

The physician took a hasty departure; and, at the door, summoned Felix, the honest servant of the house. "When does the Signior return?" quoth he. "Perhaps, sir, in two hours." "'Tis well," he replied; "be without your master's door while he is absent; when he returns, on your life remain within his chamber, and see that the patient receive nought from any hands but mine. Anon I shall return." "Safe," said Felix. The doctor and the fellow seemed to understand each other; and, as the one departed, the other proceeded directly to his master's bed-room door, and quietly laid himself across it.

It was near mid-day when the Italian gentleman returned. Upon entering the house, he looked quickly round, and in a somewhat hurried tone inquired the health of his host. "Somewhat better," briefly replied Felix; "he sleeps still, and must not be disturbed." Vivano appeared to recoil for a moment upon himself; but, suddenly recovering, he waved his hand in token of his approbation of the intelligence, and walked into his apartment.

The Italian had scarcely seated himself, and produced from his pocket a parcel of papers, which he was about to peruse, when a peculiar rap at the door called Felix from his post to receive the physician. "Stout Felix," said the Doctor, "I will now take charge of your master: stand you at the portal; let none now within go home; but, at your discretion, admit all who seek to enter." The doctor walked slowly towards the room occupied by the foreigner; and as he put his hand on the lock, turning back his head, he saw the mayor of Hastings, his jurats, and attendants, in an imposing, but quiet array, enter the house. He drew back, and gave them precedence; and in a moment the retired parlour of Master Husborn was filled with important personages, and became the scene of grave business. An athletic man, stepping directly up to the Signior, inquired if his name was not Andrea Vivano. "So they call me," said the Italian with hesitation. "Then here I arrest thee," said the man, putting his heavy hand between his neck and his shoulder; "here I arrest thee, Andrea Vivano, for sundry capital felonies."

A hum of expectation filled the apartment, notwithstanding it was occupied nearly altogether by those who knew the mystery of the whole business. The Italian, making no present reply to the momentous summons with which he had been visited, the mayor stepped forward into the middle of the apartment, and spoke as follows:—"Signior, on the oaths of two good and veritable men I have issued my warrant, charging you with having compassed and designed the deaths of more than one of his Majesty's subjects. We are instructed that one of your victims now lies in this house in mortal extremity; and therefore are we here in person to take from him his last evidence, so that your crimes, if they be proved against you, escape not punishment in this world by the untimely death of true witnesses."

"May it please your worship," said Dr. Mytton, stepping forward with

alacrity, "the worthy Master Husborn is not in *extremis*. The whole course of examination, which will doubtless end in the committal or deliverance of *that* man, may, with much physical benefit, take place in his presence; nay, I almost predicate that the excitement of his latent feelings, which certainly will be exhibited on the occasion, may determine him at once towards health and reason."

"As you advise, worthy doctor," said the mayor; "such a course will at least save the time and trouble of further examinations."

Presently the whole party were in the spacious chamber occupied by Master Husborn. He sat, after the physician had whispered something earnestly in his ear, with much placidity and self-possession in an easy chair placed in the centre of the room. The mayor and his attendants were soon suitably accommodated; and the prisoner having been placed between the athletic man who had arrested him and the stout Felix, the worthy Dr. Mytton, who seemed to take upon himself the office of public prosecutor, stepped forth. "Call," said he, with the voice of one expecting to be obeyed, "Mistress Colville." An attendant went to the door, and ushered in a matronly woman, of suspicious gentility of appearance. "Look round," said the physician, "and see if you behold any of whom it becomes you on your oath to testify the truth."

The woman turned round, and encountered the figure of the Italian gentleman, as he stood, with folded arms, calmly looking towards the ceiling of the room. "That is the man!" she at once exclaimed; "I know him by his *whitely* eyes."

"Briefly, but truly, declare what you know of him," said the mayor.

"First relieve me of that weight of gold!" exclaimed the woman, throwing down a heavy purse of guineas; "I cannot breathe freely while it lies on my bosom."

For a moment the witness breathed hard, and trembled; then, clasping her hands, and appearing to look upward with joy and gratitude, in a firm tone she spoke as follows:—

"On the night of the 7th of the current month, that gentleman, whose name I know not, but who, as I take it, is a foreigner, entered my obscure lodgings in the outskirts of the neighbouring town of Winchelsea. I need not detail the discourse which privately engaged us. I promised to receive at his hands, at a certain coming time, a lady whose situation required a matron's care, and, for her honour's sake, a matron's vigilance. At the time appointed they came. I thought, while I looked on the young stranger, that she might have withheld her visit for some time, at least; but that was not my business. He had great ado to part from her: she wept much; and I heard her detain him, almost by mere force, until he had made many vows, the purport of which I could scarcely collect. At length he came down stairs. 'Here,' said he, giving me that purse, which then contained five more pieces, 'here is for thy charges; and,' said he, whispering, 'they will serve thee well until I return from that foreign clime to which I have privily told thee I am destined; but,' added he, 'if—and thou knowest the chances of the time—neither mother nor child should remain to be thy burthen, the residue of the purse is thine.' I was about to ask some explanation, but he hastily bade me be silent and discreet, and vanished. The next day I looked on my lodger; her eyes were red with weeping. I could have taken my sacramental oath she had been my own poor daughter, who died broken-hearted about fifteen years ago, when she was about her age. From that moment I resolved she should receive from my hands all the care and service of a mother. A night or two afterwards, screams of anguish issued from the lady's room: I rushed from my door, and summoned a worthy man, one Master Gournay, who lived near me. He was by her bedside in a few minutes; and in an hour afterwards he made me understand, frightened as I was, that my lodger had given birth to a dead child; and that, being

now in a state of high delirium, my sole business was to take care lest in a moment ot returning strength she committed violence on herself."

Husborn, who had been sighing audibly during this recital, at length demanded, with emotion, "Does she live—does she live?"

The physician waved his hand, and in a moment his daughter Margaret was on her knees before him. The good man uttered a sort of hysteric laugh; his face and neck then suddenly assumed a purple colour, his eyes closed, and he fell back on his chair. The physician and Master Gournay hastened to him. "This I feared," said the latter.

"If you bleed him," observed the Italian, for the first time breaking his peace, "he dies upon the spot."

The medical men exchanged a brief look of incredulity; and, before ten could be counted, they had struck a lancet into his arm, and his blood spouted directly on the prisoner. Not many minutes elapsed before the benevolent doctors succeeded in restoring, not only animal life, but perfect sensibility to the patient. He spoke not; but he raised his daughter, and placed her by his side.

"May it please your worship now," said Dr. Mytton, "my patient's strength having, contrary to my anticipation, shown itself unequal to the present hearing of the full development of the scenes of guilt whereof the gracious course of events has given me the knowledge, permit me to depose to certain particulars, which, doubtless, will determine your worship at once to hold this man with a strong hand until he abide his trial. Sitting last night alone in my study, this gentleman, Mr Gournay, a worthy practitioner of Winchelsea, called on me. It is the custom of medical men, as well amongst those of small talents and fame as with those of regular title and extensive practice, to take counsel of each other; and more especially do we exchange advice amongst ourselves when some moral wrong, too often the cause of bodily disease, comes to our knowledge. In fine, Mr. Gournay told me that he had been suddenly called to attend an unknown female, whom he had delivered from the pains of childbirth, and the imminent danger of madness or death, who had, by the advice of her lover, swallowed an almost certain poison. All, he said, that he could elicit from the poor patient was, that her lover had promised to be her husband; that he had convinced her her confinement must be secret, while he solemnly guaranteed to give full satisfaction to her friends; and, finally, that the last promise he extorted from her was, that, at the moment she felt the pains of a mother come upon her, she should swallow the contents of a small phial (a portion of which Mr. Gournay presented me with), which, he assured her, would carry her through her hour of trial without pain or consciousness. I immediately set out to visit the young female, and at once knew her to be the daughter of the honest Master Husborn. I said not a word of this recognition, but went home. In the morning, early, I took my way to this house, pondering in my mind what would occur in my interview with its master, whose loss, and consequent illness, I had been made acquainted with. While I was thus filled with doubtful anticipations, walking slowly, I was summoned to hasten my pace, to give aid in a case of imminent danger. I found this sufferer," pointing to Husborn, "bereft of reason. By moral and physical means, I in part restored him to the dignity of his nature. He confided to me his secret sorrows; and amongst other matters which seemed to him of least importance, he showed me this small phial, the contents of which he had been requested, by his dear acquaintance, friend, and son-in-law that should have been, Signior Andrea Vivano, now standing there, to quaff off, at midnight, as the means of procuring the blessing of sleep." A pause ensued, and all eyes were turned towards the Italian gentleman. The physician continued—"The phial found in the hand of the young lady by my colleague, and that delivered to me by Master Husborn, are alike; and the contents of both the syrup of the poppy of Natolia, a thrice mortal poison. A tithe part of the contents now remaining, swallowed by any present,

would produce instant and unresisted death, unless, as it does happen with the human economy once in about fifty experiments, a retching sickness should supervene, and the drug should be rejected."*

A general respiration of breath, which seemed indicative alike of satisfaction and horror, pervaded the whole chamber. Silence ensued; and the mayor, taking up a pen, was about to sign a paper, when he was interrupted by a hollow laugh, which proceeded from the Italian. "Well!" he exclaimed, with affected ease, "to what purpose is this mummery? You say I administered my good medicine to this simple man and his daughter, to destroy, and not to save their lives. Be it so: the bad opinion of any here will not affect the peace of an Italian. Behold, they are alive! I have committed no murder; set me free!"

"Signior," said the magistrate with extraordinary gravity, "you contemplated murder, and worked warily for its consummation. I know not the laws of your country; but here, in England, where we know no assassins, if a man take counsel to circumvent the life of his fellow-creature, and is prevented in his design by the kind interposition of Providence, nevertheless he is amenable to the same mortal penalty as if his machinations had been successful."

The Italian closed his eyes for a moment, but made no reply. The magistrate proceeded to complete his signature; and presently the apartment was cleared of all neighbours and strangers.

The event of the following day has been recorded by the intelligent William Woodhead. It only remains to mention, that, amongst Vivano's papers left in the house of Master Husborn, a fair copy of the will made in his favour was found, and a citation from the elders of the University of Padua, calling on one Signor Vicentino, a physician, to appear at a private examination, in the case of certain libels issued against, charging him with attempting the lives of two women living in that city. The latter document bore the date June 5, 1775.

THE GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF AN INVESTMENT.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

Sir,—You are a wise man, so the people say in our town (a very respectable town, that has its own market and its own circulating library). You are a wise man, and you write books, and you make speeches, and pass for having a great deal of general information. Now, Sir, if you really are so clever, you have an opportunity of doing me a very essential service, and (what is likely to touch your philanthropy) this great service to me may be performed without any trouble or expense to you.

I am not an author, Sir, thank God! No offence, I hope. I am not an author, so that I am not going to ask you to read and correct my three volumes, or to praise them. I am not an author, or that which is, or used to be, a term synonymous—a poor man. I am not a solicitor for your panegyrics, nor for your purse: I am tolerably rich, and tolerably stupid, and have grace sufficient to thank Providence for these and all its blessings. But still riches have their cares, and stupidity its cogitations. I come to you thus careworn and cogitating. I come to you, and beg you will whisper me some advice that will bring rest to my pillow, and give interest to my property. My case is really a hard one,—more hard than any one without experience could readily imagine. I have heard of a certain Jason who went in search of a

golden fleece; of a very dirty fellow, named Diogenes, who took a lantern to look for an honest man.—I have heard, too, of a Mr. Cœlebs who went looking about for a wife (that, too, must have been a difficult business, if the gentleman wanted a good wife, and was himself a little difficult): I do not know any one I can recommend, without, indeed, it is my youngest daughter;—but you are married, Mr. Editor, and this is foreign to my subject, or has only such relation to it as I was going to establish when I intended saying that neither Jason, when he went after his golden fleece,—nor Diogenes, when he sought his honest man,—nor Cœlebs, when he looked out for his wife, had half such trouble or painstaking thrown away as I have had in looking after my—my—my *Investment!* Yes, Sir, it is an investment I am looking for, and pray can you tell me where to find one? If you are a superficial observer you will say the matter is easy; so any inexperienced fortune-hunter says it is to run away with an heiress. But give me leave to tell you the matter on hand is a difficult one,—a very difficult one; as urgent as difficult, for what is a man to do who does not mean to live beyond his income? Get an income! and, to get an income, he must find an investment. My situation is this:—About thirteen years ago, I came into a property of one hundred thousand pounds. It was on mortgage; but the gentleman on whose property the mortgage was, though rich enough to pay me my interest regularly, was always careless enough not to do so. Lawyer's letters would be written, and lawyer's letters returned; and it was never till after six months, and much botheration, that I got my quarter's dividend paid.

"How can you be such a fool?" said a neighbour to whom I was relating my misfortunes. "Put your money in the funds; nothing is like funded property;—so comfortable; no trouble. Dividend-day arives,—dividend paid,—no lawyers. Stockbrokers, clear-headed fellows, settle your business, and there's the money."

Now this advice would not have weighed with me so much coming from any other man; but coming from Mr. David Dofornothing, who was said to have a large fortune himself, and who always spoke in that sharp, short, decided tone, which is deemed natural as breath to the nostrils of a man of business, it decided me at once, and I gave notice that my mortgage should be withdrawn. Many difficulties occurred; money could not be raised,—property could not be sold,—lawyer's bills got heavy; at last, however, my one hundred thousand pounds, though somewhat shorn of their beams, were extracted from the vice-like jaws of the Hedgeworth estate. The five per cents. were the security at that time in vogue; and, after coquetting a little while with the fours and the threes, I closed with the fives, and there was an end of the matter. The first year passed away, and nothing could be more delightful: my income was as punctual as my clock; and, in addition to my income, I learnt from my stockbroker that my capital was increased by a thousand pounds. "For," said he, "funds have risen nearly one per cent. since your investment."

Admirable investment! thought I, and excellent contrivance for making money comfortably, without fuss or fidget. "Ay," said the broker, rubbing his hands, "and I dare say they will rise two per cent. by the next year." I went home, had my house new painted and papered, took an extra footman, and hired a villa at Richmond for the season. Now I had bought

into the five per cents. at one hundred and twenty pounds, so that the interest I received for my money was four per cent. I had got four and a half on my mortgage, but the comfort of the thing made the difference. Murmurs, however, shortly after arose that the five per cents. were to be paid off. Stocks fell. I saw them fall with indifference, until the idea struck me, that, as I had gained a thousand pounds by their rising one per cent., I must have lost ten thousand pounds by their descending ten. The thought was horror. I hastened to my broker. "Yes, oh yes, Sir," said he, smiling, "if you sell out, you'll lose ten thousand pounds; but if you don't sell out, why, Sir, if you don't sell out, and the five per cents. *are not* paid off, you'll lose nothing." "Well, that's a comfort," said I, breathing more freely; "then I won't sell out." "But," continued the broker, finishing his sentence with a pinch of snuff, "if the five per cents. *are* paid off, why then, instead of ten thousand pounds you'll lose twenty thousand pounds." Good God, what would my poor aunt say? Lose twenty thousand pounds in one year; and how?—simply in seeking an investment. I waited a day or two: the malignancy of the reports increased; funds fell proportionably; and, at last, I sold out with a loss of fifteen thousand pounds, having sold in the morning, whereas, if I had waited till the evening, I should have lost seventeen thousand pounds. "How very lucky you've been!" said the broker, as he enclosed me a list of the sale. My one hundred thousand pounds were now very considerably reduced; and, with the remaining capital in my hands, I stood hesitating and uncertain where to place it.

Well, Sir, for one year I could not muster up sufficient courage to venture further than Exchequer Bills. Twelve months had thus elapsed, when, sitting one day at my writing-desk, and much meditating upon this unprofitable state of things, my old friend and schoolfellow, Joe Harris, was introduced to me. Joe Harris was always thought a sharp, shrewd, dashing fellow, who lived better than other folks by making twenty shillings go farther than *they* could. His income was known to be derived from twenty thousand pounds, and he spent about eighteen thousand pounds a year. I could not have been visited more opportunely; and I put to Joe Harris, Sir, the very question I have been putting to you. He laughed in my face. "An investment," said he, "at four per cent.! why I, by having my wits about me, make ten per cent. of every farthing of my money."

"Get me but four, and you shall have the surplus." "A bargain! There are Spanish bonds,—what can be more secure than Spanish bonds? Representative government, free people—free as air. Spanish bonds are only at sixty: and here are Russian bonds—bonds of the despotic autocrat—at a hundred: is not that monstrous? all a Jew's trick. Buy Spanish bonds, I tell you: they give nine per cent. for your money, and are as sound as hearts of oak, my boy. What the devil! do you think I'd advise you to a foolish thing? What should I gain by it?"

The last argument was unanswerable: it convinced me; and I invested thirty thousand pounds of my remaining eighty-five thousand pounds in the bonds of the Cortes. For the first year they brought me two thousand eight hundred pounds in interest, and this was all that remained of my capital the year after. Don't think, Mr. Editor, that I had rashly speculated;—the government was acknowledged and established,—the Spanish King was free and consenting,—the English ambassador was at his court. . . . The rest of what I was going to

say you'll find in an article in "The Times," written nine years ago last February; by reading which I very much justified myself in my own conceit. But neither that article nor any other article has ever brought me back my money: one of the reasons for my low estimate of literary talent.

Since that time, Sir, it's useless to tell you that my remaining capital has unfortunately wandered through a variety of investments. I've had iron shares, and salt shares, and silver shares, and gold shares; and Brazilian bonds, and Colombian bonds, and Greek bonds, and French bonds. Ay, only think of that—there was the unkindest cut of all—those French bonds; everybody said those French bonds were so secure. As I alternately lost my hundreds in the Mexicans, and the Brazilians, and the Greeks, and the Colombians, every one said to me, "But why don't you purchase French bonds?" Well, Sir, I did purchase French bonds; and what was the consequence?—what was the consequence? Could I help the revolution? Had I anything to do with the Glorious Days? I knew no more of Charles the Tenth, and Prince Polignac, and Marshal Marmont, and Monsieur Lafitte, and General Lafayette,—I knew, Sir, no more of these people than the man in the moon—never had a word to say to any of them—never even dreamt of the gentlemen; and yet do they contrive between them to make a revolution which loses me ten thousand pounds:—ten thousand pounds went in three days of glory with which I had nothing to do—which brings *me* no glory—not a grain;—on the contrary, all my friends, the very friends to whose advice I owe my misfortune, call me a great fool for not having seen that liberty must triumph! I did not want to have anything to do with liberty—I never was a politician; and here I lose thirty thousand pounds because liberty is beaten in Spain, and ten thousand pounds because liberty is victorious in Paris!

I don't want to appeal to your pity, or to the pity of any man living; but I only ask you whether mine is not a very pitiable case! And then, I have got thirty thousand pounds yet left to plague me, and that's my reason for troubling you. How shall I invest it? I tell you at once that I've washed my hands of all foreign and outlandish speculations. No mines, Sir, either. There is hardly a metal that is not pregnant to me with painful recollections. I want to look at home for "some safe and wholesome security;"—such is the language and such the terms that all my friends use to me, and I wish for nothing better than to find this "safe and wholesome security" they talk to me about. The four great national investments, my bankers tell me, are Bank-stock, India-stock, Land, and the Funds; which last, by the way, have already used me, as I explained at the beginning of my narrative, rather hardly. The first words that struck me, I confess, were "Bank-stock." "Safe as the Bank," "sure as the Bank," "sound as the Bank," were words that had rung in my ears from my earlier boyhood; and no sooner had that investment been mentioned than I wondered at my former follies, and imagined that all my cares were happily concluded. Still, not wishing to engage hastily, though with the fairest prospects, I mentioned my intentions to a wary friend, a great woollen merchant, who, having a house in Threadneedle-street, was, I thought, more likely than any one to advise me on the subject of the Bank. "Good God!" said he, "don't you know the charter is just expired? It's found to be all trickery and humbug. It's lucky, indeed, that you came to me. God knows if the Company will

even pay a shilling in the pound. You may as well throw your money into the Thames. A man in these days cannot be too cautious." "Very true," said I, in a melancholy voice; "and so, after what you say of the Bank, I'll think no more about it." This, of course, I made up my mind to: and India-stock next claimed my consideration. I readily remembered that an old uncle of mine, who died exceedingly wealthy, was always called by the family "as rich as the Indies:" besides, all people went out to India to make their fortunes; and I had no doubt, therefore, that India-stock must be of a very solid and advantageous description. "What!" said my wary friend, who had been at school with me, and who, though a woollen merchant, was always fond of his classics—"what!" said my wary friend, "quo tendis iter? You avoid Scylla, which is the Bank; and you plunge into Charybdis, which is the East India Company. Do you know what a horrid set of people you were about to connect yourself with? Do you know what the East India Company are?—Do you know what they are?" he repeated in a more awful tone. "I don't say that they are murderers, but I'll tell you what they decidedly are—they are monopolists. They suffer women to be burnt alive, Sir; and they double the price of tea—and—and—in short, in a free country like this, they are not to be tolerated. Liberty won't allow it, Sir—liberty wont allow it." "Oh," said I, mournfully, mindful of Spain and of France, "if liberty means to have anything to do with the concern, I wash my hands of it at once, and there's an end of that matter."

Land and the funds now seemed my only resources. The idea of purchasing a farm much pleased my wife; and my eldest boy, who is just beginning Virgil, cited, with a very pretty voice, something about "Agricolæ," which I knew was very pat to the purpose. I determined then to consult a great landed proprietor, an intimate acquaintance of mine, as to the best means of making a safe landed investment. "You can't be serious!" he exclaimed. "What! think of purchasing land, and at this moment, too!—why, the man must be mad! I've landed property, it's very true, that came to me from my ancestors, and which I can't get rid of; I wish I could. Landed property, Sir, is destruction. As to farming land yourself—look ye, it's the high road to a prison. Say you let your land for a term of years—at an average price, taking one year with another: the year is a fair one, and you get your rent; the year is a bad one, and no rent is paid you: murmur, and the tenant leagues with the poachers, opposes you at the vestry, sticks the opposition colours about his windows at an election, lets your hedges go out of order, works out your land, and—doesn't pay you your rent after all. But if a man would have bought land twenty years ago, who would buy it now, with the total repeal of the corn-laws hanging over his head? In five years every landed proprietor will be a beggar, Sir." "Then there is nothing else," said I, at last, "but to go back," (the ordinary course, as our curate, a very sensible man, informed me, in all human undertakings,)—"there is nothing else," said I, "but to go back to the funds; and, after all, they can't well reduce the three per cents. as long as there are fours. This idea, at once simple and conclusive, pleased me; and I mentioned my intention to a cousin who passes amongst us for a very far-seeing man, and in whom my wife and I have a considerable confidence. "Reduce, indeed!" said he, shoving back his spectacles over his bald forehead,—"reduce, indeed! no such luck for the fundholders. I'll tell you what their next reduction will be," slapping me familiarly on the

back, and turning a glass that was on the table topsy-turvy,—"*that's* what it will be, Sir (pointing to the inverted glass). You and I will live to see the day when people will talk of the funded system as they talk of Law's system, or any other ridiculous and jobbing contrivance. Why, what do you think it is, this funding system? Your father wants a sum of money, and he does not like to stint himself to pay it, so he quietly sits down and writes a draft payable upon his neighbour's grandson, whom he never saw, whom he knows no more of than the child unborn, for he is the child unborn; and then the old gentleman's family make a noise, and say that it's infamous if the neighbour's grandson don't pay this bill at first sight. This, Sir, is the funded system; and this, I say, can't last ten years—no, nor five years, now that we have a reformed Parliament."

I can't say that I quite understood my cousin's mode of arguing, though he speaks very slowly, and lays an emphasis on every syllable, which always induces me to believe that what he says is of great importance. I can't say that I quite understood my cousin's mode of argument. But I did not at all like his action of turning the wine-glass topsy-turvy. "So, then," said I, you would not advise me to invest my money in the funds?" "No; to be sure I would not," said he, thumping his fist heartily on the table.

Now you see, Sir, the full extent of my misery. The four great national investments, says my banker, are Bank-stock, India-stock, Land, and the Funds; and I am equally ruined if I invest my money in Bank-stock, or in India-stock, or in land, or in the funds.

You need not speak to me of mortgages, Sir. I thought of that, and spoke of it, though I forgot to say so, to my friend the landed proprietor. But, as he said to me, if land is worth nothing, what's a *debt* upon land worth?

In short, Sir, here am I, a very prudent man, who have already lost seventy thousand pounds, because I did not like to live beyond my income; and now, wise as I am grown by experience, there seems no way to preserve my capital but spending it. This, since it is at once the most prudent and agreeable thing, I should have no objection to do; but my wife says that the whole thirty thousand pounds must go to our eldest boy, and that we must put by out of our income a provision for the younger children. It's in vain that I rationally point out to her the impossibility of what she requires; in vain I tell her that there's no such thing now-a-days as income—that it's an idle and fallacious word--that the very term "income" is a syren, which only lures on to the destruction of capital. "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear," repeats Mrs. ——; "you should do as everybody tells you, and get into none of your foolish scrapes and schemes, but find a good wholesome investment."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you have the bowels of compassion in you, tell me where such an investment is to be found, or satisfy my wife that she disquieteth herself after a vain shadow, and that the most sensible thing we can do with our money is to get rid of it as fast as we are able.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JONATHAN TOOMUCH.

*** We regret that Mr. Jonathan Toomuch, in his zeal for advantageous speculation, should have overlooked that auspicious investment sold some three years ago in the neighbourhood of Gatton. At present, since he asks our advice, what does he think of investing his remaining thousands in the purchase of an estate in Jamaica?

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXPOSED.

FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS AND UNDOUBTED FACTS.

To the Editor of the New Monthly.

SIR,—We are indebted to the present Government for a measure, the tendency of which is to remove much of the oppression that has for ages been accumulating on us,—I allude to the appointment of a Committee to investigate the State and Management of all Corporate Bodies. This seems to aim at the very root of monopoly—the great engine of injustice. Unfortunately, it does not include some of the most injurious of those institutions which have been founded on improper distinctions, and are depending for their existence and power on the secrecy of their transactions.

In the hope that others may follow a salutary example, I shall do all in my power to expose the evil doings of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts,—an establishment assuming merits that do not belong to it, and exercising a harassing tyranny over the profession it pretends to foster. It is true that a society that contains no extraordinary wealth or talent, that has not endured three-quarters of a century, and depends on misconception and misrepresentation, will cease to exist when other monopolies are exposed and corrected. There are, however, good reasons for not deferring the statement I am about to make. A monopoly of so recent an origin affords opportunities of tracing the early progress and intrigues of such bodies, not to be found in corporations cradled in a darker and more distant age.

It may be said, that any portion of society that claims for its members a permanent control over the opinions, productions, or actions of their fellow-creatures, assumes a power which the most conceited individuals, standing unconnected with party, would be ashamed to ask—a power calculated to degrade intellect and repress independent exertions.

How far has the Royal Academy been guilty of this assumption? In 1765, King George the Third granted a charter to the Society of Artists, under the management of twenty-four Directors, including a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary. In those days, when the distinction between royal and national property was not understood, the eyes of the public were not opened to the mischief of such grants: it was not perceived that the right of conferring honours, properly intrusted to the Prince, was nothing in its effects compared to the practice of granting exclusive power over commerce, industry, or talent. The Sovereign may be supposed to know something of those who perform services to the state, either in a civil or a military capacity; but he must trust implicitly to ministers or favourites for information on science, literature, or the arts; and as the actual ministers of the crown have themselves too much to attend to, to advise the king on such matters, so they are of course left to favourites, who are at once ignorant and irresponsible: the creatures themselves of favouritism, they have their favourites in return. The power of favourites was soon felt by the chartered Society. Strange, the celebrated engraver, one of its members, had offended the Earl of Bute; and I will leave it to those who have seen, or may hereafter consult, Strange's Letter to that nobleman, to say, whether that offence did not give rise to the plot that created the Royal Academy on the ruins of the ori-

ginal chartered Society. It is enough for me, that whilst the twenty-four directors were consulting how to obtain from the King a command to form a Royal Academy, and adopt that title, four of those same directors obtained that right for themselves, without having communicated their intention to their coadjutors; and when their object was accomplished, and not till then, they informed their victims that the monarch had been graciously pleased to command that a Royal Academy be instituted under his special care! The other twenty directors imagined, of course, that they were to share the granted boon, and it was meant that for a time they should entertain this opinion; but as soon as they had allowed the plaster-casts, and other property, to be conveyed from their school in St. Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane, to the rooms in Pall-mall, taken for the new Academy, their eyes were opened, and they were informed that the four favoured members had alone the right of electing whom they pleased to the honour of associating with themselves. George the Third visited the exhibitions of both societies, the old chartered Association as well as the new Academy; he likewise declared, that he did not intend to support one set of men more than another. But it was soon found that the favourites had resolved otherwise; and we need not wonder if the frankness of the Prince gave way to the manœuvres of courtly partisans, particularly when, as supreme proprietor of the Royal Academy, its welfare became of some consideration; for we must not forget, that his Majesty not only provided the premises, but also that he had promised to make good any deficiency in the revenue of the new institution. When the King was at length made to understand how Mr. Strange had been misrepresented to him, that gentleman was knighted; but the real mischief once accomplished continued to exist: a responsible, because a chartered, society had been sacrificed to an unchartered establishment, whose secret conclave issued its *final* decisions with no other control than that of a sovereign to whom they had free access, whilst it was denied to those who suffered from its mal-administration. Even if Strange had been guilty of want of courteous deference to the monarch, this would have been no cause for granting despotic rights and influence to a small number of artists over the many who pursued that career. It has been said that they possessed no power out of their own establishment, and that within their walls they had every right to do as they pleased. It is easy to prove that this is incorrect on both points: first, that they assumed power and direct influence in various institutions and public transactions; and, in the next place, that they have not, nor ever had, a right to inveigle other artists by false and unjust pretences within the range of their control. It is manifest that the Prince, his Ministers, nay, the Parliament itself, have lent their power to a body of men who have no legally corporate existence, though, through the supineness of others of equal talent with themselves, and countenanced by authority, they exercise unlimited control over the fine arts of this country.

I shall endeavour to prove, from the history of the Academy,—1st. That it is averse to a charter that would render it amenable to the laws of the country; 2nd. It has done little to promote, and much to prevent, the advance of the fine arts; 3d. That a progress in the fine arts has been most conspicuous in those branches which have not been subjected to the care or instructions of the Academy; 4th. That the control held by that institution over rising genius reduces artists to an abject dependence on

their will, totally at variance with that freedom and dignity without which the fine arts can do but little in support of civilization and virtuous sentiment; 5th. That instead of keeping their power within their walls, they have attempted to produce an universal subserviency to their dictation and interest,—so much so, indeed, that even the House of Commons has deputed its authority to this Company, which depends on the breath of its patron, losing sight of that important distinction between royal and national institutions.

1st. As to its dislike to a legal charter. In 1802, the President West, having differed with a majority of the Council, and aware of his influence with the forty, summoned a general assembly, and, contrary to one of their fundamental laws, which places the whole management in the hands of the Council, those who had opposed the President were suspended. An appeal was made to the King, who referred it to the Attorney-General; and the result of his opinion was, that the suspended members were, by order of his Majesty, restored; but Sir Robert Adair's advice, to have recourse to a charter, in order to prevent dissensions, was not attended to, any more than Barry's proposal, some years before, as it is given in his Letter to the Dilettanti, 1799, in these words:—" I further propose, that the Academy recommend to the Council to reconsider the business respecting the security and disposal of the property of the Academy, and that some proper means be adopted to obtain for the Academy such a chartered and legally corporate existence as will connect it with the nation." I pretend to no particular knowledge of the secret machinations of this institution; but having perused the Annals and Epochs of Art by Mr. Prince Hoare, their secretary for foreign correspondence, who, in several instances in the last of those works, refers, not to the Annals made out by himself, and to be considered as the Academy's authentic documents, but to the above-mentioned Letter to the Dilettanti, I consider the contents of that letter authentic, and the passage here quoted to contain the principal cause of Barry's expulsion. His desire to have proper securities on the funds of the institution, and the still more important wish to see it connected, by charter, with the nation, were not to be endured: besides, he saw no necessity for suspicious secrecy.

2nd and 3d. These points may be conveniently illustrated together. The expressions of Fuseli, in the Academy Lectures, printed with the sanction of that body, would sufficiently prove the first; the latter becomes evident from reference to the history of our principal artists. Mr. Fuseli says—" We have now been in possession of an Academy more than half a century; all the intrinsic means of forming a style alternate at our command; professional instruction has never ceased to direct the student; premiums are distributed to rear talent and stimulate ambition; and stipends are granted to relieve the wants of genius and finish education; and what is the result? If we apply to our Exhibition, what does it present, in the aggregate, but a gorgeous display of varied powers, condemned, if not to the beasts, at least to the dictates of fashion and vanity? Florence, Bologna, and Venice, each singly taken, produced more great historic pictures than all Britain together, from its earliest attempts at painting to its present efforts." We may smile at a monopoly as the stimulant to ambition, and at the folly of granting stipends to relieve the wants of genius, after looking over the list of their pupils who have obtained the gold medal either in painting or sculpture; but no one

can doubt that Mr. Fuseli is right as to the result. One of the panegyrists of our Academy has, indeed, remarked, that it is unfair to reproach the institution with incapacity, when every academy in Europe is equally liable to the same reproach. However inconsistent the fact and the conclusion may be, I heartily join in supposing other academies to be also amenable to the same censure: it is not the individual, it is the system that works evil; for, as Barry so well said, "low artists will sway and govern in an academy who could never have been known to the public if that academy had not been in existence." If we next consider how many of the best living and late artists were not educated by the Academy, and how thin the remaining phalanx would appear without them, we need go no farther to prove that the establishment is worse than useless. Martin and Clennel were pupils of Muss; Flaxman studied with his father, and, under the chartered Society, at the Duke of Richmond's gallery—a few months only at the Academy, where he claimed, but was denied the gold medal; Opie was the pupil of Dr. Wolcot, who brought him from Cornwall; Chantrey learned carving at York, resided some time at Twickenham, visited Italy, and returning thence was elected into the Academy as Flaxman had been; Bird of Woolverhampton was none of theirs; Wilkie they will hardly claim, although he did for a short time draw amongst them: his first master, Graham, of the Edinburgh Academy,* might with more justice claim the glory of his education, but in either case his performances were not esteemed: he was unnoticed and unknown till his native talent, displayed in a shop window at Charing-cross, fixed the attention of the public—the public approved, and *then* the Academy found merit in his works. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his youth, received premiums from the Society of Arts; but when he became a probationer for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy, his claim was not allowed, and he withdrew to seek eminence without their instructions. Gibson, now the greatest sculptor in Europe, was a ship carver at Liverpool, assisted by the advice of Canova when at Rome. In Landscape painting, Doctor Monro, of the Adelphi, did more to advance the art than any academy in Europe: under his direction, Turner, Girtin, and Varley acquired style and taste. The genius of Danby and Stanfield learnt to sport in the glimmer of sun-light or float on the surface of the waters without their guidance. Bonington was a stranger to their schools. But how can the instructions in the Royal Academy be thought of any value, when we find that their own Presidents and Professors rose to their highest honours without being students of the establishment? Reynolds of course was not a student, nor West, who came not to England until his studies were completed; Sir Thomas Lawrence was refused, and yet at his death they had not an artist fostered under their direction fit to succeed him; they elected Mr. Shee, now Sir Martin, who may have studied with them, but who acknowledges himself a pupil of the Dublin Academy, or rather of Mr. W. West, professor at that institution. The succession of Professors is equally decisive. The first was Penny; after him came

* There are serious objections to all gratuitous institutions for learning. The provincial academies are, however, much less objectionable than the Royal at Somerset-house; their influence extends not so wide, they compete with each other; and a teacher with his pupils constantly under his eye, is better than a new visitor every month.

Barry—he was too good, and they expelled him; Opie succeeded, and Fuseli, a Swiss, came next; and lastly Mr. Phillips, the only one of all the professors of painting they can call their own. What would become of them without external support and renovation, if in sixty years they were unable to rear more than one professor of painting, and not even one President for their own use, although, long ere the Academy was in existence, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Barry learnt to think and to paint? If the disinterested exertions of the Academicians have been so unsuccessful, let us ascertain the extent of their liberality, by inquiring into the advantages they derive from their appointment. It is hardly necessary to mention, that the Exhibition is so completely under their management, that they declare, in their Catalogue, that the *decision of the Council is final.* Now the advantages of this management alone are immense. We think it strange that the East India Company should enjoy exclusively the trade to China, and yet we allow forty self-elected Painters, Sculptors, and Architects to say, "none shall place their works in the only exhibitions sanctioned by Government and Royalty itself, and of course by the nobility, without our gracious permission."

How do they manage the Exhibition? They of course begin by placing their own performances in the best situations; they next proceed to fill up the gaps with such pictures as they think most suited to the general effect, without fear of being complained of individually; for their operations are secret,—their decisions final. Having arranged the pictures to their mind, the forty Academicians, and eighteen or twenty associates, are let in to paint during four days on their works, to the disparagement of the pictures of the unprivileged artists. This completed, every nobleman and gentleman who is supposed to take an interest in the fine arts is invited to dine with the President and members of the Royal Academy; a sumptuously splendid dinner is provided;—wine makes the soul generous; complimentary toasts pass freely round; the guests join in the raptures of the entertainers, and, in honour of the chairman, declare portraits to be the only genuine historical paintings; nor does any one present dare to deny the foul aspersion on intellectual art. Perhaps at that very moment the high-minded artist, whose sense of independence precludes his participating in their joys, as it also shuts out the opportunity of selling his pictures, receives the accustomed notice, that it is impossible, for want of space, to admit his pictures: he has no other choice than mean submission or wretched penury. If we turn our eyes to the Academician, we behold employment ever attendant on power and influence. If extravagance or misfortune prevent him from making a provision for old age, he is allowed an annuity not inferior to the hard-earned income of some of the proudest of the profession. In like manner his widow receives a pension equal to that which the country pays to the suffering family of many a distinguished officer who fought and bled in a foreign land. Yet all that the Academicians do is perfectly disinterested! The public is surely not aware, that the liberal instruction so much talked of is also paid for out of the general fund; the lectures of the professors, the attendance of the visitors, have each their appointed stipend. Add to all this the chance of being appointed keeper, librarian, or secretary, with a handsome salary, and some of the advantages of the situation, with much of the disinterested liberality of the members, will be understood; but lest the reader suppose

that those duties in which they have no obvious interest are here overlooked, and to convince him that without remuneration there would be but little liberality, I must state, that some years ago, when the importation duty on pictures and prints was exorbitant, government generously allowed the studies of artists to be introduced free; but to prevent imposition, placing confidence in the Royal Academy, two members of that body were required to attend at the Custom-house, examine the pictures on which the permit was claimed, and make their declaration accordingly. For this task there was *no* remuneration provided; and will it be believed, that these disinterested gentlemen frequently, on that account, postponed their visit till the neglected artists lost sight of their property, which, in some instances, indeed, found its ultimate way to the sale-room! You would charitably suppose this negligence to be, at least, accidental. By no means: for some, yes, some even of the most liberal and distinguished among the Academicians, declared, when called upon to perform this duty, "that they considered it a very troublesome office; it was a great sacrifice of valuable time that ought to be devoted to the interests of their families, and for which they received no *remuneration* whatever." As the Academicians arranged among themselves to perform this duty in rotation, it could only fall upon each of them once in twenty months. But when one had discovered that by deferring it until the period of his successor, he could shift it entirely from his own shoulders, the practice soon became too frequent; and yet they were all disinterested and liberal men!

4th. We are come to a charge of great interest—that the Academy holds an oppressive sway over the aspiring mind, and paralyzes at once its vigour and its independence. Their elections afford ample means and undoubted proofs of this assertion. No artist can be elected an associate unless he be at the time an exhibitor: now, as the Council possess the power, at their caprice, of excluding your works from the exhibition, it is self-evident, that, by so doing, they effectually shut you out from the honours and degrees of the institution, without, too, either appeal or remedy, for their decision is *final.* If a large historical picture, even were it equal to Raphael's Transfiguration, were to be sent to them for exhibition, they might deem it inconvenient to find a place for so large a performance; that excuse would be sufficient to expel the artist from the list of candidates. They will tell you that you may come again next year with a production of smaller dimensions, for it cannot be expected that ten pictures should be excluded to allow room for one. *Artists, men of talent and sympathy,* would say this!—men, too, who are appointed on the pretext of reviving the historical school! Some may think that ten gold frames will attract more visitors than one grand painting; that a man of genius can pare down his imagination at their bidding; that he must and will submit to the dictation of men who calculate merit in the fine arts according to the receipts of the exhibitions. The walls are loaded with trash, cry the public. True—but trashy portraits; and every fool who has had his likeness taken sends twenty more fools, at a shilling a-piece, to stare at it! In the mass of those who set their names down on the list of candidates for the associateship, some, having failed in the attempt, cannot bring themselves to the task of renewing the appeal; but a greater number, prompted by the necessities of a family, or the excitement of relations, who view the advantages of a seat in

Council with the same disinterested liberality as the Academicians themselves inscribe their names, year after year, on this list of dependents *. The lowest number of candidates, for some years past, is forty-eight. It is, therefore, impossible for them all to succeed; but the great majority are in a state of vassalage to the members—the whole thus forming a supreme faction of forty senators, twenty knights, and fifty plebeian clients. The practice of attending the superiors' levees, and that of imploring their vote and interest, are among the more insignificant, the least odious kinds of servility; the very words and thoughts of the clients are under subjection; these gentlemen would as soon sign a petition to free them from the oppression, as paint a picture contrary to the advice of members in Council; and if Government should institute an inquiry, the willing evidence from this quarter would probably be scanty and imperfect.

The situation of those who obtain the honours of the associateship is well defined as the purgatory of the Academy: it is in this intermediate state of torture that they prove their fitness for a happier condition. If talent must raise them to the higher rank, why is not Clint among the privileged? But from the evidence of facts, it is not too much to infer that a hasty or ungovernable temper, a large family with scanty pecuniary means, and sometimes professional jealousy, are the main reasons that keep out men of talent. If poverty is to be a cause of exclusion, (and what artist doubts it?) then is the superannuated fund reserved for improvidence alone; and this is called encouraging the fine arts! Further reasons for many strange manœuvres we can but guess at, through the veil of secrecy that partly hides their transactions—glaring facts alone are outward signs; but when they indicate that Martin and Gibson are inadmissible to rank and honour among artists, that Clint and Arnold are condemned to perpetual purgatory, whilst, with the exception of Mulready, there is, perhaps, not a single instance of an Academician who has improved since his nomination, we feel the mass of evidence more than sufficient to prove to us that the system may indeed promote subservience, but does not foster merit.

It is now time to illustrate the last charge, viz. that the Academy, whilst it forbids members of other similar institutions becoming members of their own, interfere with everything that can add to their power and interest, claiming a right to administer national establishments, which ought ever to be kept unmixed with royal bounties or direct ministerial influence. In this it not only assumes control over artists, it pretends to dictate to the nation. In the Annals and the Epochs of Art, by the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, Mr. Prince Hoare informs us that there was a time when that institution was allowed to decide the claims of candidates for public monuments. One of the first cases of the kind was that in 1783, when the island of Jamaica applied by its agent to the Academy to adjudge premiums for the designs that might be offered for a statue of Lord Rodney, and inspect its execution. Instead of advertising an open competition, they appointed five members from among themselves. This brought shame upon them; for three of the five, aware of the intrigues of a faction amongst the forty, paid no

* Martin having once put his name thereon, is deemed by them conceited, because he would not repeat it. Gibson had more patience, but it is supposed to be exhausted.

attention to the invitation, and Bacon and Tyler were the only competitors, to the great mortification of the President. Again, in 1792, when the East India Company voted a statue to Lord Cornwallis, the case was still worse, for only one model was presented, precluding all competition whatever: this excited the indignation of the East India Company. I shall mention one more instance. In January, 1806, they refused to allow Bacon (junior) to present a model for the monument to Lord Nelson; Government condemned their decision in May. Thus were the East and West Indies, and Government itself, trifled with. It was time to put an end to such proceedings; and yet their amanuensis complains that these appointments had gradually been taken from them, and the power placed in the hands of the Committee of Taste, composed of gentlemen of enlightened views and liberal education, but not professionally conversant with the fine arts; whereas, in former days, the President was nominated a member of the first commission to see public monuments executed by native artists: the Committee for regulating the Situations of Monuments in the Cathedrals being at the same time composed of some gentlemen of the Monument Committee, and two painters, two sculptors, and two architects, members of the Academy. They utter these complaints, and at the same time assure you they have no wish to interfere with general art, or monopolize that territory of taste which extends beyond their own modest domain!

The appointment of the Committee of Taste, in 1798, having thus checked their ambition in one way, the Academy had recourse to another speculation; for, in 1804, these disinterested gentlemen proposed to Government a plan for a *Gallery of British Honour*, at an expense of 5000*l.* per annum—of course to be, like all the transactions already noticed, for their sole benefit. However, Mr. Pitt discountenanced the preposterous demand; so did Mr. Fox, when they had the assurance to renew it. Unfortunately their influence at court enabled them to gain an ascendancy in the British Institution, founded in 1805; for the Prince refused his sanction and patronage unless means were devised to secure the Academy from the effects of *opposition*, although their own creation was in *opposition* to the chartered Society. To accomplish this purpose, the President of the Royal Academy was appointed honorary member of the new establishment, the members were each allowed free admittance, and a favourable attention secured to all pictures which had been already exhibited in their rooms, by articles introduced in the rules and regulations of the new institution; besides one to have the British Gallery closed during the exhibition at Somerset House. As the Royal Academicians can exclude from their exhibition all but their own and their friends' works, and enjoy, moreover, a preference at the British Gallery, that institution is virtually a dependence on that monopolizing authority—historical painting is discouraged, and portraits admitted, contrary to its original purpose. Their power was not yet at its height;—a national gallery of the works of deceased artists was formed under the auspices of Lord Goderich. A direct interference at such a time might have excited suspicion and discontent; but, by getting their President raised to the dignity of a trustee to the British Museum, both *national* institutions were at once brought under the influence of a *royal* irresponsible society of artists; for the Gallery is under similar regulations with the Museum, and in several points dependent on its management.

All this assumption of power was still insufficient. According to the practice of all companies, chartered or not, their expenses and extravagance had kept pace with their revenue, and at length their receipts declined. If they had really been active in promoting their own interest when their income was increasing, they would not relax in their exertions in the hour of necessity. A plan was submitted to the trustees of the National Gallery, for a building decorated with Corinthian columns, to receive the National Gallery and the Royal Academy—to be constructed on the site of the King's Mews. This plan was submitted, by Mr. Wilkins, R.A., the Academy's architect, to Ministers, in 1831, and some months after a meeting of ministerial and other leading members in Parliament took place, the President of the Academy being present; drawings were submitted, but they contained no indication of a Royal Academy, the whole of the design in question applying to the National Gallery only. The drawing was found so inadequate in beauty and importance, that it was suggested that Parliament would rather grant a larger sum for one handsome building, than furnish money for an edifice that could do no credit to the nation—that if a greater expense was incurred for a more extensive building, the Royal Academy, or some of the Societies at Somerset House, might be brought to it. The gentleman who made this proposal was not aware that he had fallen into the very plans that the architect had submitted to Government, but for some reason or other withheld from the present assembly. At a subsequent meeting, the larger drawings were produced, a grant was then obtained from Parliament of 50,000*l.*, exclusive of a few hundreds for the warming apparatus; and this included the whole expense; 15,000*l.* being furnished for the first year. A model has also been made, and most of the gentlemen capable of forming an opinion who have seen it, declare the elevation (although designed by the Academic architect) to be impure, inconnient, and disproportioned. All this has been done without Parliament being informed, or any one inquiring whether the Academy had any claim on the country; whether it was private, royal, or national property; whether its members had funds of their own; or how far it was prudent or proper to connect a royal institution with a national establishment. It is true Mr. Hume declared, that, having communicated with various artists, he had reason to fear that the academicians managed the concern rather for their own interest than the public good; he therefore hoped that their bye-laws and regulations would be investigated before they were installed in the new building.

It has been properly observed out of the house, that the Royal Academy has no better claim on the public than the society in Suffolk-street, or that of the painters in water-colours, or indeed any other private society, or even individuals. We are told that accommodation in Trafalgar-square, in lieu of the apartments at Somerset House, is but a fair exchange; that their present rooms would be particularly convenient for government offices; that the King gave 26,000*l.* for the said premises, and therefore the exchange is no favour whatever. Parliament would have done well to ascertain who received the 26,000*l.*, and what became of the money, and also whether that sum included the purchase of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies' rooms; besides, it is not certain that those apartments are worth anything like the amount. When we con-

sider the expense of converting them into public offices, their present internal arrangement being altogether unfit for such a purpose, their actual value to Government can be very little. Mr. Wilkins has acknowledged that the new palace at Trafalgar-square will exceed the Parliament grant by 25,000*l.*, and others say that 150,000*l.* will not cover the whole expense; if, therefore, the Academy is to obtain one-half of a new building worth more than 10,000*l.*, in place of an old concern originally worth 26,000*l.*, according to their own account, who can say that it is a fair exchange? Is it wise to enter into a bargain with an irresponsible society? Why not investigate, listen to complaints, and assist the oppressed, instead of lavishing the public money on oppressors? The course pursued in getting up the plan and designs bears too much resemblance to the jobbing of former times, before the new charter of freedom was obtained. Surely this is not to continue; the first building erected out of the funds of a free people will not be made a disgrace to the administration that procured us the Reform Bill—a lasting monument of vanity and degraded art; nor will an uncontrolled, self-elected body of men be longer permitted to usurp our rights.

I am, Sir, &c.

March 12*th*, 1833. G. F.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Sir Henry Parnell—Harlequin-Influenza—The Body-Pledge—Englishmen Baptised, but not Born by Act of Parliament—No Trust—The Love of the Unseasonable—March of Intellect—The General Amnesty—Richard Coster, the Bill-Conqueror—Go and make Gooseberry Pies—Examination of Prisoners—The Press-Power—Fatal Facility of Printing.

Sir Henry Parnell.—One of the pleasantest things in these latter days is the election of Sir Henry Parnell for Dundee. There has been something like a free choice here, and the ground of preference was high political worth It was Parnell against the field; out of all the world was he chosen; and the only possible motive was admiration of his public conduct, respect for his talents and his character. Neither the Dundee testimony to his merit, nor a view of his conduct, can be very agreeable to some of the men with whom he used to co-operate. His reason for leaving office must be gall and wormwood to some who have no intention of quitting it:—

"When I was Secretary at War I examined minutely every item of expenditure, with a view of making reductions; and, after having satisfied myself as to the several points, I communicated the result to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, furnishing at the same time a system of estimates which I approved of. Although it appeared at the time that my leaving office was in consequence of opposing the payment of five millions of the public money to Russia, believing the payment to be improper, the true cause of my quitting office was my unwillingness to bring forward estimates such as the Ministry approved of, believing them to be improper, and such as I could not vote for. Had I consented to bring forward the estimates without reduction, I have no doubt but I should have been still in office; but I have

always acted on one principle—that of doing what I considered right, without deviating to one side or another. I could not, when in office, consent to vote for those things which I had so long opposed."

As for liberal opinions, the profession of them is no rarity; the difficulty is to find men who hold opinions to be any other than stepping-stones. It is moral worth,—stedfastness in political faith,—sincerity and truth in the advocacy of the cause he holds, that have raised Sir Henry Parnell's character to its present pitch of elevation. He almost alone, of many high names, has thought the same thing right, both *in* and *out* of office. This seems but a poor test to the speculatist; but alas! the man of practice has of late found office an ordeal even more formidable than has ever been dreamed of. They who wish to live long and well in the stormy times that are coming must adopt Sir Henry Parnell's maxim. In or out pursue the right. Dundee is a new borough; it has the merit of having chosen for its first and its second members two of the honestest men that ever sat in the House.

Harlequin-Influenza.—The theatres have been shut up on account of the influenza: a tragedy or a farce, as people like to view it, which takes up a stage so wide that it will admit of no other performance. The fact is, that the influenza is a great pantomime; some unseen Harlequin is probably playing his pranks. It is not Harlequin-death: when he has a fit of fun, nothing will serve him but a stroke of cholera or black plague; but some merrier imp, who slaps poor people on the nose or the neck, and straightway they begin to complain of rheum or else rheumatics, limp and hop, grow red in the eyes, and large in the throat. Perhaps there are more epidemic imps than one; they are now having a full swing in town. "Do you see that fine girl?" one imp may be supposed to say to another, as they are wandering about the streets. "She is going to a ball to-night." "Give her a slap, Atrabolos," cries his companion. "Oh no; it is a shame." "Stuff: I have this instant put her lover and his whole family to bed; the creatures were eating a hearty supper, and laughing, as if Epidemos did not exist. I pounced among them; and just touched them round. Oh! you should have seen the effect of my *hocus pocus*. First they were silent: some then began to get red in the nose; others put their hands out to feel their head; some drew their pocket handkerchiefs; one old woman hobbled to bed, and her grandson scrambled for the doctor. The servants came in: slap the second. They soon found their way back again, and now they are all in bed." "Oh!" said Atrabolos, "that is nothing to my exploits. You know the women were going to have a court-day; well, I went the round of the milliners' shops, and struck five hundred modistes all of a heap in the course of a morning. I thought I should have died to see the finery drop, and be bedropped: in short, the whole army of millinery was put *hors de combat;* and, in place of their robes and their ruffs, the ladies received nothing but the 'prevailing complaint'—this is our *nom de guerre.* When we take a walk and amuse ourselves, the poor devils fly into their holes like scared rabbits. "There is a bank open, let us establish a run upon it, Epidemos." "Pshaw, Atrabolos: you are for half measures. I will stop it at once. Observe a moment, and see what course the currency question will take in this individual case. Ha!

ha! ha! There is a check for them. How will you have it? Heads or tails,—neck and heels: and that last stroke on the old cashier will give him a disease in the chest; he will hardly recover. I should not be surprised if they have to put him at full length into the iron safe. See how they troop; —ninety-four filed off already! Mark how each calls at the doctor's shop." "Come, let us be off, Epidemos; that firm is pretty weak now: payment is stopped; a very small dividend will return to business to-morrow. Do you see those blue and yellow lights where the crowd is flocking? Yes; that is the shop of a fellow making a fortune by our fun. See how he is corking up black draughts,—he is almost lost in James's powders: he cannot dole out his poison fast enough. Listen to the murmurs of his customers." "Let us slap him, Atrabolos: stick him fast between a bottle of Tinctura Rhœi and a jar of Cantharides. There he is; —he can't speak: and see, instead of cutting a plaster, he is cutting capers. I have given it to him in the acute shape. His apprentice will put him to bed, and prevent his turning our sport in this neighbourhood into serious earnest." "That will do, Epidemos. Where shall we go?—to the play?" "Oh, no: the theatres are shut up. I amused myself at rehearsal this morning. But there are the chapels." "True: if poor Rowland Hill had not just been so cruelly treated by that brute Mors, we should have had a fine field. As it is, let us go to the House of Commons. It is said Hume has made some five thousand speeches this session; we will give the reporters a rest, and send him home to

[*Exeunt Atrabolos et Epidemos.*

THE BODY-PLEDGE.—To send a man to prison for debt is to pawn his body for a specific sum. The gaoler is the pawnbroker; instead of three balls, his sign is a bunch of keys. Pawnbrokery is, however, a rational proceeding, for the pledge always retains the value for which it is engaged; but body-pledging has this folly in it, that the moment the body is pledged, it loses value,—sometimes the whole of its value, always the greater part. Putting an honest man in prison is like taking the cork out of champagne, and double locking it in a cool cellar.

ENGLISHMEN BAPTISED, BUT NOT BORN BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—It is a specimen of the wisdom with which our laws are cared for, that, at this moment, and for some time past, in this country no provision has been made for the registration of births. Baptism alone is registered by the clergyman, and as baptism may take place at any period, and perhaps, in half the births, never according to church forms, there is virtually no public record of the ages of children under a certain age. The subject has been very properly brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Wilks, who stated that the registration of the birth clause was accidentally omitted in the bill, owing to some botching amendment between the Lords and Commons. Admirable legislation!

But the registration of birth, of marriage, and of death, is a strictly civil proceeding; the use of it is altogether worldly, and is clearly an affair of municipal government. Let people celebrate their marriages by what religious rites they please; let them bury their dead according to such forms as are approved in their community; but let it be incumbent

on them all to register the fact, and witness it by their presence, before an officer appointed for the purpose, the keeper of the documents of the district in which the event takes place. But who is this officer? There is none such; it is only one deficiency out of many. When a proper municipal machinery is established, he will not be wanting. He is in the French administration, the maire of the district: his name does not matter much; any municipal institution, however, that leaves him out, or hands the duty over to parson and clerk, is so far faulty, and, indeed, most imperfect. The parish documents, such as they are, are at present in very unsafe keeping: they frequently days and nights remain in the cottage of the clerk or the parsonage, neither of which places are fire-proof. The keeper of these documents, and all parish accounts, papers, leases, and agreements, ought to have a receptacle above accidents. A duplicate should also be preserved in the capital, and out of them a national registry formed, a department which would go well with a national registry of wills; and also the official registry of mortgages, and other acts, in case that wholesome measure should be enacted.

NO TRUST.—The Scots Greys, on arriving at York, sent round a mpet and a serjeant to warn the inhabitants against trusting any of that corps beyond the amount of a day's pay. This must be allowed to be a candid proceeding. It is vulgarly exemplified by the proverb of "calling stinking fish;" a degree of honesty never expected from mortal fishmonger. Fame is generally reputed a liar. Virgil's portrait has been hitherto the accredited form of painting her; artists, however, who wish to delineate a *true* Fame, should, in future, take a trumpeter of the Scots Greys as a model. The act is, after all, highly creditable to the regiment; though the branding "No Trust" on the colours of so famous a body of men may be considered a somewhat severe instance of self-denial. Yet the true way of preventing men from getting into debt, drunkenness, and disgrace, is to insist upon the ready-money principle, which, were it carried into universal practice, would, at one stroke, annihilate the debtor's gaols and ruin three-parts of the lawyers of the country.

The exception to be made is of trade: trade is a speculation. When one man sells another's goods for re-sale, if he does so on credit, he joins in some measure in the speculation, and, in case of its failure, ought not to be invested with the baleful power of seizing the body of his creditor, tearing him from his family, destroying his hopes, his prospects, his happiness, and, in most instances, his character. People ought to associate in anti-credit societies, and all members of it write upon their doors, "No Credit here," after which it should be unlawful to sue the inhabitant who had thus imitated the wholesome example of the Scots Greys.

THE LOVE OF THE UNSEASONABLE.—The absurdities of this exceedingly civilised land yield an abundant harvest to the observer; a man with a taste for them, with but a small annuity to supply his necessities, might live a most luxurious life on the follies of the capital alone. What necessity for plays or operas, or parties or races, with the ways of London open to him? But then he must have a true relish for them; he must be no cynic to sneer, but an epicure in folly, who hugs himself and chuckles with delight over a nice little piece of the true absurdity. The prevalent "love of the unseasonable" is a fine example of folly. The sight of

people buying green peas in April, at four guineas a quart, and raspberries at half a crown an ounce, would be a treat for a whole evening to one who revelled in such entertainment. Bad peas in April, at a price as dear as gold, instead of fine peas in June, at the price of bread or potatoes, and that not from any eager longing, or any excessive love of the pea-flavour, but simply that people may open their eyes at table, and exclaim in their hearts, "What an Amphytrion!" If chips were to be had only at the same price, they would be presented in a consommé of bank notes. A man who has green peas at his table in April knows that thereby he is one of few; he is an exclusive *par force*, or forcing. To enjoy the same pleasure that many share is alien to the spirit of England, and this is the principle and secret of the race of fashion in this country. The few enjoy a pleasure till the many gradually learn its source and master its approaches; it is then deserted for another. Rank and riches are for ever "seeking pastures new:" when the vulgar herd rushes in, away they troop like scared fowl. Society in England is constructed on the same principle attributed to matter, which is held together by the attraction of cohesion and held off from a too close union by the attraction of repulsion. We are bound together in one whole of civilization, but detest fellowship; separate ourselves into small divisions, and when these divisions cannot be kept up naturally, we do it artificially; and when other means fail, resort to green peas in April.

March of Intellect.—A little boy, at one of the hospitals, was frequently found in a most unseemly state. His age, of two years and a half, forbade the idea of his being drunk, to say nothing of his inability to walk to the gin-shop, or, when he was there, to pay for his drams. Yet the general appearance of the creature, as well as the odour of his breath, which ought, as that of an infant, to have been as pure as new-made hay, permitted no doubt of the fact: it was pronounced by the doctors that the small beast was drunk; in short, an habitual drunkard. The means of inebriety were discovered in the case of spirits of wine used for the cupping-glasses; it was found that the boy took a cupping-glass too much; the rogue had stolen a march upon the doctors; his inquiring spirit had led him into the secret of the spirit of wine; but, alas! his knowledge stopped short at its most direct use. This is always the result of a smattering. The first use a servant makes of his literature is to read his master's letters; but this is no more an argument against education, than this child's drunkenness against burning spirits of wine under the cupping-glass. The march of intellect is a *mauvais pas* when it halts: science must not be taken at the wrong end, or the pupil will be found drunk instead of a doctor.

The General Amnesty.—It is a matter of some surprise that the doctrines of Mr. Attwood are not more popular. Its opponents even allow that the majority of heads of houses are insolvent; from East to West, from Charing-cross to Whitechapel, it was stated, in the Commons, that every other house contains an insolvent. In Downing-street, Lord Althorp was told, in a large assembly, that one-third of Regent-street had been bankrupt, and that three times as many compositions had been made in the same district. To the arithmetic of this statement objec-

tions have been made, since four-thirds happen to be more than the whole. It is easily answered, however, by observing, that one person may make *several* compositions, inclusive even of the bankrupt himself, previous to his bankruptcy. But if these statements are not exaggerated, the insolvents are the majority of the country, and therefore it is surprising that there is not a louder applause of the Attwood scheme. The fact is, it is not generally understood that it would act as an amnesty, or the outcry of the insolvents would make the welkin ring; that is to say, if it be true that we are so *very* insolvent. Now, instead of mystification about currency, depreciation, and Peel's Bill, would it not be better at once to proclaim a great amnesty of debt? Let it be stated at once, that that clause of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts," (according to one translation,) is now to be acted upon; that the great ledger of pecuniary sins is to be wiped out, and we are all to begin afresh from the 1st of April—that next year we shall all be without debt in the world. This is pleasant doctrine for the sinner in this way, and perhaps would be the shortest plan. Or, if this plan is not adopted, we have another to propose, which may be equally agreeable to the currency people; let them declare all debts, from to-morrow, irrecoverable, the debtors only being bound to pay interest for them in perpetuity, at the rate of the funds. This would convert individual debts into national ones; relieve all the insolvents, of which the majority is said to consist, by means simply of a partial tax. Here is an equitable adjustment; it has the merit of being less of a robbery than the currency scheme, and not so much of a bankruptcy as Mr. Cobbett's; it is an *arrangement* for the relief of the national distress. We recommend it to some nostrum-monger in want of a popular article.

Richard Coster—the Bill-Conqueror.—Crime has its heroes as well as virtue; every year sees the canonisation of famous men on the wrong side; "reformers," always happy in a small minority; "equitable adjusters," on a private scale; upholders of the "currency," who cannot bear the stagnation of the circulating medium. Names arise upon the memory, sacred to enormity: Robin Hood, Turpin, Huffey White, Ikey Solomons. Should the minority ever get the upper hand, these are the heroes that will be commemorated in college declamations, where now nought is heard but of Cæsar and Alexander, Locke and Bacon. The year 1833 will in future ages be famous as terminating the career of Richard Coster, a great conqueror in the East—a sort of Jenghis Khan, or Nadir Shah, in the city; one who has made war upon civilisation for now upwards of twenty years. In a book called the "Commercial Annual," we have seen a slight sketch of his exploits; the form of the narrative is a banker's note-book. The historian first detected the rising genius of Coster in the year 1810; he was then in Newgate, Bristol. Great men frequently rise from small beginnings; in a few years he appeared above the horizon of town; had a firm in the city, attached Co. to his name, and thenceforward carried on the war under various titles from various quarters, and with a numerous and well-appointed army, year after year, till the Journal ends abruptly at the date of 1823. The banker probably thought, that after that period his hero was before the world, and stood in no need of his memoranda. In barbarous ages, conquerors assumed the sword, and ravaged countries with fire and slaughter. Conquest, however, partakes the character of the times; the achieve-

ments that used to be effected with steel are now performed by paper The BILL was Richard Coster's great implement of war. We have an idea of who was the inventor of gunpowder, but who invented the bill? What army is to be compared with a troop of indorsers? What masked battery equal to a fictitious firm? The stamp gives justice to the cause, and, with an able general acceptor and a drawer of note, no power on earth can stand a well-arranged BILL: this was the origin and the support of Coster's power. His firms were imposing, various, and numerous; his backers were well disciplined; his bills business-like; he knew the country well, and understood the grand art of combined movements; the result may be anticipated. He had a brilliant and not a brief career; his track was marked by spoliation and suffering, as in the case of all conquerors; but he shed no blood, and this is his grand improvement upon the practice of barbarous times. He overran the commercial world; nay, he made its treasures his own, and availed himself of its most precious resources, but he spared life. Richard Coster may not say, dying, he never wrote a line he wished to blot, but he may leave his native land, declaring, that, though a Paper-Cromwell, he is "guiltless" of his country's, "blood."

TO MAKE GOOSEBERRY PIES.—A meeting was held on Wednesday, the 17th, at Guildhall, to consider of the introduction of Poor-Laws into Ireland. The assembly permitted a Mr. Rosson, described as a barrister, to talk thus:—

"Absentees would never be induced to agree to poor-laws for Ireland, and the business must be taken into hand by Englishmen, in spite of the absurd theories and often-refuted nostrums of political economists. Of these he would refer to the works of Dr. Chalmers and Miss Martineau. The former had published a work which consisted mainly of the exploded doctrines of Mr. Malthus, viz., that population had a natural power to double itself in fifteen years. And it was this that had led Irish landowners, who supposed it to be based in truth, to drive the tenantry off their lands, to prevent the accumulation of population. Mr. Sadler's Law of Population had completely refuted the assumptions of Dr. Chalmers, and it was lamentable to see the Doctor's name still lent to sanction a false political doctrine. He (Mr. Rosson) would dismiss further notice of Dr. Chalmers, by saying that he intended to send the Doctor a gold ring with the motto '*Ne Doctor ultra Cathedram.*' Miss Martineau, in her work called 'Cousin Marshall,' had supported the same misnamed system of political economy, taking the errors of Malthus as the basis of her speculations; and he would say to her, as Dr. Primrose is related to have said to his daughter, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' after she had shown her ignorance of a scientific subject, 'Go and assist your mother in making gooseberry pies.' (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The young lady might be talented, and her reception by the learned lord who so ably filled the woolsack would lead to that supposition; but she decidedly had no talent for political economy. (Hear, hear.) The splendid dreams of theorists would go for nothing; practical demonstration was the thing required; and all that he thought the meeting would ask for of the Government was a full and impartial inquiry, that the truth might be elicited. (Hear.)"

Nay, the wiseacres of the city seem to have applauded this stuff. It was bad enough to let this busy gentleman be the spokesman of the meeting, and to move the first resolution; but that, when he began to defile

such names as Chalmers and Martineau with mere mention only, they did not hoot him from his stand, proves that the reign of Cockneydom is immortal. The intellect of Mr. Rosson appears to be about on a par with a flea in the influenza; and yet the city of London, in Common Hall assembled, permitted this lively little monster to play, hop, and skip, and bite over the names of Chalmers and Martineau, benefactors of their race, ornaments of their age. But the whale must have its shrimp. "Go and make gooseberry pies." Why should Miss Martineau be sent to make gooseberry pies,—but because she is of the sex which chiefly gives us our cooks? And is not Mr. Rosson of that sex that goes to make tailors? would it not be right to say to him, Go and help your father to make breeches? He makes very bad speeches, possibly he might show talent in stitching: it is clear that he botches matters of science. Men of Mr. Rosson's fractional species cannot bear intellectual superiority in women: they say with the Jewish synagogue-service—"Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not a woman." Now if the woman turns out to be their superiors, then there is nothing on earth that such persons have to thank God for: the resource is spite. The barrister's sycophancy is not, however, wholly consumed by the overflow of his tiny streams of gall. "The young lady might be *talented*, and her reception by the learned lord who so *ably* filled the woolsack would lead to the supposition." Ah, yes! Miss Martineau has nothing to give a sycophant barrister: but the Lord Chancellor—Oh, yes! he has only to give a reception, and straightway the recipient is *talented*. Mr. Rosson has the Commentator's leave to knock at the Lord Chancellor's door as often as he pleases; but he promises never, therefore, to call him talented.

Examination of Prisoners.—"The Lord Mayor.—Prisoner, did you tell Mr. Mott where you bought it?

"Mr. Humphreys (for the prisoner).—He is not bound to answer that question.

"The Lord Mayor—Well, if you didn't tell Mr. Mott where you got it, you will tell me, perhaps?

"The prisoner appeared to be desirous to speak.

"Mr. Humphreys.—You are not obliged to tell anything about it.

"The Lord Mayor.—I will not allow any solicitor to interfere for the purpose of preventing me from examining a prisoner. His Lordship repeated the question.

"Mr. Humphreys.—My Lord, you have not the power legally to examine the prisoner in that manner. It is illegal in every respect.

"The Lord Mayor.—I shall examine him according to my own plan. I am convinced that I am justified. I have, upon former occasions, mentioned the authority upon which I act.

"Mr. Humphreys.—I beg, then, that your questions may be put down, my Lord. I repeat to my client, that he is not bound to answer.

"The Lord Mayor.—An honest man would not refuse to answer any question: on the contrary, he would be glad to acquit himself if he could by answering every question. I should wish to discharge him this moment, if I thought him an honest man; but you don't wish him to answer me.

"Mr. Humphreys.—I certainly object to such a mode of examination as your Lordship is pursuing. It is against the practice of magistrates, and wholly unknown to professional men."

This is a description of dialogue that is constantly occurring at the

Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, with much good sense, but altogether contrary to a favourite maxim of law, invariably endeavours to learn all he can from the prisoner. This practice is always strenuously resisted by the attorneys, and has given rise to much controversy. The question lies in a small compass: there is but one purpose to serve—the detection of crime for the sake of the public; this object is to be pursued in all ways, unless where the individual inconvenience does not exceed the chance of good to the community. Now, is this the case in interrogating a culprit in a preliminary examination? The question is, is a man to go to prison on the suspicion? His own story will probably commit him if he is guilty; if innocent, it is highly probable that it will discharge him. Here both parties gain. The only objection that has been urged is on the ground of the examination being a species of moral torture; true, but only to the criminal; and why is he to be spared moral torture, when the welfare of the public is the result? If the examination of an innocent man produced moral torture, then we should have to weigh his individual inconvenience, and the advantage likely to arise to the public. But such an interrogatory is so far from being either an inconvenience or a torture to an innocent man accused of crime, that he would court such an opportunity of clearing himself, and consider it his best privilege. This, however, would not suit the Old Bailey practitioners, whose harvest comes after the committal—who care very little for the result of the trial, but who must have their client safe in gaol for a season. Most generally the accused is guilty, and the objection to the interrogatory is therefore intelligible enough; they dare not say that they dread their client will commit himself; they therefore mouth out some maxim of law, the spirit of which is always that the criminal shall have a good chance of escape. With the lawyers the whole matter is an affair of art; the game must be caught by rule, or not at all. This is the meaning of giving "law" in sport; if the object were to kill vermin, the fox would be slaughtered at once; but no, he is let go—he runs, until distance secures him a fair chance of escape; and this is called "law." So it is in the game of justice; the lawyers enjoy, nay live by, the chase; and an unceremonious destruction of the vermin-criminal would not only put an end to the day's sport, but the day's subsistence. It is the rule, therefore, to give him "law." First the game is bred and preserved, and then he is bagged. He is then let loose—law is given; if death ensue, it is all fair; the probability, however, is that the quarry will give the hounds another run.

[T]he Press-Power.—There is something remarkable in the manner in which the power of the press—the Fourth Estate—has been recognised by the two rival despots of the East. Both the Grand Seignior and the Pacha of Egypt, in different ways, have recognised the legitimacy of the periodical press. In a speech from the throne, the Sultan acknowledged the services of the editor of the Smyrna newspaper, and permitted that functionary to address him, *vivâ voce*, after the manner of a royal representative, in a set speech. The Pacha of Egypt has sent over to Europe for the editor of a newspaper, as he used to do for steam-engines and spinning-jennies, and has assigned him a salary equal probably to that of one of his best generals. This direct mode of acknow-

ledging the New Power is very different from the style in which it is alternately coquetted with, and flouted by, the old governments of the West. The orientals, of course, intend to use it as a tool—a slave, and already class it as a weapon in their armoury. In Europe, the press sets up for itself: it is sometimes master, sometimes agent: its position is uncertain; it neither knows how to obey nor always to command, and yet it feels conscious of the power of ordaining. The depositaries of power in Europe are various, and the sources often independent of each other. The periodical press sometimes speaks with the voice of one, and sometimes another; it now proclaims the privileges of the aristocracy, now the rights of the people. The way in which it has been treated is curious. Were the monster of Frankenstein among us, what should we do with him? The timid would cry, Kill him at once, we cannot bear this constant state of alarm; the prudent would say, No, let us bind his arms, and then he may wander where he pleases—he can hurt nobody; on the contrary, wiser persons would say, Tie his legs; his arms may then beat the air; the generous would say, Let us teach him, and when he knows what is right, he will feel no inclination to do mischief. Objectors, however, would cry, Education is tedious; who is to answer for him in the meantime? Build a strong house for him, chain him to the wall, feed him on bread and water, and then if he likes to learn, let him—he will have leisure. Under such circumstances, it is not likely that his education would proceed very fast ; he must, however, learn in his own defence: if not, his masters, getting tired, would blind him to save trouble, and then the result would be like that of the glorious book of Solomon, he would pull the house down over the head of himself and his persecutors. So may be shadowed forth the present condition of the press in Europe.

FATAL FACILITY OF PRINTING.—In the lives of most great poets of whose biographies any details are known, it is found that, on arriving at a certain age—even preceding that of their legal majority—they celebrated the period by a conflagration of their earliest attempts at song. These very poems are not to be supposed all lost: a good idea or a strongly felt sentiment is never lost on a man of genius; he may but handle it rudely in its early expression, but when he burns his juvenile efforts, he takes care to preserve the valuable parts in his mind, and as to which are such, no better critic is usually to be had than the originator, if he be truly a man of genius. This is a sort of sifting now become almost impossible. The present facility of printing, joined with the natural desire to be read immediately consequent upon production, though it may be of a thing which the writer will afterwards be rejoiced to burn, is such that the young poet has no chance of escape. He is sure to print; of the wholesome effect of suppression he can have no experience. His ought-to-be-burned MSS.,—the trials of his pen,—the putting out of his poetical feelers, appear unhappily in little hot-pressed duodecimos—the ridicule of the town, or worse, the object of its neglect: improvement the author is not permitted to derive from it; he must not borrow even from himself after he is once printed; and it is hardly likely that he should afterwards feel much appetite to please the public who, by their representatives the critics and the booksellers, treat him so ill. The consequences are lamentable: the young poet is disgusted with the exercise of his early

faculties, would gladly burn that in print which he ought to have burned in MS., and gives up the cultivation of his imagination altogether; or, on the other hand, he is driven into misanthropy,—he nurses his genius and his vengeance together. Examples of the mischief of early printing occur every day. These observations have the merit at least of having occurred over some scores of juvenile volumes: the last of the kind that we have met with is "Poems by Alfred Domett."

The Lion's Mouth.

INTERESTING ANECDOTES AND HISTORICAL TRAITS RELATING TO THE LAST POLISH REVOLUTION.

One of the national guard, commissioned to collect patriotic donations, witnessed an act of devotion accompanied by circumstances which give it an inestimable value. Invited to call on a lady, whose virtues and misfortunes had been known to him for three years, he found her surrounded by four young children, and dwelling in an abode, the appearance of which evidently proved poverty, supported with resignation and dignity. How great was his astonishment, when the interesting mother deposited in his hands the only remaining piece of a magnificent service of plate, which had long supplied the deficiency of her small income! After this, taking her son into her arms, "Behold," said she, "behold all I now possess in the world: his father has left us in order to hasten to the defence of our walls, for he belongs less to us than to his country. One day this child will imitate his example, and if then I see Poland glorious and free, do not pity me, I shall not be quite unhappy." Lieutenant N—— accepted the gift in respectful silence.

The patriotism of Polish ladies, in general, has nothing of that manly boldness which makes a female forget the character of her sex. It cannot be otherwise. In Poland, enthusiasm is unlike that sudden impulse elicited by some extraordinary circumstance, characterizing nations enjoying public prosperity. Strengthened by misfortunes, cultivated in silence, it becomes grave and circumspect. The love of their native country is, in the heart of Polish ladies, a calm and religious sentiment; it does not exclude timidity and reserve; it renders these two qualities still more touching. The wedding-ring, deposited by the Polish ladies upon the altar of their country, is its ingenious emblem. To sacrifice without hesitation their dearest affections; to suffer, and never complain; to leave martial power to men, and content themselves with the power of the mind; to share the pains of their fathers and husbands, resigning to them all the glory of triumph; it is thus that Polish mothers inculcate on their daughters the duties of woman.

The peasants of the palatinate of Warsaw, who, compared to others, enjoy a state of comfort, resolved unanimously to pay in advance the taxes of the year 1831, and deposited immediately this patriotic offering on the altar of their country.

During the first days of the revolution, when the country was still in that state of effervescence inseparable from a violent crisis, the govern-

ment were at first unable to direct their attention on the innumerable troops of volunteers, who hastened to the capital, asking for arms. All these people were encamped in the open air almost a whole week in the environs of Warsaw; and endured, without uttering a single complaint, the inclemency of the season, the privation of the first necessaries of life, and the most cruel trials which can be imposed on patriots.

Never were the recruits escorted by gensdarmes. The march was ever opened by musicians; it gave the idea of a patriotic festival, rather than a march of young soldiers. It happened, that at the numbering of them, twice as many as were required were found. One day in particular, the organizing chiefs would have been greatly embarrassed, had not the merchants of Warsaw offered to provide for the equipment of these brave volunteers. Thus the regiment was organized.

One day, when the Dictator, Chlopicki, was reviewing the national guard, a villager desired to be presented to him. The whole troop perceived with emotion an old peasant followed by his three sons, already, like himself, wearing the uniform. The virtuous old man had sold his oxen, that the state might not be put to the expense of their clothing. Thus he gave to his country his fortune, his life, his children—all he possessed in the world.

A poor countryman, whose fortune consisted only in a little horse, was one day journeying to Warsaw. A Polish nobleman, going the same way, and struck by the pre-occupied air of his fellow-traveller, held with him the following discourse. "My friend, why are you so sorrowful?"—"I am not sorrowful, sir; on the contrary: I heard our soldiers were in want of horses, and therefore intend to present them with mine. O, the excellent beast!" "And why are you so thoughtful, my good man?"—"Sir, it is because I have known my horse for a long time; my horse has always worked with me, and now I shall be left to work alone. But we ought not to regret what we give to our brethren." "My friend," replied the nobleman, with emotion, "could not we contrive to make a bargain with each other? Would you not sell your horse to me? I will give you 30 dollars for it, 15 of which you may give to the Dictator, and with the remaining 15 you can purchase an excellent work-horse."

It was with joy the bargain was concluded; but soon afterwards the countryman hastened to overtake the nobleman, and said to him, "Sir, I thank you for your goodness, but I beseech you, take back your 30 dollars. I have got an idea still better than yours. I too will turn soldier; thus I and my horse will not separate, but serve our country together."

Among the emigration in mass of the landed proprietors of the duchy of Posen, able to bear arms, one made a visible sensation. Marcinkowski, a young physician, had obtained regard of all, both by his knowledge in the practice of his art, and that sublime love of mankind which is the lot of a few superior minds. At an age when the pleasures of life have so much attraction, he was seen renouncing every comfort, scarcely allowing himself an indispensable rest. Leaving the comfortable mansion where his reputation had placed him, he hastened to carry his earnings to the hut of the poor. His door was never closed against the unfortunate, so that he seldom could enjoy a moment's leisure; even the time for his meals depended on these short intervals, when his assistance was not claimed by any suffering being; in short, he lived only for the benefit of others. To the observation of a friend about the excess of this self-neglect, Marcinkowski replied, "The time of the poor is more valuable than mine."

Chosen to fill the office of physician in an hospital of the Sisters of Charity, it was with joy he accepted a situation the duties of which did so well agree with his sentiments. One will easily believe, that no salary was accepted by Marcinkowski; his zeal seemed to increase his means. He en-

dowed this establishment with a portion of his income; but still more precious than gold were the continual benefits which, by his soothing consolations, this benevolent man administered to the sick, and which, more effectually than physic, contributed to recover them. The love of his country was the strongest passion of his noble heart. Scarcely had the news of the events of Warsaw reached Posen, when the Doctor took a resolution as irrevocable as sudden.

He was under the control of the civil and military authorities. He immediately addressed to them the following letter:—

"I beg to be relieved from the engagements which retain me here. I consider no obligation more sacred than to devote myself to my country, which at this moment calls all her sons to arms. When this letter will reach its destination, I shall be far from hence, and on the glorious road which no human power can make me abandon."

The sudden departure of the Doctor was an important event for the town of Posen. How many voices united to call down the protection of Heaven upon him and the cause he had embraced! But nothing could be compared to the despair of the sick in the hospital; their cries and sobbings were re-echoed through the vaults of the wards; and the Chaplain was compelled to address them in a speech, in which he reminded them that the Most High is the first protector of the poor and the orphan. But while this heart-breaking scene was affecting all, what was the remark of the person to whom the eloquent and laconic epistle of Marcinkowski had been directed? "Indeed," said he, "it is not surprising: that man had always something singular about him." Let us pity those who are unable to qualify superiority and greatness of mind otherwise than by stamping it with singularity.

After the memorable night of the 29th November, the Grand Duke remained for three days longer encamped near Warsaw. Besides the regiment of the horse guard, retained by its chiefs, Vincent Krasinski and Kurnatowski, he had about 7000 Russian troops under his command. Constantine, however, considered his cause as lost: instead of trying the assault, he offered to negotiate with the administrative council, who, for the moment, ruled the new order of things. The council agreed to the proposal; and on the 2d of December, a deputation, composed of Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Lubecki, Count Wladislas Ostrowski, and Joachim Lelewel, left the town for the enemy's camp. Admitted into the presence of the Czarewitch, the deputies perceived at the very first moment, that in him a great moral revolution had taken place. Thus a violent political shock develops not only the strength of nations, it also operates powerfully upon the spirit of every individual. That despotic confidence which does not admit even the possibility of a doubt had forsaken Constantine. For the first time in his life, experience had taught him that there exist other rights than those of the despot, and that the latter may be subjected to strange vicissitudes. From his habitual impetuosity, he had fallen into a sort of dejection. He listened in silence to the conditions which the deputies had come to propose to him, as the only means of accommodation, when one word, all on a sudden, called forth again those fits of violence which were inherent in his character. Count Ostrowski addressed him thus:—"Yes, Prince," said he, "it is the faithful execution of the constitution, the base of social order, that we demand of our Sovereign." "Of your Sovereign, of your Sovereign!" cried the Grand Duke, rushing suddenly before the Count, a well-known sign of wrath, "tell me who will dare to place himself between the Sovereign and the constitution? Who will dare?" At this question, the noble deputy retreated two steps, and leaning on his sword, caused it to make a clash—a clash which was understood by all the assistants, and which caused his terrible interlocutor to shudder.

At the moment when an artillery officer had pointed a cannon, he had his two legs shot off by a bullet. "The cannon is well pointed; fire!" cried he, falling. Off went the shot, set a waggon on fire, and spread terror and death among the ranks of the enemy.

During the battle of Grochow, a boy, fourteen years of age, showed the intrepidity of a hero. This young soldier, named Ferdinand Danowski, carried away by an inconceivable bravery, had, in the middle of uninterrupted musket shots, advanced to an isolated elevation. There calmly facing the enemy, he did not cease firing; and it was not till after he had killed three soldiers and the officer commanding the troop, that he fell himself, struck by a ball. Being removed by his comrades who had run to his assistance, and who could not suppress their emotion, he said to his officer, without suffering a single complaint to escape him, "Save me, Colonel, I may still render some service to my country."

Garezynski, formerly a staff officer, nearly sixty years old, re-entered the ranks of the army as a private, and fought by the side of his son at the battle of Kurow. They were surrounded by a number of about twenty Russian dragoons. In vain did they endeavour to ward off their blows; the young man received a deep wound. Garezynski, seeing this, displayed a desperate bravery, and our soldiers had time to save the son and father.

A courier, sent by Marshal Diebitsch to the Emperor, having been taken by a lancer, offered him 400 ducats for his deliverance. "Though you were to give me 4000," replied the honest soldier, "I am a Pole, and shall not suffer you to pass." He immediately took his prisoner to the head-quarters, presenting him to the General-in-chief, but without speaking of the action which he had performed with as much simplicity as nobleness. It was the courier himself, who, still more moved with admiration, related to the General all that had happened, exclaiming, "In all the armies of the Emperor, you would not find one single individual resembling this man."

ON PROFESSOR BOER'S DOG-LATIN ESSAYS.

"Canibus data præda Latinis."—*Virg.*

Böer in German was as smooth as satin;
But, lo! some demon whispers, write in Latin!
Lur'd by his devilish instigant, he tries,
And every Latian muse before him flies.
Dear Doctor, we would willingly do much
To anglicize thy essays, if High Dutch;—
Nay, some can even read Greek, Turkish, Moorish,
But what frail mortal man can fathom Böerish?

IGNOTUS.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.—SIR,—Should you think the contents of the following letter worthy consideration, I beg your insertion of them:—

The translators of Horace have unfortunately rendered Persæ, Persians; whereas, the Persians were, in the days of the Sabine bard, sunk as a

nation. The writers of the Augustan era invariably designate by Persæ, the Parthians. A mistake very similar has been made by the illustrious admirer and translator of Cicero, who rendered Getæ (See Ciceron. Ep. ad Att. 145.) "Goths," who were first heard of two hundred and fifty years after the persecuted orator's assassination.

It may fortune that some of your many readers were not aware of the fact; and to English readers, unskilled in classic lore, such intelligence would not be ungrateful.

Leaving to your experienced judgment, whether or not to insert the foregoing remarks in your valuable periodical, I have the honour to sign myself,

Your humble Servant,

P.

April 23, 1833.

We have had much gratification in the perusal of *L'Europe Littéraire*, a new French Journal of remarkable excellence. Some of the Essays are full of a philosophical yet natural beauty that raises them to the height of standard compositions.

We propose shortly giving an article on the present state of the French periodical press, not forgetting the merits of the *Revue de Paris*, (edited by M. Pichot, author of the very interesting work on Charles Edward,) nor the various talent of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

In answer to a Correspondent, who comments on an article in the Magazine of last month, called "Sketches at Paris," we beg to say that the author sent it us from Paris, where he has resided some years. We do not quite agree with his views, however amusing may be his portraits. We shall give early insertion to a very different kind of article, on the State of French Society, by the author of the paper on Talleyrand, published some time since in this Magazine.

Sonnets by A. F. B.

Poems by Theta.

Communications for the author of "The Permanent Epidemic" at Mr. Colburn's, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Recollections of College.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The Rev. Rowland Hill died on the 11th ult., at his house in Blackfriars-road, after an illness of about a week. Mr. Hill was born in August, 1744. He was the son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., of Hawkestone, an ancient and highly respectable Shropshire family. His elder brother, Sir Richard Hill, for several sessions sat in the House of Commons as member for the county: he was a man of distinguished piety, benevolence, and eccentricity, and was the author of a tract, entitled "Pietas Oxoniensis," in defence of the young men who were expelled from the University of Oxford, in 1766, for praying and expounding the Scriptures. This has given rise to the erroneous notion that Mr. Rowland Hill was one of the number. The present Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, is nephew to the venerable personage who is the subject of this brief memorial.

Mr Hill was educated at Eton College, whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M A. with some *éclat*. Before he was of age to take orders, he occasionally preached at the Tabernacle, and at the Tottenham-court-road Chapel, which threw some impediment in the way of his receiving ordination. The Bishop of Bath and Wells at length was induced to admit him to deacon's orders, which was the highest step he was permitted to attain in the hierarchy. Mr. Hill was, however, always tenacious of his clerical character, regarding himself as an episcopal clergyman. One of the first public occasions upon which he distinguished himself was in delivering a funeral oration on the death of Mr. Toplady, who had forbidden a funeral sermon to be preached on the occasion, and who, moreover, had expressed his disapprobation of some of Mr. Hill's uncanonical proceedings, although his young friend stood high in his esteem. In 1783, Mr. Hill laid the first stone of Surrey Chapel, which was opened in 1784; but although he was usually considered as the pastor, preaching there constantly during the winter, the chapel was not licensed as under his pastoral care. He generally spent a considerable portion of the summer in visiting various parts of the United Kingdom, preaching in places of worship of almost every denomination which would admit of his services, and occasionally to large assemblies in the open air. The remainder of the summer he usually passed at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, where he had a house and a chapel. About the time that he opened Surrey Chapel, he married Miss Mary Tudway, sister of Clement Tudway, Esq., M.P. for Wells, by whom he had no issue. Mrs. Hill died a few years ago.

Few ministers of the Gospel have had to bear the scornful brunt of opposition—to contend against religious animosity—and to bear on through good report and evil report, through so long and active a career, as Mr. Hill. Few have challenged the encounter so boldly, or sustained it so single-handed. The independent and ambiguous ecclesiastical position which he assumed, as theoretically a Churchman and practically a Dissenter,—a Dissenter within the Church, a Churchman among Dissenters,—necessarily involved him, especially in the earlier part of his career, in continual polemic skirmishing. His very catholicism sometimes put on an aggressive form; for of nothing was he so intolerant as of sectarianism. But while he thus made himself many opponents, his blameless character precluded his having any personal enemies. The sarcastic or censorious polemic was forgotten in the warm-hearted philanthropist, the indefatigable evangelist, and consistent saint. It is quite true, that Mr. Hill both said and did things, occasionally, which few other men could have said with good effect, or done without imprudence. But the unimpeachable integrity and purity of his intentions, the sanctity of his life, the charm of his manners, the dignity of true breeding which rescued from vulgarity his most familiar phrases and his most eccentric actions, conspired to secure for him, through life, the affectionate veneration of all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, or understood his character. In Mr. Hill, no ordinary degree of natural shrewdness was combined with an unsuspecting and guileless mind. This sometimes laid him open to imposition. Deep and accurate as was his acquaintance with human nature, he was not always quick-sighted in reading its appearances in the individual. He understood the heart better than the moral physiognomy of

character: and thus his shrewdness did not preserve him altogether from forming mistaken estimates. His generous benevolence was a distinguishing trait of his character; and he seemed to have the power of inspiring his flock with a similar spirit. On two occasions on which collections were made in the churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, (the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, and the subscription for the relief of the German sufferers,) the collections at Surrey Chapel are recorded to have been the largest raised at any one place. The sum annually raised for charitable and religious institutions at Surrey Chapel, has been from 1,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* As a preacher, Mr. Hill was extremely unequal, as well as systematically unmethodical; generally rambling, but pithy, often throwing out the most striking remarks, and sometimes interspersing touches of genuine pathos, amid much that bordered upon the ludicrous. But even in his most grotesque sallies, there was a redeeming simplicity of purpose and seriousness of intention. You felt that the preacher did not mean to trifle; that there was no attempt at display, no unhallowed familiarity in his feelings, or want of reverence to sacred things. In his more private expository exercises, he was generally grave and edifying, with few inequalities, and often highly impressive. In the devotional part of the service, he was uniformly chaste, solemn, and fervent. Of late years, the majesty of venerable age that invested his appearance added not a little to the impressive effect of his instructions. We shall never forget his rising to rebuke the tempestuous discord of the Bible Society Anniversary, held in Exeter Hall, in May, 1831. The keen yet mild reproof came from his lips with almost the force of prophetic authority; and the strong good sense of the few sentences he uttered, went directly home to the minds of the auditory. His physical powers had long been in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the end of his existence.

Among the publications of Mr. Rowland Hill are the following:—"Imposture Detected, and the Dead Vindicated," 8vo. 1777—"Sermon on the Death of the Rev. J. Rouquet, of Bristol," 8vo. 1778.—"Answer to J. Wesley's Remarks upon the Defence of the Character of Whitfield and others," 8vo. 1778.—"Sermon preached on occasion of Laying the First Stone of the Chapel in the Surrey-road," 1783.—"Aphoristic Observations proposed to the consideration of the public, respecting the Propriety of admitting Theatrical Amusements into Country Manufacturing Towns," 8vo., 1790.—"Expostulatory Letter to W. D. Tattersal, A.M.," in which the bad tendency of stage amusements is seriously considered, 8vo., 1796. —"Journal of a Tour through the North of England and parts of Scotland, with Remarks on the Present State of the Church of Scotland," 8vo, 1799.—"Extract from a Journal of a Second Tour from London through the Highlands of Scotland, and the North-western parts of England," 8vo., 1800.—"A Plea for Union, and a Free Propagation of the Gospel, being an Answer to Dr. Jameson's Remarks on the Author's Tour," 8vo, 1800.—"Village Dialogues," 2 vols., 1800.—"Apology for Sunday," 8vo., 1801—"Cowpock Inoculation Vindicated," 12mo., 1806.—"A Warning to Christian Professors," 12mo, 1806.—"Investigation of the Nature and Effects of Parochial Assessments being charged on Places of Religious Worship," 1811.—"Letter on Roman Catholic Emancipation," 1813.

REV. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT, M.A., F.A.S.

On the 18th March, at Littlehampton, in Sussex, of a lingering illness, the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, M.A., F.A.S., Rector of Earnley, Vicar of Leominster, and Prebendary of Ferring, in the same county. By his amiable manners he was endeared to all who knew him, but his parishioners in particular will long retain a grateful recollection of his pastoral care and attention. His addresses from the pulpit were equally admired for the soundness of the doctrines they contained as for the persuasive and impressive manner in which they were delivered, and they were continued long after the effort became extremely detrimental to his declining health. A few weeks before his death, Mr. Cartwright officiated in the pulpit on the same day, both at Littlehampton and Leominster, and administered the sacrament to a large number of communicants. His wasted appearance, combining with the earnestness and energy of his discourse, made on this occasion a deep impression on the minds of his affectionate auditory, who listened in almost breathless anxiety to catch the last thrilling accents of that melodious voice which was so soon to be for ever silent. Mr. Cartwright was the author of a "History of the Rape of Bramber," which is highly esteemed for the correct and extensive information it affords; and was also a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other antiquarian publications.

He was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, well known on account of his scientific and literary attainments (especially as the inventor of the power-loom); and was also nephew to the late venerable and excellent Major Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright has left a widow and three sons; the eldest of whom is adjutant of the 23rd regiment of native infantry in Bombay; the second a midshipman on board his Majesty's ship the Rattlesnake, Captain Graham; and the third, intended for the navy, is at Dr. Burney's naval academy at Gosport.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority. 8vo.

The operation of the Poor-laws, be it for evil or good, is in their administration: that the miseries which this has created, amounting almost to the demoralization and ruin of the people, require the prompt and effectual interference of Parliament, these extracts fully demonstrate. The Commissioners assure his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, that the modes in which the Poor-laws are administered, the motives to their mal-administration, and the results of each form of mal-administration, are so numerous and so diversified, that a complete statement of them, even without comment, would fill a much larger volume than that which they now present to his lordship. The details in confirmation of this statement are fearful; the baneful effects of the system, as it is now carried on, not in the agricultural districts merely, but through the whole country, are steadily and rapidly progressive. What is to be done? Either the Poor-laws will destroy the country, or the country must annihilate their mal-administration. Half measures will not avail. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Out-door pauperism must cease. Employment must be found for all that can work, and that employment must be sustained by adequate wages; and parish relief afforded only to the aged, the infirm, and the destitute, who cannot help themselves. What other changes are implied before the working poor can be brought to this condition of independence, we are not prepared to discuss; but one thing is certain, the Poor-laws cannot continue as they are; and our charitable institutions must not operate as premiums on idleness and profligacy.—Mr. Chadwick's evidence is of remarkable value.

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey, author of an Essay on Moral Good and Evil. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work professes to give to the general reader, and the student of moral philosophy, a condensed and correct outline of the leading theories of moral duty, which are either in common circulation in our seminaries of learning, or are referred to in the writings of our most popular theoretic moralists. A short biographical notice accompanies the analysis of each system, which, for the most part, are taken from Aikin's General Biography, the Edinburgh and London Encyclopædias, and other similar sources.

The author refers all the systems he has examined to six distinct heads—1st. The eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions; 2nd. That utility, public or private, is the foundation of moral obligation; 3d. That all morality is founded upon the will of God; 4th. That a moral sense, feeling, or emotion, is the ground of virtue; 5th. That it is by supposing ourselves in the situation of others, or by a species of sympathetic mechanism, that we derive our notions of good and evil; and 6th. The doctrine of vibrations and the association of ideas. Those whose doctrine is mainly founded upon the first principle—that of the eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions—are Dr. Cudworth and Mr. Locke; Bishop Cumberland, who adopts, however, the principle with more qualifications than several others; Mr. Wollaston, by his fitness of things; and Dr. Clarke, by the truth of things; Dr. Price, Mr. Gisborne, and Dr. Dewar.

Those writers who ground their theories upon the doctrine of utility, or, as it is termed, the selfish system, are rather numerous. Mr. Hobbes is the first on the list; Mr. Hume and Mandeville are of the same school: Pope and Bolingbroke, that is if the former understood his master, take the universal weal as the standard

of morals. Paley, Godwin, and Bentham advocate the same principle. Archbishop King stands alone in maintaining that the will of God is the sole foundation of virtue,—if we except Dr. Paley, who has coupled this principle with the system of expediency. Those who are advocates for a moral sense are Shaftesbury, Bishop Butler, Dr. Hutcheson, Lord Kames, Professor Stewart, and Dr. Thomas Brown; Dr. Cogan's theory seems grounded on the same views. Dr. Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments is the only one which is grounded solely on the principle of sympathy. Dr. Priestley and Dr. Hartley are the only two writers who maintain that the association of ideas is the ground of good and evil. Mr. Blakey observes, "That there are none of these different systems that are not, in some degree, founded on truth; but the great imperfection which runs through them all is, that they attempt to generalize too much. We cannot resolve all the moral feelings and habits of our nature into one general principle." And he adds, "I readily confess, however, that as a *mere theory*, I am inclined to approve of Archbishop King's, in preference to any other." Perhaps were we to pursue the subject, we should arrive at the same conclusion. In our apprehension, relation is the great basis of morality; and as it is only by a divine revelation that we can come to a knowledge of this, in all its bearings, as we are connected with the Deity and each other, and with the present and a future state, we must decide upon the nature and obligation of virtue according to the revealed dictates of Heaven. Hence arises the necessity that the will of God should be made known to us; and, when this is ascertained, the reasonableness of implicit obedience to whatever it requires.

The work is executed with considerable ability, and will be read by all who desire to obtain an acquaintance with the elements of moral science, and with the sources whence a more extended knowledge of the subject may be derived, with great advantage.

A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye; containing a new Mode of curing Cataract without an Operation; Experiments and Observations on Vision; also on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light; together with Remarks on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles, Reading-glasses, &c. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq. Oculist; and Aurist in Ordinary to his Majesty, &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

Before we proceed to give an account of this work, it may not be uninteresting or misplaced to state a few particulars relative to the author. Mr. Curtis, a gentleman whose name as an aurist has for many years stood among the foremost in this country, is descended from a family in which skill in the healing art, and the sciences connected with it, seems to be hereditary. Mr. William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, who instituted the herbarising at Apothecaries' Hall, and was the author of the "Botanical Magazine," the "Flora Londinensis," &c. was his uncle; John Curtis, his grandfather, a member of the Society of Friends, was a surgeon of no inconsiderable repute, at Alton, in Hampshire; and his father was long eminent as a physician. Having enjoyed the benefit of early instruction under the latter, in due time Mr. Curtis came to London, and diligently attended the lectures of the most celebrated professors in the metropolis; and, after obtaining his qualifications from the Royal College of Surgeons, he was appointed one of the medical officers to the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, where he served nearly six years. His conduct here appears to have given the greatest satisfaction to the various authorities; and, in consequence, he was promoted to the rank of a principal medical officer to the depôt of prisoners of war at Forton, in which there were nearly 5000 men. While at Haslar, he had also the good fortune to be introduced to his present most gracious Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, on the occasion of his inspecting that establishment, and to obtain a warm expression of his commendation of his zeal and ability. At the close of the war Mr. Curtis returned to London, well versed, not only in the theoretical details of his profession, but having had the most ample opportunities of seeing disease, and, as we have shown above, having, by the testimony of the most competent persons, zealously profited by his advantages. About the year 1816, he began to make the diseases of the ear his more particular study; and seeing the numbers of the poor who were afflicted with such maladies, he successfully devoted all his energies to the formation of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. In this good work he was assisted by many of the brightest ornaments of rank, wealth, genius, science, and philanthropy; and the institution may now be said to stand upon a secure and lasting basis, being

supported by their Majesties the King and Queen, by several other members of the Royal Family, and by the most distinguished nobility and gentry: a glance over the list of patrons will fully bear us out as to the truth of what we here assert. But Mr. Curtis's enterprising mind was not yet satisfied; and having, in his extensive practice in all the various affections of the ear, had continual occasion to notice the intimate connexion existing between the eye and ear, and having been convinced of this fact by the circumstance of having, in many cases, cured amaurosis, dimness of sight, &c., by remedies intended only for aural complaints, he has been induced to give the subject that full and deliberate consideration which its importance deserves; one of the first consequences of which is the present Treatise, in which he explains his motives, views, and expectations, besides giving us a capital, yet popular, account of the principal diseases of the eye, illustrated by some valuable cases confirmatory of the success of his plan of treatment. But we must now lay before our readers some account of this work.

After an instructive Introduction, Mr. Curtis enters on his subject, and divides his work into six chapters; in the first of which he treats of the physiology, or structure and uses, of the different parts of the eye; and ends it with a description of the organ in quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects: this latter portion is very interesting, and will well repay an attentive perusal. Indeed, it seems to be the aim of Mr. Curtis to amuse while he instructs; and instead of following the plan of some writers, who think that scientific knowledge ought to be conveyed only in a dry and unattractive form, he strews around his path the lighter flowers of literature, and does not disdain to enliven his subject with classical story and historical allusion. The second chapter is on the external diseases of the eye; and the third on those that are internal. Under the first class are ophthalmia, epiphora, ulceration, specks and opacities of the cornea, pterygium, staphyloma, and iritis; and under the latter, cataract, cancer, and amaurosis. Of cataract, Mr. Curtis says,—

"It is necessary thoroughly to examine the eye, and to be satisfied that the disease is actually cataract, as it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to determine whether the cataract be *spurious* or not. In all cases of incipient cataract, I should recommend, occasionally, a moderate abstraction of blood from behind the ears, and the application of a small blister to the nape of the neck, or behind the ears, which should be kept open some weeks. After the chronic inflammation is subdued, the cataract is to be touched every morning with a solution of the potassa cum calce, beginning with a weak solution, and increasing it gradually. In the incipient stage of cataract I am convinced much good may be done, and a cure effected; but when the disease is become confirmed, and the patient is old and feeble, there is little to be expected, and an operation had always better be avoided."

It does appear to us that this plan of treatment is so judicious, and at the same time so simple, that it must recommend itself to the judgment of all who read it. The remarks on amaurosis, and the prescriptions for it, are equally deserving of praise, and show that the object of Mr. Curtis is to cure at the least possible amount of pain and inconvenience, and not, as we regret to say is the case with but too many oculists of the present day, to advise operations where, if they knew any thing of the organ they profess to treat, they must be aware that there is not much chance of success.

A chapter on Light comes next; appended to which are selections from a series of experiments and observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light, by Lord Brougham, when only sixteen years of age. We are sure we need add nothing more than this bare statement to induce our readers to peruse them with avidity.

The sixth chapter is on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles. It contains advice of paramount importance to all who wish to preserve their sight unimpaired to old age, and is agreeably diversified by various matters: for instance, we are told that "his late Majesty, George IV. was always particularly careful of his eyes; and it is by no means improbable that the afflictive blindness of his revered father, during several of the closing years of his life, was often present to his mind, and was the main cause of his care in this respect. The spectacles he used for viewing distant objects were No. 6; for nearer objects, No. 2; but it is very singular, that for reading he wore only preservers of 36 inches focus." The chapter is also enriched by some valuable notes from Sir David Brewster, Dr. Smith's work on Optics, Dr. Young, &c., to which we can only refer our readers.

A few miscellaneous remarks, selected from various portions of the work, shall close our notice.

The following curious physiological fact, as regards the eye of the opossum, is

new to us:—"The size of the crystalline lens varies in proportion to that of the vitreous humour, and sometimes very considerably. My friend Dr. Weatherhead," adds Mr. Curtis, "found the largest lens, in this point of view, in the eye of the opossum, one of which he presented to the Zoological Society, and which is now in their gardens."

The ensuing shows how anxious Mr. Curtis is to obtain information on all that concerns the structure of the eye and ear:—"I was present at the dissection of an ostrich by Mr. Brookes, in the Gardens of the Zoological Society; and was afterwards favoured with a more particular examination of the eye and ear of this gigantic bird, called by the Arabs *the ship of the desert.*"

After giving, in the Introduction, a masterly *coup-d'œil* over the structure of the human body, we have these striking remarks:—

"But, wonderful as all this is, and much as our astonishment is excited by the nice adaptation of means to their various ends, yet another principle remains to be noticed, more wonderful than these—I mean the soul—the immortal φρην—about the seat of which much has been written, hitherto unsuccessfully, and which some have supposed to be in the pineal gland, others in the corpus callosum, others in the cerebrum, and some in the cerebellum. Yet much as this purely speculative question has engaged attention, it is strange that so few endeavours have been made to answer the practically-important query of—'Where is the principal seat of disease?' Instead of discussing what we *can* know nothing about, would it not be wiser and better to seek to solve this great problem? If it be in any one part more than another, I should be inclined to think that part is the semilunar ganglion and solar plexus, situated near the stomach, and connected with the great sympathetic nerve, which exercises such a leading influence on all the organs of the body, and more particularly on those of the eye and ear."

The importance of an accurate acquaintance with the functions of these ganglia has induced Mr. Curtis to spare no pains to accomplish this object; he has accordingly, he tells us, recently had an opportunity of carefully examining them, when he divided with a scalpel the semilunar ganglion and solar and cœliac plexuses, in the dissecting-room of the King's College, in the presence of the demonstrator of anatomy, Mr. Partridge, of which he gives a full and particular account.

Mr. Curtis's object in publishing this work, is "to prove that in diseases of the eye the best results may be expected from mild means, if employed in time; and to show that a very large portion of the operations now performed on this organ are not only unnecessary, but are in fact injurious, and destructive of the end for which they are undergone. Indeed, Professor Thomson of Edinburgh, and the late Mr. Abernethy, have both affirmed, *that the triumph of surgery is to cure without an operation.*"

Of the cases we have said nothing; they are plain, straightforward statements of facts, without any wordy adornments, and convince us that the aim of the author in them has been *res, non verba.* We may add, that they bear out the statements made in the Pathology in a manner the most complete. We cordially recommend the work to all classes troubled with affections of the eyes; but to our own craft it addresses itself with particular emphasis, as well as to barristers, clergymen, and indeed to all whose employments are literary. The value of the hints and cautions in the chapter on preserving the sight, &c. is so very great, that they should be engraven on the palms of the hands of all such individuals.

John Milton, his Life and Times; Religious and Political Opinions; with an Appendix, containing Animadversions upon Dr. Johnson's "Life of Milton," &c. &c. By Joseph Ivimey, author of the "History of the English Baptists," &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

John Milton and Joseph Ivimey!—The historian of the English Baptists, and the author of the "Paradise Lost!" The greatest and the meanest names in our literature thus strangely associated was a problem which at first startled us, but we soon solved it, when we remembered that inferior minds frequently mistake arrogance for ambition, and that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." What could persuade the coarse, unclassical, bigoted Baptist, who stamped infamy upon himself by a vain endeavour to sully and obscure the glory of the great liberal of his party,—the illustrious Robert Hall,—what could induce this man to undertake the Life of Milton; a task so entirely beyond his sphere, and for which he does not possess a single qualification? Two reasons, besides his overweening and ludicrous vanity, will account for this amazing presumption: it afforded him an opportunity of wounding the feelings of the English Catholics of the nineteenth century, by identifying them with popery as it existed in this country soon after the dawn of the

Reformation, and which Milton so powerfully assailed; that his leading motive was, doubtless, the notion that he could add something to the glory of his sect by connecting the name of Milton with their distinguishing tenet—that of adult, in opposition to infant baptism. This he might have done in the Baptist Magazine, or in some single page of some forthcoming Homily, without attempting his life. If a jury could be summoned to decide on this remarkable case, they might, perhaps, bring in a verdict of "insanity;" we are sure it would not be "justifiable homicide."

Mr. Ivimey begins his preface with an assertion which he must know is not borne out by facts. "The former biographers of Milton," he tells us, "have exhibited him principally in his character as a *poet*, but have obscured his features as a *patriot*, a *Protestant*, and *Non-Conformist*." Is this to be endured, when Dr. Symmons's book is probably in every library in the empire? How dare Mr. Ivimey affirm that the character of Milton is not fully and universally portrayed in the liberal and enlightened pages of this beautiful piece of elegant and attractive biography! Was HE likely to obscure the lustre of the patriot or the Protestant, who thus describes himself in his preface—"I glory, as I profess myself to be a WHIG, to be of the school of SOMERS and of LOCKE, to arrange myself in the same political class with those enlightened and virtuous statesmen who framed the BILL OF RIGHTS and the ACT OF SETTLEMENT; and who, presenting a crown which they had wrested from a pernicious bigot and his family, to the HOUSE OF HANOVER, gave that most honourable and legitimate of titles, the FREE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE, to the Sovereign who now wields the imperial sceptre of Britain."

Mr. Ivimey also blunders in the first page, and *mistakes* from ignorance in the very next paragraph to that in which he misrepresents from prejudice. He attributes the translation of Milton's "Treatise of Christian Doctrine" to the present Bishop of Chester; he ought to have known that it was translated and published by his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, when he was Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and Librarian to the King. When the size and price of Dr. Symmons's work are considered, what are we to think of Mr. Ivimey when he declares "that the Lives of Milton have usually been so *large* and *expensive*, that they have been placed out of the reach of the generality of readers?" and is it likely that his coarse, vulgar, ungrammatical, and sectarian performance, nearly as large as Symmons's volume, and not much less in price, will supersede this admirable specimen of good writing, just criticism, and liberal and manly thinking? We cannot, therefore, flatter his "hopes that a small volume, comprising everything of importance respecting this *noble-minded* and *gigantic* man, will not be unacceptable nor unprofitable to the *bulk* of his countrymen." We want no Protestant Dissenting life of Milton. If Robert Hall had undertaken to give to the world Milton's Life and Times, would he have dreamed of such a thing as binding him to a sect? Hall was, perhaps, the only Non-conformist of modern times that could have done justice to such a theme. He could

"Soar aloft where Milton sits;"

while poor Joseph Ivimey never waddled beyond the precincts of a barn-door in his life. We imagine that educated, high-minded, and liberal Protestant Dissenters will feel themselves under very slender obligations to this their good Baptist brother for meddling with things too high for him.

Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. Vol. II. 12mo. Select Library. Vol. VIII.

We noticed the former volume of this work, and commended it in terms which, we believe, it justly merits. The present is, in all respects, equal to it. The Memoir of David Brainerd is a masterpiece of biography. Mr. Carne has a true perception of moral as well as of scenic beauty; and his descriptions are frequently touched with sublimity and pathos.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A. Vol. I. 12mo. Theological Library. Vol. IV.

We notice this first volume of the "Life of Archbishop Cranmer," chiefly for the purpose of announcing that such a work is in progress; and that it is our intention to enter much more at large into the contents of the entire work when we receive the second volume. We now only remark, in passing, that Mr. Le Bas writes under a very natural bias: he is something of a high-churchman; and is enamoured of his subject, not so much on account of its intrinsic excellence, as

from its connexion with the hierarchy, of which he is a great admirer and strenuous defender. "The master-builder of the Protestant church of England," in our view, was not the best architect in the world. He was too full of the old model to give us the plain and simple structure of a complete and thorough reformation. He was first a persecutor; and therefore cannot be truly considered as a martyr. Those who use the sword, sometimes perish by the sword. Cranmer and Calvin were good men; but as they professed to understand the Gospel, and to teach it to mankind, they ought to have displayed its spirit. We will never extenuate the guilt of persecution, nor listen with patience to apologies offered in behalf of intolerance, whether the offender be Thomas à Becket, Thomas Cranmer, or the Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas, or any other Reverend or Right Reverend that may choose to sit in judgment upon the conscience of his brother. Protestantism implies the right of every man to think for himself in matters of religion; Popery denies this right; it assumes infallibility, and persecution is the natural and necessary consequence. The Protestant cannot persecute, without branding both himself and his system with the grossest inconsistency.

Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer. 2 vols.

Major Archer, during his residence in India, acted as Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere, and had, therefore, peculiar opportunities of making himself acquainted with many scenes and persons of which travellers, under less favourable circumstances, must have continued ignorant. The jealousy of the native Princes is well known; but their tents were uncovered at the approach of a British magnate and his train. Major Archer has turned his advantages to good account. His work contains much that is both useful and interesting: it is written in a plain and simple style, with more attention to fact than to ornament. The more valuable portions are those which relate to the visits of the Commander-in-Chief to the courts of the native Princes; the ceremonies observed, the amusements prepared, and the character and habits of the various groups in attendance.

The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections, and Government of God. By the Rev. Henry Fergus, Dunfermline. 12mo.

A very seasonable and valuable work. Its philosophy is unimpeachable, and its theology pure and elevated. The sceptic, whether he derives his sophisms from nature or revelation, is here answered. The author assumes the principle that man is a rational, immortal, and accountable being, in a course of education for a higher stage of existence; and he has undertaken to instruct him in all that it concerns him to know in his probationary state. He, of course, attaches infinite importance to the revelation of His will with which the Almighty has favoured us in the Holy Scriptures. The Gospel, he tells us, is closely allied to natural religion; and its accordance with the appearances of the world, and the constitution of the human mind, is a proof of their common origin. It brightens our prospects under the trials of life, and gives clearer and more comprehensive views of faith and duty than the volume of creation affords; yet, as there are many valuable works on evangelical truth in common circulation, instead of enlarging on this part of the subject, Mr. Fergus has satisfied himself with giving a general view of the evidences of divine revelation; of its harmony with the intimations of nature; and of the duties of piety and obedience to which it leads. We heartily concur with him in the hope that the serious consideration of the whole may, under the blessing of God, help to confirm the faith, comfort the heart, and encourage the pious exertions of those who love the truth and desire to obey it. In this volume, and in the generality of treatises which reach us from the other side of the Tweed, we observe a commendable absence of sectarian antipathies and prejudices. These writers do not place their particular church above Christianity: in this their discretion is equal to their charity.

Lives of the British Admirals, with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet-Laureate. Vol. I. 12mo. Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XL.

Dr. Southey is unquestionably one of the most industrious men of this working generation. He that has written so much, and who has so many readers among all classes and all parties, must possess considerable talents and a large fund of general information. Dr. Southey, with qualifications of a very superior order, is a

man surfeited with prejudices—prejudices in politics, in religion, and in literature; he has given to party what was meant for mankind. But he is, notwithstanding, a writer of great power, and is peculiarly gifted in making the worse appear the better cause. The present undertaking exhibits his talents and acquirements in a favourable point of view; and this introductory volume discovers great patience of research, great facility in the use of his materials, and a wonderful power of communicating his own impressions to the minds of his readers. He has raised a monument to the naval glory of his country in these pages, which is worthy of the biographer of Nelson, and which will place him high among the chroniclers of her fame. "*O si sic omnia!*"

Entomological Magazine. No. III.

This is, to our taste, by far the best number of this interesting **periodical that has yet appeared.** The exquisite letter by Rusticus, on the Hop-fly, **will render it highly serviceable to the grower** of that very precarious plant. **Rusticus seems not only thoroughly to understand** his subject, but has the happy knack **of making it intelligible to others.** In our last notice we gave a long extract **from this writer: we shall now select for quotation** an article of a far different kind, **yet no less excellent in its way**—a Monody on the Death of the celebrated French author, **Latreille, who has been,** during the last fifty years, continually publishing **works on natural history, all of which** are held in the highest estimation. **The verses are appropriate, and full of good** poetry as well as good feeling.

"A voice of sorrow floats upon the gale,
'Tis Science weeps—she weeps for thee, Latreille!
At length thy bright career is o'er,
Thy honoured voice shall teach no more;
And we, who doatingly have hung
Upon the wisdom of thy tongue,
All eager lest a single word
Should chance to pass thy lips unheard,
That, as a father's to his child,
Instruction poured in accents mild,
Not only to bright science true,
But advocating virtue too—
Now drop upon thy hallowed bier
The honest tribute of a tear.

"Oh, Frenchman! dost thou wonder? wouldst thou know
Whence comes this lay, and whose this strain of woe?
And deem'st thou that no honest hand
Can hold the pen in foreign land,
And thus with grief unfeign'd bewail
Thy own, thy loved, thy lost Latreille,
Nor seek to hide his sterling worth,
Because thy country gave him birth?—
Oh! learn that our impartial eye
Finds merit under any sky;
Our pearls of knowledge have been strung
From every land, in every tongue;
And shall we ill for good return,
Nor let the palm where won be worn?
No! when our Fire-fly spreads her wings,
An equal light on all she flings;
A guardian banner is unfurled
For merit over all the world!

"And, Briton, as thou readest, put to rest
All envious feeling, if such haunt thy breast.
The mighty has resign'd his trust,
The teacher mingles with the dust;
And surely we shall seek in vain
To find on earth his like again.
O, let not then thy niggard frown
Attempt to dim his radiant crown;
But keep his matchless worth in view,
And honour give where honour's due;
Boughs of the weeping-willow bear—
Wreaths of the gloomy cypress wear;
And with us pay thy tribute here—
One heartfelt sigh, one parting tear."

The Political Text Book.

The Political Text Book comprises a view of the origin and objects of government, and an examination of the principal political and social institutions of England. This volume is recommended to all by its convenient size (for a great book is a great evil); to the many by its extraordinary cheapness; to the few by the judgment, care, and good taste by which it is pervaded. We find that the titles of its principal divisions are those "of society and government;" of "political rights, duties, and restraints;" of "the source, creation, and distribution of wealth;" of "property; and of political and religious distinctions." Under these several heads are arranged some most judiciously selected extracts from the writings of Swift, Smith, Rousseau, Price, Paley, Paine, Montesquieu, Milton, Mandeville, Locke, Junius, Hume, Helvetius, Hodgskin, Godwin, Franklin, Cooper, Burke, Bolingbroke, Blackstone, Bacon, and Bentham. It is almost to be regretted, though certainly an error on the right side, that we should have so little from the compiler himself; for the little of his own composition with which we are favoured creates no small desire for more; marked as it uniformly is by a spirit of humane and enlarged philosophy, and by a style possessing all the properties of harmony, perspicuity, and force. Of this excellent little volume it may, with perfect truth, be said, that there is no one important subject of politics, political economy, the principles of morals and legislation, or anything which could bear upon social institutions or public happiness, in which the reader may not have the reasonings and opinions of men the wisest, the ablest, and the most benevolent, that ever adorned or enlightened the human race. This publication is, at the present moment, most opportune; for the great struggle between the dominant few and the oppressed many has commenced in right earnest; and the period of its duration, as well as the success of its final issue, are wholly dependent upon the kind and extent of popular knowledge.

Sermons preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea. By the Rev. William Edelman, A.B., late Curate of that Parish. 12mo.

All that we can say of the late Chelsea curate is that in our opinion, few rectors preach so well; and that we wish all the parishes in the empire were supplied with curates such as Mr. Edelman. The sermons are plain without being coarse; their whole tendency seems to be to enkindle and to keep alive a spirit of rational devotion, as the great incentive of Christian virtue. Mr. Bradley's sermons are, we understand, in great demand among the orthodox clergy. Mr. Edelman's, we think, are quite equal to them, both as to sentiment and composition, and we cordially recommend them to the same class of readers.

The True Doctrine of the Latin Subjunctive Mood proved upon the Authority of the best Latin Classics. By the Rev. R. Bathurst Greenlaw, M.A. of Worcester College, Oxford. 8vo.

At a time when the knowledge, or rather an intimate and deep acquaintance, of the classics, is confessedly so rarely to be met, it has given us no slight degree of pleasure to find a gentleman pursuing his study of the dead languages with so much classical ardour as to raise him to the arduous undertaking of extracting truth, where so many of our very first scholars had found the bottom of the well too deep for them to reach. Mr. Greenlaw, notwithstanding the wearying duties of a school, —notwithstanding the many disappointments, the constant anxiety, which we conclude no schoolmasters are exempted from,—has, convinced of the truth of the doctrine he propounds in the book before us, ardently seized every leisure moment in following it through all the windings of its recess; and the fruit of this honourable labour are the pages now before us.

Dr. Crombie, Dr. Copleston, the present Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr. Parr, are among the number of our classics who have attempted to unravel the doctrine of the Latin subjunctive mood, and to lay down and explain rules for its right use and proper application; but all the results of their endeavours have, instead of simplifying, tended to involve the use of the subjunctive mood in greater uncertainty and doubt. Each has proposed a number of rules, more or less, all having an infinity of exceptions: and in consequence of this accumulation of rules and exceptions, the subjunctive mood had become a second Tower of Babel, surrounded by builders all using different methods in its construction. The object of Mr. Greenlaw's work is to prove "that the Latins were guided by some fixed and easy principle" in their use of the subjunctive mood—what that principle is—and that it is an universal test admitting of no single exception.

The Private Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, considered as an Example to all his Disciples, and a Demonstration of his Mission. By Thomas Williams. 12mo.

We are too much pleased with the contents of this volume to quarrel with its title, which does not give a just view of its pretensions. Mr. Williams has been long before the public as a polemic and a theologian, a biblical critic, a translator of Solomon's Song, and the editor of the Cottage Bible,—a work which is learned without ostentation—which sometimes condenses in a page the substance of a volume—which patiently unravels real difficulties and starts no imaginary ones—which the scholar can consult with advantage, and which the poor man cannot read without receiving instruction and comfort. The present volume is a beautiful narrative of the entire life of the founder of Christianity. It distinguishes between the man Christ Jesus and the Divinity to which the human nature was united. In the one he is exhibited as an example; in the other as the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, who, by miracles of power, and by sustaining the suffering being of humanity, achieved the redemption of mankind. The practical tendency of the whole constitutes its chief excellence. We congratulate the author on the continued vigour of his faculties. At the age of seventy-five a man does not want the compliments of a circle he expects so soon to leave. But yet it may gratify him to know that, in the estimation of his contemporaries, his last work is not a whit inferior to those which he produced in the meridian of his life, and that it appears to them the most appropriate close to his numerous and useful labours in the cause of virtue and happiness.

The Tyrol. By the Author of "Spain" in 1830. 2 vols.

We have had frequent occasion to praise the works of Mr. Inglis. He is an agreeable and enlightened traveller, and an hour spent in his company is always well spent. If the ground over which he has lately journeyed has been less fertile than Spain, he has found, at least, enough to yield ample recompense for his labour.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp during the Siege of the Citadel in December 1832 By Captain the Hon. C. S. W. 12mo. 6s cloth.

The Bridgewater Treatises, Kidd on the Physical Condition of Man. 8vo. 9s. 6d bds.

Northcote's Fables, 2d series, post 8vo. 18s. bds.; large paper, 1*l*. 11s 6*d*. bds.

The Black Death in the 14th Century, from the German of Dr. Hecker. By Dr. B. Babington. 12mo. [illegible] 6*d*. cloth.

The Tyrol, with a Glance at Bavaria. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols 8vo. 20*s*.

The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, with Notes and Illustrations. By the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 18*s*.

Criminal Law; being a Commentary on Bentham on Death-Punishment. By H. B. Andrews. 8vo. 7*s*. bds.

Quintana's Lives of Celebrated Spaniards. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Record Commission, a General Introduction to Doomsday Book; with Three Indexes. By Sir William Ellis. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s*. bds.

History of the French Revolution. By A. Alison. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s*. bds.

History of Dissenters. By Bogue and Bennet. 2d edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s*. bds.

Chitty's General Practice of Law, Vol. I., Part I. Royal 8vo. 18*s*. bds.

The Bridgewater Treatises, Whewell's Astronomy and General Physics. 8vo. 9*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Cory's Ancient Fragments of the Phœnician, Chaldæan, Egyptian, and other Writers. 8vo. 21*s* bds.

Cory's Metaphysical Inquiry on Ancient and Modern Philosophy. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.

The Library of Romance, Vol. IV., the Stolen Child. By John Galt. 12mo. 6*s*. bds.

The Puritan's Grave. By the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter."

The Port Admiral, a Tale of the War. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XII. —Belinda, Vol. II. 12mo. 5*s*. bds.

Sir Gilbert Blane's Dissertations on Medical Science; New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 15*s*. bds.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XV.—Don Quixote, Vol. III. (complete in 3 vols.) 12mo. 6*s*. cloth.

Tour in Upper India and parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l* 4*s*. bds.

Present State of the Canadas. 18mo. 3*s*. cloth.

Faust, a Dramatic Poem. By Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. 8vo. 12*s*. bds.

The Government of India. By Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm. 8vo. 15*s*. bds.

Collections from the Greek Anthology. By the late Rev. R. Bland and others; new edition, by J. H. Merivale, Esq., F.S.A. 8vo. 14*s*.

THE DRAMA.

The Drama has been even more than usually barren during the past month. The influenza appears to have threatened long before it came; and when it did come and actually closed the doors of our theatres—of all save one—it seemed more like a public relief than a public affliction; so far, at least, as the large houses were concerned. Of novelty, at Drury Lane and Covent-Garden, there has been none. M. Laporte has wisely abstained from expenditure that produces nought; and Captain Polhill was but little disposed to go out with a flash—to terminate his career in glory. He has given place to Mr. Bunn; and Mr. Bunn, as the new lessee, has not yet had time to satisfy us as to whether he means to continue the old plan or to invent and follow a new. We shall wait with considerable anxiety to ascertain his decision upon this matter. If he can do no better than his predecessor has done, why then

"Farewell, a long farewell,"

to all the greatness of old Drury, and to all hopes of its prosperity.

The English Opera Company, at the Adelphi, is proceeding well, and we understand successfully. Few men have higher claims upon public support than Mr. Arnold—no theatre a better right to anticipate patronage on the part of all who regard the drama. Mr. Morris, at the Haymarket, has contrived to secure a very efficient *corps dramatique*—efficient we say, taking the present state of the "profession" into consideration; for perhaps, within the last half century, there has not been so lamentable a lack of talent—either original or acquired—wherewith to support the acted drama. Our great lights have either gone out or gone off—Kean in the doctor's hands, Kemble in America, Young enjoying the *otium*, &c., and Macready—we know not where. It is, therefore, to Warde, and Vining, and Kean, junior, and a few more of the true melo-dramatic school, that Shakspeare is to be confided,—if he be fool-hardy enough to show his once honoured countenance upon the boards of either of the "big" houses. We look, with deep anxiety, to the coming of a time when matters will be otherwise—when genius may be fostered, encouraged, and rewarded, as in the days when to write for and to act upon the stage were considered among the higher and more noble efforts of which the human mind is capable. Our notice of this month cannot embrace the new drama of Mr. Sheridan Knowles; and we regret it. Although we do not class him with the Beaumonts and Fletchers and Massingers, the persons of the better age of English dramatic literature, we estimate him sufficiently high to hail with pleasure any production from his pen. If he stands almost alone, at the present moment, or at least far above all competitors, it is not because there are none that *can* compete with him, but because there are none that will, while it is neither honourable nor profitable so to do. A better era is, we trust, at hand—we have sunk so low that it would be difficult to sink deeper.

FINE ARTS.

THE WATER COLOUR GALLERIES.

The water colour galleries, old and new, are now open to the public. Both have deserved well, and both will, doubtless, be successful. It is known that the elder, however high may be its merits, is a sort of monopoly. It consists of a company from whence competition is comparatively excluded. Its members have had their recompense; they have earned it, and they have had it. The new—the "associated society" have adopted another plan, one more in keeping with the character of the age—more liberal; we will add more just. This body will also meet with its reward. They will earn it, and they will have it.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Faraday read a lecture on Mr. Brunel's new mode of constructing arches. Mr. Brunel lately raised an experimental structure at Rotherhithe, consisting of a pier and two semi-arches, one on each side. One of these is the half of an arch 100ft. span; the other the half of an arch 80ft. The portion of a bridge which is thus formed is 4ft. 6in. in width and 95ft. in length; it weighs about 105 tons, is loaded at the shorter end with 11½ tons of iron, to keep it in equipoise: it is built of brick and Roman cement, and stands upon no other support than the pier; nor was any other centering used in its construction than two or three small boards, which hung from the structure itself. These extraordinary results arise from the use of ties in the upper courses of brick-work, of which the bridge consists. The ties are of hoop-iron, about three-quarters of an inch wide and one-fifth thick; these are here and there embedded horizontally in the cement, making the joints, and trussing, as it were, the bridge, and preventing the projecting arms constituted by the semi-arches from falling. They support the arches in a manner equivalent to that of the powerful and costly centering usually referred to in the construction of large arches. Mr. Faraday explained these points, and the manner in which the practical details were carried on, by reference to experimental trials, drawings, and a model, upon a large scale, of a proposed bridge over the river Thames. The anticipated advantages of the mode are, the use of cheaper materials than stone—of substances lighter, not only in their specific weight, but because of the smaller quantity required,—diminution of the workmanship, and, consequently, of expense,—less costly foundations and centerings,—avoidance of settlements,—and non-interference with the river beneath. The value of the Roman cement in the proposed mode of construction, its hardness, its adhesion to iron, wood, or even hempen ties, were stated, and illustrated by many trials: and important numerical results were given upon these and correlative points.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

To George Biddell Airy, Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, the Society's medal was this year awarded, for a paper, read before the Royal Society, on an Irregularity of Long Period in the Motions of the Earth and Venus. Amongst the less perfect parts of the system developed by Newton, may be reckoned that which relates to the cause of certain small irregularities or disturbances in the motion of the planets. After a lapse of sixty years, Clairaut was the first that investigated the method by which the cause of the planetary disturbances is explained; and their effect computed. From the time of Clairaut to the present, the list is but small of those who have ventured to attack this profound and intricate inquiry. In it, however, are to be found the names of D'Alembert and Euler, (who, with Clairaut, may be considered the founders of the planetary theory,) La Grange, and La Place, by whose researches it was shown, that the apparent anomalies in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, which seemed at one time to impair the Newtonian system, have only tended more effectually to strengthen and confirm it: but Professor Airy's is the first successful attempt made by any Englishman, since the time of Newton, to improve the planetary tables; and in the paper alluded to, his investigations leave behind those of Euler, La Grange, and La Place, although the latter was assisted by Burckhardt.

BATH LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

At a recent meeting Dr. Kay read a paper "on the Erect Posture of the Body, as peculiar to Man," of which the following is a brief outline:

After congratulating the Meeting upon the formation and increasing prosperity of the Institution, and expressing a hope that, in the absence of other communications, his present "feeble, and perhaps premature effort, to advance the objects contemplated in its establishment," would shield him from the charge of intrusion, and insure to him, "as a volunteer in the newly formed corps," the lenient clemency of his fellow associates; Dr. Kay made some general remarks upon the study of natural history, more especially that branch of it which embraces man and the inferior animals; tracing the superiority of the former to his "moral and intellectual relations with the world around him. As constituted lord of the creation, man walks forth in all the pride and majesty of undisputed authority—unquestioned

supremacy. It is true, the lower tribes of animals, the subjects of his unlimited' his despotic sway, no longer fawn, and gamble, and disport themselves for very pleasure at his feet—it is true, 'the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea'—it is true, they instinctively shun his approach, and betake themselves to their separate and secret places of retreat, and leave man the solitary tenant of the scene—or, at a distance wait and watch his every movement, disdaining closer interview. All this man knows and feels, and would fain it were otherwise; and yet, the fear which hastens flight—the liberty that would not be enslaved—and the caution that prompts to watchfulness—constitute some of the most pleasing and interesting subjects of his study." The writer anticipated an objection that might be raised as to the "expediency of seeking to establish a position generally admitted,"—observing very justly, that "peculiarities might exist in various animals, and yet the precise character of these differences which constitute generic distinctions, not always be equally conspicuous—or, if apparent, duly appreciated—the peculiarity might exist, and yet its specific nature be difficult of demonstration." Reference was made to several authors who had broached the opposite doctrine—Moscati, in a paper published in 1771, and entitled "Von der Korperlichen evesentlichen unterschiede Zwischen der structur der Thiere, und der Menschen;" and to Monboddo, in his well-known work.

In the prosecution of his subject, Dr. Kay endeavoured to show—first, that the erect posture is adapted to the conformation of the human subject; and, secondly, that it is peculiar to man. That to preserve this posture, it is requisite—first, that the parts should be so disposed as to be maintained in a state of equilibrium; secondly, that the centre of gravity should fall within the space occupied by the feet; thirdly, that the feet should have a surface sufficiently broad and secure for the purpose of standing." In support of the first proposition, Dr. Kay entered into a particular enumeration of the principal anatomical peculiarities observed in the human frame; showing the beautiful adaptation of each to its respective office, considered in relation to the erect attitude. This description, though highly scientific, would hardly, we conceive, possess sufficient interest for the general and unprofessional reader.—The second inquiry was then discussed, viz. whether the "erect posture is *peculiar* to man." This led the writer to a brief recapitulation and summary of the preceding peculiarities of organization, and to the introduction of others not previously named. From the centre of gravity not falling within the space occupied by the feet—from the relative situation and connexion of the cranium with the vertebral column—from the particular construction of the inferior extremities—it was clearly proved, that the line of gravity must always be distorted while the quadruped supports itself on two feet only; whence the inference was fairly deduced, that "man is the only animal possessing the essential requisites in the necessary degree." It was not denied that some animals, *e. g.* the bear, ape, &c. might be *taught* to walk erect, or to assume the attitude of the more distinguished biped—but it was, nevertheless, maintained, that this position, even under the most favourable circumstances, always appears irksome, constrained, and painful. In proof of this assertion, the Simia satyrus of Linnæus, or Ourang outang, was selected from the class Quadrum, and as approximating nearest in its external character to man—various eminent authorities were cited, (Cuvier, Deamand, Vosman, &c.) to show that, though this ape, or, as it has been not inaptly styled, "burlesque upon human nature," resembled man in the construction or disposition of certain parts, it in reality formed no exception to the general rule. The following conclusions were regarded, therefore, as legitimate—1st, That of all the inferior animals, the Simia satyrus approaches nearest in its general form to the human subject.—2d, That this animal can and does occasionally support itself in the erect posture, though with apparent difficulty.—3d, That the same horizontal, semi-depending posture, or that observed by the quadrumand inclining, is natural and proper in the Ourang-outang, in common with all the ape tribe.—4th, That though it resembles man in various particulars, there exist differences sufficiently well marked, to show that man could never degenerate into an ourang-outang, nor an ourang-outang be elevated to the rank of the human species. We shall conclude our notice of Dr. Kay's paper in his own words: "Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the consideration of man as intended to preserve the erect posture—we have, as yet, spoken of him as differing from the brute only in his external form, his outward character—but there is a dignity, a majesty, it would seem, in the human countenance, which strikes awe and terror into the brute beast. It is true,

man is endowed with reason—it is true, genius lightens up the fire of his eye—it is true, wisdom sits enshrined at the portals of his lips, and renders eloquent the very music of his voice; but lower that stately, towering form—conceive man, if it be possible, on a level with the brute; and what would reason avail him? (I speak by comparison) what his genius? His boasted talent and commanding eloquence, what? It may be fancy—imagination, with its fictions, may mislead—but were the same Almighty fiat which singled out a Nebuchadnezzar, and made him a very beast of the field—were the same power which created man as he is, again to be put forth in all its energy, and in a moment to reduce every human being to the state of the disgraced monarch—from that moment, methinks, man would cease to lord it over the brute—the fear of him would go forth upon the earth no more—the hungry lion and the famished tiger, no longer recognizing the human form, would mark him out as their prey, and glut their savage appetites with his blood.

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homine sublime dedit; cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

VARIETIES.

House and Window Duty.—A notice on this subject has just been printed, by order of the House of Commons. The sums paid by each county are—Bedford 6,992*l*. 2*s* 1½*d*., Berks 25,664*l*. 6*s*. 10*d*., Bucks 14,924*l*. 10*s*. 0¾*d*., Cambridge 15,462*l*. 8*s*. 6½*d*., Chester 23,421*l*. 18*s*. 11¾*d*., Cornwall 13,062*l*. 14*s*. 11¼*d*., Cumberland 9.059*l*. 1*s*. 1¾*d*., Derby 14,622*l*. 5*s*. 3¼*d*., Devon 48,892*l*. 5*s*. 1¾*d*., Dorset 16,265*l*. 17*s*. 0*d*., Durham 14,788*l*. 3*s*. 10¾*d*, Essex 42,754*l*. 12*s*. 10½*d*., Gloucester 61,591*l*. 19*s*. 5¼*d*., Hereford 10,063*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*, Hertford 23,701*l*. 1*s*. 9*d*., Huntingdon 5,218*l*. 9*s*. 1½*d*., Kent 89,577*l*. 17*s*. 1½*d*., Lancaster 153,056*l*. 3*s*. 5¾*d*., Leicester 18,178*l*. 12*s*. 9¼*d*., Lincoln 25,683*l*. 0*s*. 10¾*d*, Middlesex 1,039,857*l*. 12*s*. 10¼*d*., Monmouth 6,355*l*. 10*s*. 5*d*., Norfolk 331,570*l*. 18*s* 7½*d*, Northampton 16,609*l*. 6*s*. 6¾*d*., Northumberland 22,762*l* 1*s* 8¼*d*., Nottingham 19,444*l*. 1*s*. 4¼*d*., Oxford 18,118*l*. 4*s*. 2*d*., Rutland 2,250*l*. 0*s*. 2½*d*., Salop 20,366*l*. 15*s* 4¼*d*, Somerset 109,241*l*. 2*s*. 7½*d*., Southampton 53,220*l*. 14*s*. 11½*d*, Stafford 27,167*l*. 18*s*. 3¾*d*., Suffolk 25,032*l*. 18*s*. 11¼*d*., Surrey 191,344*l* 13*s*. 6½*d*., Sussex 64,952*l*. 2*s*. 10½*d*., Warwick 44,594*l*. 9*s*. 6½*d*., Westmoreland 6,063*l*. 8*s*. 4¾*d*., Wilts 22,353*l*. 1*s*. 8¼*d*., Worcester 25,781*l*. 1*s*. 6½*d*., York 100,549*l*. 1*s*. 8¼*d*. The places which pay most are Westminster, London, Bath, Liverpool, Southwark, Brighton, Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Hull, Newcastle, Norwich, and Leeds, each of which places pays above 10,000*l*.; Greenwich comes next.

Judges' Salaries and Retired Allowances.—A return of the amount of Judges' Salaries and Retired Allowances since 1792 has just been printed by order of the House of Commons. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was, in 1792, 4,000*l*., and those of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, each 3,500*l*, whilst the salaries of the other Judges were each 2,400*l*., not including fees. Augmentations to these salaries took place in 1799 and 1809, and in 1825, when the salary of the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was fixed at 10,000*l*., that of the Chief Justice of Common Pleas at 8,000*l*., the Chief Baron of the Exchequer at 7,000*l*., and each of the other Judges at 5,500*l*. The retired allowance of the Chief Justice of King's Bench, in 1799 was 3,000*l*., and of the Puisne Judges 2,000*l*—In 1813 the retired allowances of the Chief Justices were augmented 800*l*, and those of the Puisne Judges 600*l*. each. A further augmentation took place in 1825, making the total amount of the retired allowances at present—for the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 4,000*l*, for the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 3,750*l*.; and for the Judges, 3,500*l*. The salary of the Lord Chancellor, in 1792, was 5,000*l*., exclusive of fees. These fees, in 1832, made the salary amount to about 14,700*l*. No change took place in the fixed salary from 1792 until last year, when the salary of the Lord Chancellor was fixed at 14,000*l*., with a retired allowance of 5,000*l*. The salary of the Master of Rolls is now 7,000*l*., and that of the Vice Chancellor 6,000*l*., with a retired allowance of 3,750*l*. each.

From a parliamentary return, printed by order of the House, it appears that there are 50,796 licensed victuallers in England, and that 24,293 of that number brew

their own beer. In the district of Coventry there are 1,240 victuallers, and 1,115 brew their own beer. In Leeds there are 998, and 904 brew; in Halifax, there are 1,003, 880 brew; in Manchester, 1,343, and 817 brew; in Sheffield, 1,083, and 901 brew; while in Durham district, out of 1,437, only 152 brew; and in Liverpool, only 167 brew, out of 1,610. In Reading, 47 out of 814; in Norwich, 43 out of 1,050; and in Rochester, 32 out of 1,056. The total number of licensed brewers in England is 1,753; and the number of persons licensed for the general sale of beer, and who brew their own, is 13,102. The brewers in Scotland are 216, and brewers in Ireland 216. The export of beer from the United Kingdom amounts yearly to 70,136 barrels, of which 28,881 go to the East Indies, and 13,461 to the West Indies.

The Suitors' Fund.—Chancery.—An account of this important fund has just been laid before Parliament. It is a fund arising from a per centage on the property of suitors in Chancery, and the salaries of the officers of the Court of Chancery are paid out of it. In 1800, the fund was invested in stock to the amount of 643,177*l.* The dividends amounted to 19,544*l.* and the salaries paid out of it to 4,604*l.* After 1810, the fund and the salaries greatly increased. In 1832, the total amount of the fund invested in stock was 2,146,007*l.* The dividends amounted to 59,242*l*, and the salaries to 45,077*l.*; leaving a balance of 54,000*l.* out of the dividends. The salaries comprise those of the Lord Chancellor, the Vice Chancellor, the Accountant General, Registrars, their clerks, and the porters.

The receipt stamp duties for 1832 amounted to 23,932*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* on twopenny stamps; 28,359*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* on threepenny; 38,324*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* on sixpenny; and 49,485*l.* 16*s.* on shilling stamps. A total of 145,200*l.* 0*s* 3*d.*

The following return of the number and property of lunatics confined under the authority of the Crown, has been made to the House of Commons:—

	£.	s.	d.
399 Lunatics, whose annual incomes are	269,158	1	9
57 have less than 100*l.* per ann., amounting to	3,254	11	9
61, who have 100*l.*, but less than 200*l.*	8,675	2	0
50, who have 200*l.*, but less than 300*l.*	12,130	0	3
31, who have 300*l*, but less than 400*l.*	10,050	15	10
152 who have 400*l.* and upwards	235,047	11	11
48, whose incomes are not ascertained	000,000	0	0
	£269,158	1	9

The number of quarters of malt which paid duty from the 10th of October 1831, to the 10th of October, 1832, was 4,845,828. The amount of duty was 4,976,694*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* The number of quarters used in distillation in the United Kingdom for the same period was 440,756.

Savings' Banks.—The amount of monies invested in Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies in the United Kingdom, and standing in the names of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, is 13,540,039*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* The investment of this capital is—in 3 per cents, 5,513,050*l*; 3½ per cents., 592,015*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; Exchequer bills, 1,839,000*l.* 1*s.*

The amount of the expenses paid by the Treasury on account of committees of the House of Commons for the year 1832, was 9,076*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* The most expensive items are, Committee on East India Affairs, 1,018*l.* 19*s.*; Irish Tithes, 771*l.* 15*s.*; Disturbed State of Ireland, 1,091*l.* 18*s.*; Factories' Regulation Bill, 1,577*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

Wool.—England and Wales feed 36,000,000 of sheep, each of which yields a fleece of four pounds weight, or 144 millions of pounds, which, at 1s. per pound, is worth 7,400,000*l.* These, manufactured, produce 20,000,000*l.*, leaving a profit of 12,000,000*l.* per annum to the various manufacturers.

Coals.—By a return to the House of Commons, the quantity of coals, culm, and cinders imported into London in 1830, amounted to 2,079,275 tons; in 1831, to 2,045,292 tons; and in 1832, to 2,139,078 tons.

Cotton.—The imports of raw cotton manufactured in this country in 1781 were only 5,000,000 lbs.; in 1800, it had increased to 86,000,000 lbs.; in 1820, to 147,000,000 lbs.; in 1830, to 250,000,000 lbs. The annual value is not less than

36,000,000*l.* sterling; the wages paid 22,000,000*l.* sterling; and it keeps in employ 1,250,000 persons, or twenty-five times as many as were engaged in it fifty years ago. In Manchester alone 187,000 persons are engaged in the cotton trade.

East India Company's Debt.—It appears by accounts recently published that the total debts of the East India Company amount to 30,774,092*l.*; of which 22,913,990*l.* is held by Europeans, and 7,860,102*l.* by natives.

The number of persons employed under the Board of Excise in Scotland, and the total amount of the salaries paid them for the year ending 5th of January, 1832, appear, from a Parliamentary return, to be as follows:—1,035 persons employed, salaries 110,726*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

The Phœnix Park, Dublin, contains 1758 statute acres, enclosed by a wall; 400 acres of it are appropriated to the Government, and the remainder to the public accommodation. The annual outlay for improvements and maintenance is upon an average 1,800*l.*

A return of the number of commitments under the game laws, from the 1st of November 1831, to the 1st of November 1832, has been made to the House of Commons. We select those where they appear most numerous. Aylesbury, 104; Bury St. Edmund's, 117; Cambridge, 43; Derby, 100; Devizes, 165; Dorset, 36; Knutsford, 68; Lewes, 77; Maidstone, 69; Oxford, 151; Petworth, 82; Preston, 57; Reading, 58; Salop, 49; Southwell, 102; Stafford, 60; Winchester, 142.

The number of pounds of soap made in England, from the 5th of Jan. 1832, to the like period in 1833, is 109,104,119 pounds of hard, and 7,517,087 pounds of soft.

The number of Bankruptcies in 1822 was 1,419; 1823, 1,250; 1824, 1,240; 1825, 1,475; 1826, 3,307; 1827, 1,688; 1828, 1,519; 1829, 2,150; 1830, 1,720; 1831, 1,886; 1832, 1,722.—Total, 19,376 in 11 years.

Unrolling of a Mummy.—An extremely interesting examination of a mummy [illegible] place a few days ago at the Charing-cross Hospital, in the presence of several gentlemen who had been invited by Mr. Pettigrew to witness the process. Mr. Pettigrew having made some remarks upon the subject of mummies generally, proceeded with the development of the mummy under observation. He remarked, that between the different layers of cloth there was gum and bituminous matter, and that the foot was soft, which promised well for the authenticity of the mummy.—[The general interest now became very great, and every step was watched with the utmost curiosity.] It was here discovered that the foot was gilt; it was presently discovered that the legs were gilt; the hands were lying by the sides, and near the abdomen was found a small mass, which appeared as if it might have been a papyrus covered with bituminous matter; the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand were strongly gilt. Mr. Pettigrew remarked, that a mummy which was unwrapped in the Haymarket some time since occasioned doubt whether the gilt was applied at the time, as the accounts had described the nails only as being gilt; but this instance set the matter at rest, for the body appeared to have been gilt all over. The subject was a male, and the beard was extremely perfect, rather curled and red. Several insects were found, which had been preying upon the skin. Some remarkably light, fine crystals were found near the right hand, and some small pieces of grey wool near the back of the neck. The mummy is supposed to have been preserved in wax. The bituminous matter appeared to have been applied exceedingly hot, making the removal of the coverings very difficult. Mr. Pettigrew observed that he was sorry there would not be time to proceed to the examination of the mouth, in which it was not uncommon to find a piece of coin. During Mr. Pettigrew's various remarks and his unravelling of the mummy, there were frequent strong expressions of the great satisfaction and gratification which he had afforded.

New Fire.—Mr. J. Hancock, of North End, Fulham, has, we are assured, invented a compound which burns under water, and which continues inflammable in any accumulation of moisture. It is in all respects similar to the much celebrated Greek Fire. He proposes to apply it not to human destruction, but to the saving of the lives of miners. It is the most perfect and unerring fuse for blasting ever contrived; the wet, damp, and water, which often interfere, being no hinderance to its effect and definite action. It may, too, be accommodated to time, as a yard

will burn out in one or two minutes, or in five or six minutes, as desired. It is, moreover, as cheap as any fuse that ever was made.—*Literary Gazette.*

An eminent botanist has calculated that since the discovery of the New World, 2,345 varieties of American trees and plants, and 1700 from the Cape of Good Hope, have been transplanted into Europe; and that these being added to the introduction of exotics from China, the East Indies, New Holland, and other parts of Asia and Africa, and the confines of Europe, make the varieties of cultivated plants with which the temperate climate of Europe has been enriched amount to 120,000.

The expenses of committees of the House of Commons since 1830, have been altogether 12,629*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* The inquiries which have cost most of this sum are the Carrickfergus election forgeries, 1,225*l.* 3*s.*; East India affairs, 1,475*l.* 1*s.*; disturbed state of Ireland, 1,09[illegible]*l.* 18*s.*; Factories Regulation Bill, 1577*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* There is one item for the Regent-street Act of two guineas only. The Dramatic Literature Committee cost 175*l.* 9*s*; the Waterloo New-street Bill, 13*l.* 15*s.*; Windsor and Buckingham Palaces, 260*l.* 5*s.*; civil list charges, 15*l.* 18*s.*; steam-carriages, 74*l.*; Evesham Disfranchisement Bill, 432*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; Irish tithes, 771*l.* 15*s.*; West India colonies, 394*l.* 8*s.*; silk trade, 657*l.* 7*s.*; Bank Charter, 386*l.*; slavery, 691*l.* 15*s.*; Liverpool Election Bill, 151*l.* 17*s.*; observance of the Sabbath, 292*l.* 10*s.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Vaccination.—At the meeting of the Académie de Médicine, Paris, of the 26th ultimo, M. Gerardin read a report of the state of vaccination in France, by which it appeared that, since 1827, the number of persons vaccinated had diminished very nearly one half! This fact is worthy the attention of the committee in our own country, now occupied in investigating the vaccine question. It appears that from the time the functions of the Vaccine Board of France and the maintenance of vaccination were intrusted to the Academy of Medicine, aided by a few prizes distributed annually by the Government to the most zealous inoculators, the number of persons subjected to the protecting influence of the cow-pox has progressively diminished. The event alluded to took place nine years ago; and the apprehension of the consequences has recently become so great, that, in a paper of the 28th ult. which now lies before us, the press is urged to co-operate with the Academy in procuring the intervention of "authority." In 1827 the number vaccinated in France was 404,495; in 1831 it amounted only to 214,360!—*Medical Gazette.*

The number of refugees at present in France, who have borne arms in unsuccessful revolts against tyranny, or otherwise suffered in the cause of liberty, amounts to between 8,000 and 10,000 persons. The French Government, with a generosity rarely equalled, has obtained from the Chambers for their support a sum of 5,000,000 francs, or about 200,000*l.* This exemplary act of beneficence received not only the support of the legislature, but was anticipated by the zealous wishes of the people of France.

The Cotton Trade.—In France, in 1831, the cotton spun was 74,000,000lbs., besides the British yarn smuggled through Flanders. In Alsace, power looms are increasing fast. Average wages of spinners, 5*s.* 8*d.*; time of labour, 12 to 14 hours. In Switzerland in 1831 the cotton spun was 18,816,000lbs. No. 40 costs 14½*d.* when cotton is 8*d.* 3-5th; wages 4*s.* 5*d.*; wages in similar mills in Britain, 8*s.* 4*d.* In the Prussian and Rhenish Provinces in 1830 the cotton spun was 7,000,000lbs. Power looms have been profitably introduced. In Saxony, cotton spinning is just commencing, and fast augmenting; in 1831 there was spun 1,800,000lbs. cotton; average wages 3*s.* 6*d.* They spin as cheap as the British as high as No. 60 warp, and No. 80 weft. In Lombardy in 1831 the cotton spun was 4,000,000lbs. In Austria it is fast advancing; in 1831, 12,000,000lbs.; average wages 3*s.* 9*d.* In India, the new mill, twelve miles above Calcutta, works every day, 91 hours in the week. The spinner managing one mule earns 1*s.* 9*d.*; his pieces (three number) 9*d.* to 1*s.* each. No. 20 to No. 40. In the United States, in 1831 the cotton spun was 77,550,000lbs.

Cholera in France.—The sum of 1,277,860 francs 40 centimes was expended by

the French Government during the prevalence of this disease; 229,534 persons were attacked, and 94,665 died. In the department of the Seine the mortality was dreadful; out of 44,811 cases 21,531 proved fatal. In Paris, one out of 33 in the pulation died.

ty of Sciences, St. Petersburgh.—During the year 1832, this institution lished thirteen special works, exclusively of five others, which were privately printed by some of its members. Independently of originating the undertaking of a complete "Russian Flora," which the Academy has intrusted to the most eminent botanists in Russia, it has also instituted a scientific inquiry of considerable importance; namely, the ascertaining of the barometric heights on the shores of the Baltic, under the care of Messrs. Kupffer and Lentz.

There are a number of forest academies in Germany, particularly in the small states of central Germany, in the Hartz, Thuringia, &c. The principal branches taught in them are the following:—Forest botany, mineralogy, zoology, chemistry: by which the learner is taught the natural history of forests, and the mutual relations, &c., of the different kingdoms of nature. He is also instructed in the care and chase of game, and in the surveying and cultivation of forests, so as to understand the mode of raising all kinds of wood, and supplying a new growth as fast the old is taken away. The pupil is, too, instructed in the administration of forest taxes and police, and all that relates to forests considered as a revenue.

The number of languages spoken in Europe are 587, Asia 937, Africa America 1,064, making in all a total of 3,064.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Perhaps no department of gardening requires more skill than the laying out of grounds. The culture of plants and tilling of the ground are comparatively mechanical, and may be practised by persons of the meanest capacity; but to lay out grounds requires a portion of mind as well as technical skill. A landscape gardener should have somewhat of a painter's eye; he should be able to conceive the idea of a whole, and should understand how to execute detached parts in such a manner as to make each appear perfect in itself, and yet to combine harmoniously with the rest. It is bad taste to have a highly architectural villa set down abruptly in the midst of park scenery. A house is avowedly entirely a work of art, and there should be a gradual transition from it, by means of gardens, &c., also betraying marks of the hand of man, to the wild beauties of nature. Agreeably to this principle, the ground nearest the house should be highly and richly cultivated, and should display something of an architectural character in its forms and general appearance; it should consist of beds of flowers planted in masses. These beds may be of any kind of geometrical shapes, always taking care, however, to have the forms such as to harmonize with each other, so as to produce a whole, and in such positions that one could not be displaced or substituted for another without destroying the effect. It is a fundamental principle in laying out grounds, that there should be either a real or an apparent reason for every curve. A knot of trees, a bed of flowers, a statue, or a vase, will suffice to excuse a bend in the walk or plantation, which, without some such object, would be extremely unsatisfactory to the eye. In pleasure-grounds nothing can have a more beautiful effect than a fine smooth green lawn, with a few low evergreens jutting out upon it with their branches touching the ground, in such a manner as to break the formality of a straight, or even curved, unbroken line as a boundary. A smooth green lawn, however, can only be obtained where there is an open space, as grass never grows well under trees, and is besides difficult to clip and keep in order. Dug earth has also a bad effect among trees, and occasions a great deal of labour to keep it neat. The best mode is to cover the ground with ivy, which will look well both in summer and winter, and will soon form an excellent covering; it will not injure the trees, and will rather serve to protect the roots from the frost. A few ferns may be introduced among the trees with excellent effect, and nothing is finer in the progress of vegetation than to watch their volute-like heads slowly unrolling themselves, and expanding into large, spreading, fan-like leaves.

Crimson Clover.—The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the

" Code of Agriculture," p. 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated in our gardens as a curious and rather pretty-looking annual:—" It is a subject of astonishment, that this valuable plant (the *Trifolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes, or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucern, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry. If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed merchants of this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that it is an annual lant, and therefore should be only employed in alternate husbandry.

n obtaining improved Varieties in Corn.—" I would suggest," says a correspondent ie " Gardener's Magazine," " the advantages which probably might be derived sowing, in the same field, the seed not of one sort of wheat only, but the seed of various sorts; so that when the wheat comes into blossom, the pollen from each may be diffused among the intermixed wheats, and thus give rise to a new and better seed or grain. It is a well-known fact, that numberless varieties are produced among flowers, take the poppy for instance, by sowing in the same bed the seeds of different kinds. And Mr. Knight has shown what may be done by fertilizing one sort of pea with the pollen of another. Yet, so far as I know, agriculturists have never yet availed themselves of these facts, in regard to the cultivation of that staff of life, wheat corn. It is obvious that, for the success of this experiment, all, or the greater part, of the different sorts of wheat should come into blossom at the same time. Those who wish to adopt practically this suggestion may do it, even this season, very conveniently, by transplanting, as soon as the frosts of spring are past, plants of different kinds of wheat into each other's immediate society."

USEFUL ARTS.

Railroads.—A patent has been lately granted to H. Scrivenor, Esq., the Secretary of the British Iron Company, for an improvement in the construction of Iron Railways, which appears likely to be attended with important results, in reference to this extensive branch of our manufactures. It may be necessary to premise, for the information of some of our readers, that railways consist of two parts, the rail itself, and the chair or pedestal on which the chair rests; that both of these were formerly made of cast iron, and that cast iron for such purposes is a very inferior material to wrought iron, being much less calculated to resist any of the sudden jars or strains to which railways are peculiarly liable. About twelve years since, a Mr. Birkenshaw obtained a patent for making the rails of wrought iron instead of cast, which was found to be a great improvement, and consequently came almost immediately into general use; but the chairs or pedestals still continued to be made of cast iron (notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages of such construction), on account of the supposed impossibility of rolling iron of the necessary shapes for constructing the chairs, unless at a very great increase of expense. This difficulty Mr. Scrivenor has succeeded in removing. The advantages contemplated by this invention are numerous:—the first and most important to the public is increased safety; the next, reduction of expense to the proprietors of railroads, as well in the first cost of laying them down as in the subsequent keeping them in repair. The steadiness and safety of the rail depend on the stability and security of the chair or pedestal on which it rests. These can never be obtained with a chair of cast iron, because that metal is not calculated to withstand the frequent jars and shocks which are occasioned by the sudden stoppages of the immense weight constantly passing along the rails. From this cause the cast-iron chairs frequently crack and

split, and consequently become unsafe and unfit for use, thereby entailing a constantly recurring expense on the proprietors as well as insecurity to the public. All these evils are intended to be obviated by the chair for which Mr. Scrivenor has obtained a patent, which, being made of a better material, requires less weight of iron, and is therefore less expensive, and can moreover be constructed at the same works as the rail, and the chairs and rail can consequently be exactly fitted to each other, whereas, at present, the rails are constructed in one place, and the chairs in another. This invention promises to be attended with equal advantages to the public, to the inventor, and to the proprietors of railroads. These are only a few of the benefits that will accrue both to the public and to the proprietors of rail-roads by the use of the patent chair.

New Oven.—This oven is formed of three separate sheets of iron or tin, and is in the form of a segment of a cylinder: in making it, sheet metal of suitable dimensions is bent round so as to form about three-fourths of a circle, the edges are then joined by a flat piece, which forms the bottom of the outer case. A second piece of sheet metal is then bent into the same form, but is to be the segment of a smaller circle than the first, so that, when slipped into it, there will be the space of an inch between them; this, when in its place, is to be riveted to the bottom of the outer case. A plate is to be put on at the back end, and a rim fixed, enclosing the space between the two at the front. The space may be filled with charcoal, or other bad conductor, or may be occupied by air only. Through both these vessels two holes for flues are to be made at the top, one near to each end, and these are to lead to one common pipe, furnished with a damper; another hole is to be made for the escape of steam. Heat is to be applied by a round stove, or furnace, under the middle of the oven, a hole being perforated through the bottom sufficiently large in diameter to receive it; and a ring of cast or of wrought iron is riveted to the bottom, in order to give the requisite strength to this opening.

A third box, made in the form of the other two, constitutes the oven proper. This is made exactly in the form of those already described, and is to be slipped into its place within them, leaving a space between it and the second box, and also between its back end and the first, which space is for the passage of smoke and heated air from the fire, around the oven to the flues. The bottom of this is exposed to the action of the fire in consequence of the perforation made through the outer box. When this last is secured in its place, a door is to be fitted to it in the usual wa

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

There is no alteration to state in the general appearance of the manufacturing districts since last month; the improvement which gradually took place in the commencement of the year has not suffered a reaction, but it does not seem to be still advancing. The London wholesale houses, which supply the country shop-keepers with light and fancy articles of drapery and mercery, complain that their customers have not been disposed to make their spring purchases to the extent to which they generally go at this season.

In some articles of colonial produce, particularly in Coffee, there has been a considerable advance in price; but, unfortunately, this is not to be traced to a more healthy state of trade, but is founded, partly on the prospect of deficient crops, and partly on a feeling of apprehension of the intercourse of the mother country with her colonies meeting with some serious impediment from the angry feeling which exists in them, particularly in Jamaica, where Lord Mulgrave has been placed under the necessity of exercising a vigorous authority, in the dismissal of officers high in command.

The Sugar Market has been very firm throughout the month, and in the better qualities of British Plantation an advance of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. is still maintained—the inferior fully supporting the prices of last month.

In East India Sugar there is no alteration to state, but in Mauritius a very considerable improvement has taken place during the last fortnight, amounting to 2*s.* per cwt., good Brown being now sold for 49*s.*

The demand for Foreign Sugars has been very dull, until the close of the month, when some considerable private sales were effected at a trifling advance; Havanna, yellow, 24*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*; good white, 30*s.* to 31*s.*; Pernams, low to good white, 24*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*; Bahia, good white, 25*s.*

Refined Sugars, which with difficulty supported former prices early in the month, have lately had a favourable turn, and have advanced 6*d.* per cwt in Crashed, and 1*s.* in Lumps; 29*s.* to 29*s.* 6*d.* being asked for the former, and the latter selling freely at 61*s.*

The last average price of Sugar is 1*l.* 5*s.* 3¼*d.*

An extraordinary advance has taken place during the last month in the prices of all

descriptions of British Plantation Coffee, but more particularly in Jamaica, the various qualities of which have risen 5*s.* to 8*s.* per cwt., good and fine ordinary now selling at 86*s.* to 90*s.* This has given some impulse to the Foreign and East India Market, which was previously very languid, and some large sales have been made at better prices.—Ceylon, of good quality, 56*s.* to 57*s.*; Sumatra, 50*s.* to 52*s.*; St. Domingo, 54*s.*; Brazil, 56*s.*; Cuba, 70*s.*; and Mocha, for which 68*s.* was asked a short time ago, has sold for 74*s.*

There is a tolerably good demand for British Plantation Cocoa for home consumption, and fine qualities bring 73*s.* to 74*s.*; 100 bags of Grenada sold lately by public auction at 60*s.* to 68*s.*; Brazil is quoted nominally at 21*s.* to 23*s.*

The Cotton Market continues very steady in demand, and the quotations admit of no alteration.

In Spirits there is but little doing; the strong inferior qualities of Jamaica Rum are in some demand at 2*s.* 7*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* Brandy is of heavy sale at a slight reduction in price; the best marks being quoted at 3*s.* 11*d.* to 4*s.* A parcel of Arrack, ordinary Batavia, was sold lately at 2*s.* 1*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* from 5 to 6 above proof.

The sale of Indigo, which terminated on the 22d, affords the following results, indicative of the improvement in prices: Bengal, good and fine shipping, 2*d.* to 4*d.* above last sale; middling and ordinary shipping and consumers, 3*d.* to 6*d.* advance; and Madras, from last sale's prices to 2*d.* more.

The following is the East India Company's declaration for the Tea sale on June 3d.,

	lbs.
Bohea	1,700,000
Congou, Campoi, Souchong, and Pekoe	5,100,000
Twankay and Hyson Skin . .	1,200,000
Hyson	300,000
Total . .	8,300,000

The quantity declared is less than that of the last sale, by

Bohea	100,000
Twankay and Hyson Skin .	100,000

The Tea Market is firm, and Congous are at ½*d.* per lb. premium.

There has been more business done lately in Spices, but without any material alteration in prices; large parcels of Pepper have been sold at 3¼*d.* to 3⅜*d.*; 600 bags of Pimento, at 4½*d.* to 4⅝*d.*; 700 chests of Cassia Lignea, at 78*s.* to 76*s.* 6*d.*

The Wool Market being scantily supplied, former prices are fully maintained.

The Corn Market has been exceedingly dull throughout the month; the finer qualities of Wheat have maintained their prices, and have had a steady sale, but the inferior qualities have moved with difficulty. The better qualities of Barley are declining in price, the season for malting being nearly terminated; and Oats sell heavily at former prices. Peas and Beans of the best descriptions are somewhat in demand.

The Funds have undergone but little fluctuation during the last month, and the settling day, the 12th ult., passed over without the announcement of a defaulter. Bank Stock has risen 7 to 8 per cent., from the prevalent expectation that Ministers will not be able to enter upon the question of the Charter in the present Session, and India Stock has advanced 2 to 3 per cent. There was an impulse given to Spanish Bonds, about the middle of the month, from the circumstance of the Cortes being about to assemble, but it being ascertained that it will be merely a meeting of ceremony, prices have relapsed to former quotations; some equally groundless expectations gave a temporary stimulus to Colombian Bonds.

The closing prices of the various public securities on the 25th, were as follows:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, 87 five-eighths, three-fourths; ditto for the Account, 87 three-fourths, seven-eighths—Three per Cent. Reduced, 86 five-eighths, three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 94 one-fourth, three-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 95 one-fourth, one-half—Four per Cent. (1826), 101 seven-eighths, 2 one-eighth.—India Stock, 228 one-half, 229 one-half.—Bank Stock, 193 one-half, 194 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 49, 50.—India Bonds, 25, 27.—Long Annuities, 16 seven-eighths, fifteen-sixteenths.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 88 one-fourth, one-half.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 60 one-half, 1.—Chilian, 20 one-half, 1 one-half.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 16, 17.—Danish Three per Cent. 72 one-half, 73.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 45 five-eighths, three-fourths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 84 five-eighths, seven-eighths. —French Five per Cent.—French Three per Cent.—Greek Five per Cent. 35, 7.—Mexican Six per Cent. 31 one-fourth, three-fourths.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 50 one-half, 1 one-half—Portuguese New Loan, 5 one-half, one-fourth, discount. — Russian Five per Cent. 102 one-fourth, three-fourths.—Spanish Five per Cent. 19 one-fourth.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 10, 11.—United ditto, 12, 15, 12, 15.—Colombian Mines, 9, 10.—Del Monte, 28, 29.—Imperial Brazil, 62, 63.—Bolanos, 135, 145.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 19, 1833, TO APRIL 16, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

March 19.—D. I. NOAD, Copthall-court, agent. A. ISAACS, Petticoat-lane, Spitalfields, rag-merchant. J. JOWETT, Great Queen-street, furnishing ironmonger. R. FIDDES, Hackney, tavern keeper. J. IKIN, Leeds, merchant. A. NICOLL, Conduit-street, Bond-street, tailor. W. DAWSON, Yeadon, Yorkshire, grocer. G. & H. SCHONSWAR, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants. J. HUDSON, Haslingden, Lancashire, plumber. W. BADGER, Merthyr Tidvil, Glamorganshire, grocer. J. HALL, Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, builder. C. HAWKSWORTH, Liverpool, licensed victualler.

March 22.—W. T. MITCHELL, Woolwich, builder. J. WOOLLETT, Newbury, Berkshire, tea-dealer. W. THRELKELD, Winchester-street, Broad-street, grocer. W. BARRINGTON, Sandbach-heath, Sandbach, Cheshire, silk-throwster. A. BOOTH, Bury, Lancashire, shopkeeper. T. HOUGHTON, Ormskirk, Lancashire, scrivener. G. MAY, Clay-cross, Derbyshire, shoemaker. W. HANKIN, Kirkdale, near Liverpool, stone-mason.

March 26.—W. PERACHON, Whitechapel-road, baker. J. LEECH, Norton-falgate, tea-dealer. J. V. TUCKER, Sun-street, Bishopsgate-st., edge-tool-maker. G. LONG, jun., Croydon, maltster. T. STROUD, Crown-street, Soho, goldsmith. T. HANCOCK, sen., Willoughby, Warwick, butcher. T. MOORE and A. GORDON, Rainhill, Lancashire, glass-bottle manufacturers. G. JOHNSON, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. R. THUNDER, Bath, grocer. J. DISTIN, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, ironmonger. J. FIRTH, Halifax, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.

March 29.—J. ROBSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-owner. M. NATHAN, Skinner-place, Size-lane, stationer. F. PRESTON, St. George's-place, Hanover-square, confectioner A. M. GREIG, Great St. Helen's, wine merchant. E. M. BOUCHIER and S. BONSOR, Oxford-street, tallow-chandlers. B. BREEDS, Hastings, Sussex, lime-burner. D. FRASER, Pulteney-terrace, Pentonville, ship-owner. J. MARDON, Euston-place, Euston-square, saddler. W. SMITH, Lymington, Southampton, surgeon. J. D. STAINBANK, Honiton, Devonshire, grocer. J. TOWERS, Strand, insurance-broker. W. TIPLER, Banbury, Oxfordshire, currier. W. YORKE, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, ironmonger. J. FAIRBARN, Castleford, Yorkshire, grocer. J. ASTBURY and S. DAVISON, Eccleshall and Stone, Staffordshire, brewers. J. WHITE, Newark-upon-Trent, victualler. R. NELL, Grantham, Lincolnshire, bookseller. J. MORRIS, Cheltenham, baker.

April 2.—C. METCALF, Leeds, common brewer. J. MEEK, Strand, wine-merchant. J. ATTREE, Brighton, grocer. J. and W. SLATER, Strand, wax-chandlers. J. CHARLESWORTH, Copley-gate, Yorkshire, merchant. S. STEVENS, Bryerley-hill, Staffordshire, builder. J. and R. J. MATCHETT, Derby, grocers. G. BAREHEAD, New Malton, Yorkshire, corn-merchant. R. CURTIS, Warrington, Lancashire, tanner. T. WATKINSON, Liverpool, tobacconist.

April 5.—W. RATTENBURY, East-lane, Bermondsey, shipwright. C. BOLLIN, Barossa-place, Queen's Elms, Chelsea, plumber. R. FERGUSON, Old Broad-street, dealer. J. BLACKBURN, Minories, builder. T. TYRRELL, Little Trinity-lane, victualler. J. ELLIS, Prince's-street, Hanover-square, tailor. W. GARBUTT, Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, brick-manufacturer. J. W. and T. F. BOWGIN, Bristol, plumbers. G. and R. HILTON, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. C. KEET, Ryde, Isle of Wight, grocer. R. FISHWICK, Bury, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. J. STEAD, Leeds, saddler. F. BALKWILL, Plymouth, corn-factor.

April 9.—J. GRIMBLE, sen. and J. GRIMBLE, jun., Elm-street, Gray's-inn-lane, coach-spring-makers. T. WOODHOUSE, jun., Milk-street, Cheapside, hosier. W. ARMITAGE, Sowerby-bridge, Yorkshire, victualler. T DAVIES, Liverpool, currier. D. WATSON, J. MAGINNIS, and S. PERRIN, Beswick, Lancashire, glass-manufacturers. J. BOOT, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, victualler. T. T. ISEMONGER, Little Hampton, Sussex, merchant. J. EVANS, of the Tything of Whistones, Worcestershire, horse-dealer. D. THACKERAY, J. THACKERAY, and J. BALDWIN, Walton, Lancashire, brewers. H. A. BACON, Sheffield, printer.

April 12.—J. HAWKINS, Old Quebec-st., Oxford-street, victualler. G. F. SENIOR, Goswell-street, engineer. T. MORLIDGE, Manchester, builder. J. EDLESTON, Manchester, spinner. A. MELLOR, Blackmoor, Aldermanbury, clothier. J. BLAKE, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, victualler.

April 16.—R. HARRIS, Cannon-street, St. George's East, biscuit-baker. R. WHITESIDE, Pilling, Lancashire, miller. R. BROWN, Mattishall, Norfolk, general shop-keeper. J. LOWE, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, victualler. W. TILLS the younger, Stutton, Suffolk, miller. W. JOHNSON, Leamington Priors, Warwick, builder. H. DAVENPORT, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. T. TURNER, Liverpool, ironmonger. J. E. CHAPMAN, Little Harrowden, Northamptonshire, farmer.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

March 26.—The Law Amendment Bill was considered in Committee. Lord Eldon and Lord Wynford opposed the special pleading correction clause, which was, however, eventually carried on a division.

March 28.—The Lord Chancellor presented his promised Bill for the establishment of Courts of Local Jurisdiction.

March 30.—The House of Lords met for the purpose of receiving the Irish Disturbances' Bill with the Amendments. It was read a first time and ordered to be printed.

April 1.—The Bishop of Bristol presented a petition from the Clergy, &c., of Bristol, against the Irish Church Reform Bill. Lord Eldon stated that he would rather perish than consent to the passing of the Bill. Lord Wharncliffe and the Bishop of London having presented petitions for the better Observance of the Sabbath, said they could not give the Bill their support, as they considered the provisions it contained would not be palatable to the country. Earl Grey moved the adoption of the Commons' Amendments to the Irish Disturbances' Bill. Lord Ellenborough and the Earl of Eldon contended, that if the outrages could be suppressed by such mild measures as now remained for their suppression, then the representations on which the Bill proceeded had been ill-founded, unless it could be shown that the state of crime in Ireland had recently diminished. Earl Grey thought that, although alterations had been introduced, the Bill remained as effective as ever, in some respects, but he was bound to admit, not in all: that there was an improvement in the state of Ireland, was proved by the result of the circuits, and he fully believed that the introduction of the Bill had produced a powerful and a favourable effect. The Duke of Wellington said, by the present amendments, offences were to be tried by common law, while the preamble set forth, that such law was inefficient. If justice could be administered by the ordinary tribunals, the provision was unnecessary, but if witnesses were unable to give evidence in safety, the Courts-Martial were requisite Lord Plunkett defended the amendment, and said that the progress of the Circuit showed the improving state of Ireland. After much debate, the amendments were all agreed to.

April 2.—The royal assent was given by Commission to the Irish Disturbances' Bill.—Lord Plunkett moved the second reading of the Irish Juries' Bill, which called forth a great deal of opposition. Lord Wicklow said, if Ministers, instead of labouring to assimilate the laws of the two countries, would endeavour to assimilate the condition of the people of each kingdom, more good might result. He asked for authority for representing that the present Jury system did not work well. Lord Plunkett defended the Bill, and contended that it was most desirable not only to secure impartial Juries, but to satisfy the people that the best means for accomplishing such objects were adopted. The Bill was eventually read a second time.

April 3.—The Lord Chancellor brought forward his Chancery Amendment Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be printed. The House went into Committee on the Irish Juries' Bill, and several amendments were proposed and agreed to.

April 4.—On the motion of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the House adjourned to Tuesday the 16th inst.

April 16.—Lord Wynford moved the second reading of the Common Law Amendments' Bill. Lord Lyndhurst opposed the Bill, and observed, that the opinions of the Judges coincided with his opinion, that, instead of diminishing, it would increase delay and expense. Lord Eldon also opposed it. The Lord Chancellor admitted that there was much in the Bill that could not be approved, but he would not go so far as to resist the principle of the Bill. It was eventually, however, rejected.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 25.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed a wish that the motion regarding the Irish Church Temporalities should take precedence of the Committee of Supply; but this was opposed, on the ground that many Members were absent who expected the Estimates would be settled first. The Chancellor of the Exchequer therefore moved that the House resolve into a Committee of Supply, to consider the Navy Estimates. Mr. Hume opposed the motion, asserting that the House ought to have a financial statement of the resources of the country before framing the Estimates. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that it had been the intention of Government to state, early in the Session, details illustrative of the finances; and the business which had hitherto occupied the Session had alone prevented the adoption of that course. Mr. Hume finally withdrew his amendment, and the House resolved into a Committee of Supply; and Sir J. Graham moved resolutions on the Navy Estimates. The resolutions led to much discussion; in the course of which Sir E. Codrington made some extraordinary attacks on the Administration of which Sir R. Peel and Mr. Croker were members. The Chancellor of the Exchequer postponed the contemplated Committee on the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland.

March 26.—Mr. Robinson submitted his motion for a Select Committee to revise the taxation of the country, to consider its pressure on productive industry, the propriety of commutation, and of substituting a property tax in lieu thereof. The Hon. Gentleman, in a speech of some length, urged the House, before the financial statements were brought forward, to express its opinion, not as to the reduction of taxation, but as to the expediency of ascertaining whether it could not be differently, and less injuriously, imposed by means of a property tax. Mr. Warburton seconded the motion. After considerable discussion, the Government not acceding to the motion, from a wish not to be pledged as to the tax named, the motion was negatived on a division.

March 27.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the further consideration of the report of the Irish Disturbances' Bill. To prevent verbal errors, &c. it was found requisite to re-commit the Bill. Mr. O'Connell reserved his opposition till the third reading, when he should take the sense of the House. In the Committee, a long discussion arose on the Amendment previously adopted, that the Lord Lieutenant should not proclaim any district, on the ground *merely* of obstruction to the payment of tithes. Several Honourable Members condemned the language as absurd; it was, however, defended, as quieting the alarms of many, and retained on a division. Sir J. Hobhouse afterwards brought forward the Army Estimates. The first resolution only was carried.

March 28.—In the Commons, Mr. Ewart obtained leave to bring in a Bill for giving prisoners a full defence by counsel in Criminal cases. Sir F. Vincent obtained leave to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the law of libel.—Mr. Wilks obtained the appointment of a select committee to consider the general state of parochial registries, &c. in England and Wales.

March 29.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the third reading of the Disturbances' Suppression (Ireland) Bill. Mr. Cobbett moved an amendment, that the Bill be read a third time this day six months. On this question the House divided; for the amendment, 86; against it, 345. The Bill was then read a third time, and passed.

April 1.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer again brought forward the Irish Church Reform, moving three resolutions, as the foundation of the Bill, which the forms of the House had required to be withdrawn. Mr. Lefroy complained of the plan, and said that the Church receipts were greatly exaggerated, but that the lay-impropriators received too much. The first resolution, after considerable debate, was read and agreed to.

April 2.—The Report of the Hertford Election Committee was brought up, and bribery being declared, the members were unseated. A petition was presented, complaining of the recent return for Marylebone, and a committee thereupon is to be balloted for May 21st.—The debate on the resolutions regarding the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland was resumed. The resolutions were ultimately carried. On the report of the Mutiny Bill, Mr. Hume moved a clause to abolish flogging in England. Sir Francis Burdett condemned the practice, and said that had Sir J. Hobhouse continued Secretary War, a clause would have been proposed

of a mitigating quality. Lord Palmerston considered the present system was requisite to secure the discipline of the Army. After some further debate, Sir F. Burdett proposed an alteration in the amendment, to limit flogging to offences of open mutiny, stealing, and drunkenness on guard. The House then divided, when there appeared a majority of eleven against the clause. Mr. Hume said he should for the present leave the question in the hands of the Government.

April 3.—Mr. W. Patten brought forward his motion for a Commission to inquire into the treatment of children employed in factories; and stated that the previous inquiries were *ex parte*, as the masters had not been heard. Lord Ashley resisted the motion, considering that after all the evidence that had been collected on the subject, during a succession of years, by both Houses, the Commission was unnecessary. After a long discussion the House divided, and the motion for the Commission was carried by a majority of one.—The Mutiny Bill was read a third time and passed.—The report of the Committee on the Church Temporalities' Bill was brought up, and ordered to be taken into consideration after Easter.

April 4.—Mr. Spring Rice moved for a new writ for Coventry, Mr. Ellice having accepted the office of Secretary at War since his election. The Hon. Gent., in the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved the adjournment of the House till Monday the 15th inst.

April 15.—After some conversation on the amount of the judges' salaries, the House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply. Sir J. Graham therein moved various resolutions for grants on Navy Estimates, the discussions on which occupied nearly the whole of the evening.

April 16.—Sir E. Wilmot obtained leave to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the Act relating to the proceedings in indictments against offenders who had been previously convicted of felony. Also, to alter and amend the Act relating to proceedings by indictment against persons under the age of seventeen charged with simple larceny. Mr. Lennard obtained leave to bring in a Bill to remove the punishment of death from the offence of breaking into a dwelling-house, stealing therefrom, and putting the inmates in bodily fear. The motion called forth a great deal of interesting discussion. Mr. Faithfull proposed a resolution that the Church of England, as by law established, is not recommended by practical utility; that its revenues have always been subject to legislative enactments; and that the greater part, if not the whole, of those revenues ought to be appropriated to the relief of the nation. The debate was cut short by the Chancellor of the Exchequer declaring that he could not enter into a polemical discussion. The motion was negatived.

April 17.—Mr. R. Grant addressed the House at considerable length in support of his motion for emancipating the Jews; and contended that the Jews were entitled to the same act of justice as had been extended to the Roman Catholics. Sir R. Inglis opposed the motion, maintaining that it was characterized by that spurious liberality which had already done so much to disturb existing institutions; and that, if the present motion were adopted, there would be no reason for preventing the Brahmins and others from being qualified to administer the Protestant government of this country. Mr. Macaulay supported the motion in a speech of considerable length. Mr. Hume and Mr. Bolton also supported it. Sir R. Inglis said he had a few words to say in explanation, but, in the absence of his Majesty's Ministers, he would not detain the House. The resolution was then put and carried without a division.—Mr. O'Connell moved for the proclamation and other papers connected with the proclaiming of the city as well as the county of Kilkenny. Sir J. Hobhouse conceded all the papers, except the correspondence of the Lord Lieutenant. After a lengthened discussion, the House divided on that part of the motion, when there appeared a majority against it of 115.

April 18.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the commutation of Tithes, by which a perpetual and equitable commutation would be effected, to be adjusted either at a corn or money rent. His Lordship during his speech alluded to the recent statements of the income of the Church, which he proved had been greatly exaggerated.

April 19.—Mr. Hume moved for a return of the number of persons, with their names and respective amounts (and when granted), receiving pensions under the 57th of Geo. III.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer made his "Financial Statement." He com-

menced with detailing what the present ministers had done in fulfilment of that pledge of economy on which they entered office. They had reduced 1,387 places, the income of which was 231,400*l.*; being a saving to the country, after deducting for compensation, &c., of 193,000*l.* There was, besides, a reduction in the diplomatic salaries of 91,000*l.* Amongst the reductions of places were three parliamentary offices. They had also brought upwards of 560 persons from the retired list into actual service; thereby saving the halfpay. He also entered into enumerations of the income and expenditure of the country. There was a surplus of 1,487,143*l.* last year, which covered the preceding year's deficiency, and left an excess of 235,000*l.* There was also a diminution in the expenditure last year to the amount of 2,492,320*l.* The state of the finances was such as to leave a surplus. His opinions against surplus were well known, he having always thought that reduction of taxation was preferable to surplus revenue—an opinion that, perhaps, he had too sanguinely followed. The present year's income he estimated at 46,494,128*l.*; the expenditure (including charge of 30,300,000*l.* on the Consolidated Fund) at 44,922,219*l*; leaving a surplus of about 1,571,909*l.* Having stated that he *could not* at present propose *any reduction on malt* or *newspaper stamps*, he proceeded to name the following reductions:—

On tiles (the duty on slates having been repealed), total repeal of duty—amount 37,000*l.*

On Advertisements, instead of 3*s.* 6*d.* duty on each advertisement, as at present—2*s.* on the first insertion, 1*s.* 6*d.* on the second insertion, and 1*s.* for every subsequent insertion; estimated a reduction of one-half, or 75,000*l.*

On Marine Insurances—the duty on coastwise insurances to remain, the *foreign* insurances to be *reduced*—loss to the revenue (the whole duty now producing 220,000*l.*)—100,000*l.*

Assessed Taxes, as far as regards shops, warehouses, &c., to be reduced, so as to operate as one-third reduction in particular cases; but on houses and windows in all other cases, there is to be *no reduction* of those taxes: out of 2,570,000*l.*, this partial reduction will make a loss to the revenue of 100,000*l.*

Taxed Cart duty to be entirely repealed; amount 35,000*l.*

Shopmen's Tax also to be entirely repealed—amount 40,000*l.*

On Clerks, Book-keepers, &c., entire repeal—amount 55,000*l.*

On Stewards, &c., entire repeal—amount 9,500*l.*

The reduction in the Assessed Taxes he estimated at 244,000*l.*

Raw Cotton, the duty imposed in 1831 to be repealed. The whole duty at present produced 626,000*l.*—of that 326,000*l.* was raised by the duty of 1831; he, however, estimated the repeal of the 1831 duty on raw cotton would cause a loss to the revenue of 300,000*l.*

The Duty on Soap he proposed to reduce *one-half*. The amount raised by the present duty was 1,186,000*l.*, but as he calculated that the reduction would cause an increased consumption he estimated the loss at not more than 593,000*l.*

These, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, were all the reductions of taxation that he deemed it safe or practicable to propose at present. The amount is 1,349,000*l.*; but taking into consideration the increased consumption that will be occasioned by reduction of duty, he thought the loss to the revenue eventually would not be more than 1,056,000*l.*, and, upon that calculation, he added, there would still be a surplus revenue to the amount of 516,000*l.* An extended conversation followed, in which Mr. Hume, Sir R. Peel, Mr. Baring, &c., took part. Many Members, while expressing their gratification with the statements illustrative of the satisfactory condition of the finances, and at the amount of surplus, which allowed further reductions of taxation, said that more satisfaction would have been given to the country by some positive and general reduction of the house and window taxes; or, in the event of reduction not being practicable, by a revision of the taxes, particularly of the house tax, so as to render the burden less partial and oppressive. The propositions were eventually agreed to; and the report of the Committee of Ways and Means is to be presented on Monday.

The following ministerial changes have taken place:—Privy Seal—Earl of Ripon, in the room of the Earl of Durham. Colonial Secretary—the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, in the room of Viscount Goderich. Secretary for Ireland—the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, in the room of the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley. Secretary at War—the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, in the room of Sir J. C. Hobhouse. Viscount Howick has been succeeded by John Lefevre, Esq., as Under Colonial Secretary.

THE REVENUE.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Year and Quarter ended 5th of April, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Yr. ending Apr. 5, 1833.	
	Decrease	Increase.
Customs .... £		432,047
Excise		21,088
Stamps	188,970	
Taxes..............		15,443
Post Office	79,006	....
Miscellaneous		2,799
Total Ordin. Revenue	267,976	471,377
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works	....	26,988
Total Income.....	267,976	498,365
Deduct Decrease....	....	267,976
Increase on the year.	....	230,389

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Quarter ended 5th of April, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Qr ended Apr. 5, 1833.	
	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs .... £		43,628
Excise		33,645
Stamps		82,076
Taxes....	59,970	....
Post Office	......	2,000
Miscellaneous	9,337	
Total Ordin. Revenue.	69,307	161,319
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works		378
Total Income.........	69,307	161,727
Deduct Increase......		69,307
Decrease on the Quarter		92,420

The usual returns of the net produce of the revenue for the quarter just ended are thus of a mixed character, presenting upon the whole financial year, as compared with the last, an increase of 230,389*l.*; but upon the quarter itself a deficiency to the amount of 92,420*l.* The most unfavourable items in the account are those of the "Stamps" and "Post Office," in both of which the falling off is uniform upon the year and quarter; the first being 188,970*l.* upon the year, and 82,076*l.* upon the quarter; and as regards the Post Office, the deficiency is 70,006*l.* as to the year, and 2000*l.* to the quarter. The Assessed Taxes, on the other hand, show an increase upon the two periods—upon the first, of 15,443*l.*, and upon the latter of 59,970*l.* The "Miscellaneous" also have proved more productive by 2799*l.* upon the year, and 9337*l.* upon the quarter, than their returns in the last year. The Customs give an excess of 432,047*l.* over the receipts of last year, but are less by 43,628*l.* upon the quarter; and the Excise also, though better upon the whole year by 21,088*l.*, betrays a falling off upon the quarter to the amount of 33,615*l.* The amount of Exchequer Bills required for the coming quarter is estimated at 4,282,654*l.*

THE COLONIES.

JAMAICA.

Mr. Whitelock, a magistrate of Savanna-là-Mar, had been deprived of his commission by Lord Mulgrave, for having put his signature to certain resolutions passed by the Colonial Church Union of Westmoreland, of which Society Mr. Whitelock was chairman. In the letter written by Mr. Whitelock, in reply to the notice of the Governor's intention to remove him, he expresses his satisfaction at the event, inasmuch as he considers it impossible that "any administration of justice can take place, beneficial to the peace of the country, so long as the Governor, in the exercise of his authority, continues to pursue a course marked by extreme partiality, and adopts every possible mode of evincing his hostility to the constitution of that country." The island still appears to be in a state of extreme excitement.

CANADA.

Accounts have been received from Lower Canada, which state that the Committee appointed by the Legislature to form a new Constitution had agreed upon one as follows:—An elective Legislative Council, chosen by landholders having a net income of 10*l.* in the country, and 20*l.* in the cities, to have been resident one year

within the circle where the election takes place. The eligibility is to be restricted to subjects of his Majesty, having attained 30 years of age, and having resided in the province for a period of not less than 15 years, and possessing property in the province of at least 100*l.* value for those elected for the country, and 200*l.* for those of Quebec and Montreal. The duration of the Council is to be limited to six years, and removal is to be made of one-sixth part every year, it being to be determined by lot during the first five years which member shall retire. When a vacancy occurs, the new member is only to be elected for the remaining period left unfilled by his predecessor. The number of the members to be equal to that of the counties, cities, and divisions thereof, or other circles sending members to the House of Assembly, with the exception of boroughs whose population does not exceed 2,000 souls, who would only have to vote in the counties of which they made a part, so that the number of Councillors would be nearly half that of the House of Assembly. The Speaker, or Chairman, to be chosen by the members, subject to the approval of his Majesty. Judges to be ineligible, as well as the Clergy. The members of the present Legislative Council are not to belong to the new one, except they are re-elected; or if his Majesty's Government persist in retaining them, they are to be considered as supernumerary members. The Legislative Council is not to be subject to dissolution. The members are not to accept otherwise than by Bill any place of profit or honour, during good pleasure, excepting those of Justice of the Peace, and of Militia, nor become accountable for the public money, nor receive any, directly or indirectly, from the Executive Government, without subjecting themselves to a re-election. Individuals offering themselves as candidates, must make oath to their qualification, and if not present, their electors must make affirmation of the same to the best of their knowledge and belief. The members, when elected, were to take the same oath previous to taking their seats. When members were elected both for the Legislative Council and the Assembly, they were to choose which they accepted of.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

M. Lionne, the editor of the "Tribune," has been condemned to the maximum of the punishment allowed by law, amounting to a fine of 400*l.*, and three years' imprisonment.

Dismissals from the French Army.—The following distinguished staff-officers have just been dismissed from the French army, by an ordonnance dated the 30th ult., in consequence of their not having taken the oath of allegiance required by the law:—The Ducs de Guiche, d'Escars, de Polignac, the Prince de Croi-soire; Marquises de Rouge, d'Espinay, St. Luc, de Conflans, de Coislin; Vicomtes St. Priest and de Berbier; Counts de la Roche-Jacquelin, de Brecon, de Mesnard, de St. Hubert; Barons Crossard, de Damas. Among these, the Ducs de Guiche and d'Escars, the Prince de Croi-soire, Viscount de St. Priest, and the Baron de Damas, hold the rank of Lieutenants-General; the remainder hold that of Maréchaux-de-Camp.

The King's Speech upon Proroguing the Chambers on Thursday.—"Gentlemen of the Chambers of Peers and Deputies,

"After the long and important labour of this Session, I feel, above all, the necessity of thanking you for what you have already done for France and for myself.

"The Monarchy and the Charter are strengthened by your energetic devotion. You have understood and supported on every occasion the real interests of France, and the constitutional throne; you have afforded to my Government the most hearty support.

"France already reaps the fruits of it. There are no longer hopes on which we may venture to indulge. We have entered upon a new era of prosperity. The country is become tranquil, and confidence is restored. Commerce and industry are exhibited with an activity the most profitable. In every quarter labour secures the comfort of the people, and gives strength to the order which universally prevails.

"These improvements produce despair amongst the factious, whose disappointment evaporates in threats. They shall be impotent, Gentlemen; your honourable example will support the courage of all good citizens. The firm support of my Government will never be wanting to them; and the tranquil development of our institutions, the national security at home and abroad, will be our reward.

"To attain this object, it is indispensable that the finances and the general administration of the State shall be restored to their regular footing. The provisional state of things, in which the influence of circumstances has kept us up to the present moment, is a serious evil for the country and its Government. When it shall cease, the examination of the expenditure will become more efficacious; the voting the supplies will be freed from all embarrassment; the public authorities will be in possession of all their powers, and the country of all its guarantees.

"It is this powerful motive which has determined me to ask of your patriotism a new session. I shall order that it be immediately opened. The financial measures, which will, at length, reduce in some degree the public expenses, will be immediately submitted to you. You will, at the same time, terminate the important plans of organization, which have already been submitted to your deliberation.

"I cannot but congratulate myself upon the state of our relations with foreign Powers. Events have proved that the question which divides Holland and Belgium may be resolved without disturbing the repose of Europe.

"The state of the East pre-occupies all minds; but there is reason to believe, that a speedy determination will re-establish tranquillity in those countries. Be assured that there, as elsewhere, France will maintain the line of conduct and occupy the station which become her; and I am confident that whether the support of her dignity, or the security of her prosperity, or the preservation of her liberties, be in question, the nation will never be deceived in what it has a right to expect, and that she will render justice to our common efforts."

SPAIN.

The Cortes are convoked for the 20th of June next, for the sole purpose of taking the oath of fidelity to the future Queen. The forms prescribed for the convocation of this assembly will render it a mere piece of religious or feudal pageantry; and if the Government can exercise a control over its proceedings, the meeting will be rigorously kept from all political discussion. But if this be the case,—if the Deputies are to be packed by the Administration, and restrained from any free expression of opinion when they assemble,—will their sanction be of much service as the confirmation of a disputed title?

PORTUGAL.

On the 4th instant, being the Queen's birthday, Don Pedro made the following promotions:—Marquis Palmella made Duke of Fayal; Count Funchal, Marquis of Funchal; Brigadier-General Torres, who defended the Serra Convent, made Baron Bernardo de Sa; the Governor of Oporto, who lost his arm on the 27th of September, a Baron; with several other promotions.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

At Lewisham church, Edward Ross, second son of the late Rev. Thomas Ross, of Ross Trevor, in the county of Down, to Ann Mayon, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay.

At Duncrub, Perthshire, Captain Thomas Knox Trotter, the younger, 17th Lancers, of Ballindean, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Rollo.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. J. Hobart Seymour, M.A., Prebendary of Gloucester, eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir M. Seymour, Bart., K.C.B., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev.T. Culme, of Tothil, Devon.

At Kentchurch, near Hereford, G. Bentham, Esq., only son of the late General Sir S. Bentham, K.S.G., and nephew of the late Jeremy Bentham, Esq., to Sarah, youngest daughter of Sir H. J. Brydges, K.C., LL.D., late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia.

Sir John Brooke Pechell, Bart., to the Hon. Julia Maria, only surviving daughter of Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

Francis James Saumarez Savage, Esq., youngest son of Colonel Sir John Boscawen Savage, C.B. and K.C.H., to Susannah Jane, youngest daughter of the late Rev William Eveleigh, LL.B., vicar of Lamberhurst and Aylesford, in the county of Kent.

Andrew Starky, Esq., of Spye-park, in the country of Wilts, to Charlotte, daughter of William Wyndham, Esq, of Dinton, in the same county.

At Chichester, Adam Urquhart, Esq., of Edinburgh, to Miss Mary Lydia Maltby, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester.

Died.]—Suddenly, on the 8th of March last, at his residence in Charlotte-street, Leamington, of a disease of the heart, William Weston, Esq., deeply lamented by his family.

At Helstone, Cornwall, aged 68, Samuel Drew, M.A., editor of "The Imperial Magazine," and author of an extraordinary work on the Immortality of the Soul. Mr. Drew was originally a shoemaker, and left London a few months ago to die on the spot where he was born.

On the island of Boa Vista, South America, R. Nicholson, Esq., formerly of Coleman-street. He was barbarously murdered by ruffians in his own house, in the presence of his wife and children.

At her house in Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, the Dowager Lady Strachan, aged 87.

At St. Omer, J. T. Fane, Esq., late M.P. for Lyme Regis, and nephew to the Earl of Westmoreland.

At Bermuda, in the 70th year of his age, Vice-Admiral Sir William Charles Fahie, Knight Commander of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, and of St. Ferdinand and of Merit.

At the house of her mother, the Dowager Lady Astley, Anne, the wife of Thomas Potter Macqueen, of Bedfordshire, Esq., and sister of Sir Jacob Astley, Bart., M.P. of Milton Constable, Norfolk.

At her residence in Grosvenor-square, the Dowager Julia Lady Petre, relict of Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre, and youngest sister of Bernard Edward Duke of Norfolk, in the 64th year of her age.

At Bath, William Murray, Esq., of Glencaird, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, North Britain, formerly of Montreal, Lower Canada, in the 83d year of his age.

In Bruton-street, the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Foley.

At Antony, Caroline Anne, wife of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, and sister of the present William Henry Lord Lyttelton.

In Langham-place, Sir James Langham, Bt.

Anna, youngest daughter of H. Corbould, Esq., of Crescent-place, Burton crescent, aged six years.

In Grosvenor-square, Henry George, Earl of Carnarvon, in the 61st year of his age.

At Brasted, Kent, aged 76, William Walton, Esq., Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and one of the King's Counsel.

Miss Mary Flaxman, aged 66. She was sister to the late eminent sculptor, and allied to him not more nearly by blood than by congeniality of character; she partook of his devotional spirit, his pure benevolence, and his refined taste, though she had not that genius and those talents which have conferred on our departed countryman a European celebrity.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The following gentlemen are to form the Factory Commission which is immediately to be sent into the manufacturing districts, in compliance with the vote of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Wilson Patten:—Mr. Thos. Tooke, F.R.S., Mr. L. Horner, Mr. Stuart (the American traveller), Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Power, Mr. Tuffnell (Poor-Laws' Commissioners), Mr. Spencer, Dr. Woolriche, Dr. B. Hawkins, Dr. Loudon. One or two more medical men are to be added.

Navigation of the Port of London.—The following order has been issued by the Committee for the Improvement of the Port of London:—"Ordered, that the harbour-masters do see that the provisions of the by-laws for keeping open a free and unobstructed passage-way, of not less than 300 feet, are scrupulously enforced, and particularly in the Lower Pool; that they do not allow at any time a greater number of ships or vessels being moored at the several tiers than is directed by the said by-laws."

The bas-reliefs, illustrating the naval and military victories of Great Britain during the reign of George IV., have been placed at the top of the new palace, instead of on the marble arch, as originally intended. They were executed by Westmacott, and cost 60,000*l.*

At a meeting of the Middlesex magistrates, Mr. Rotch was elected Chairman of the Sessions. The numbers were announced to be—for Mr. Rotch, 45; for Mr. Jessop, 4; for Mr. Halcomb, 0. Mr. Swabey had previously withdrawn from the contest.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Human Remains discovered.—A discovery highly interesting to the antiquarian has brought to light the remains of warriors whose powerful arms, at least 1800 years ago, gave laws to our ancestors. Some workmen employed in digging for stones on Limloe-hill, a few miles from Royston, discovered the remains of several bodies, one of which, in a most perfect state, was timely saved from their mutilation. It was carefully taken up by Mr. Deck, practical chemist, of Cambridge, in whose possession it now is, and will form very nearly an entire skeleton. This extraordinary preservation of perishable remains from so remote a period is in a great measure to be attributed to its being found imbedded upon a dry chalk soil;

its position was east and west, with the left arm across the body, and the right arm extended by its side. Upon the breast were numerous pieces of broken pottery, evidently the remains of urns of fine workmanship, and several coins of Claudius and Vespasian, and Faustina.

DEVON.

A small brass medal has been found in a field recently ploughed up near Glastonbury. The obverse represents a venerable half-length figure of St. Patrick, attired in a cope, with a rich mitre on his head, his right hand is raised in the act of blessing; his left supports the archiepiscopal cross. The inscription is "S. Patr. Vet. Scotiæ Sev. Hiber. Ap." The reverse presents the half-length figure of an Abbess, holding a lily in her right hand, and the crosier turned from her, resting on her left shoulder, with this inscription, "S. Brig. V Hiber. SS. Insvlæ. Pat." St. Bridget, or Bride, died about the middle of the sixth century.

KENT.

Preparations are making for building a new quay on the southern side of the Pent near Dover. The work will shortly be commenced.

YORK.

Discovery of a Roman Relic—As the workmen were engaged in removing some old buildings in the Mint yard, York (where it is intended to form the new street from Blake-street to Bootham-bar), they came to a flat stone about three feet long and two feet broad, which on removing displayed on the under side a Roman inscription, every letter of which was perfect, and surrounded by curious carving in equal preservation DEO' SANCTO SERAPI TEMPLVM' ASO LO' FECIT CL' HERONYMIANVS' LEG LEG' VI' VICT.' The inscription may be thus translated—"This temple, sacred to the God *Serapis*, was erected (A Solo) from the ground, by Claudius Hieronymianus, legate or lieutenant of the Sixth Conquering Legion." This curious piece of ancient sculpture is supposed, from the inscription, to be nearly 1700 years old. It is at present deposited in one of the rooms at the Guildhall.—*York Paper.*

IRELAND.

Ancient Statue.—There is now preserved in the Carmelite Church, in Whitefriar-street, Dublin, a very interesting sample of ancient sculpture—a statue of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, carved in Irish oak, as large as life. The style of the execution is dry and Gothic, yet it has considerable merit, and is by many attributed to some pupil of Albert Durer's school, to whose time and manner it seems to belong. There are some traditional circumstances relative to the preservation of this statue, which are interesting. It was originally a distinguished ornament in St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin, where it was not less an object of religious reverence than of admiration for the beauty of its construction. (See Archdall's Monasticon) Its fame, however, was lost when the religious house in which it was deposited was suppressed. The Abbey was given to the Earl of Ormond for stables for his train, and the beautiful relic alluded to was condemned, and supposed to have been consigned to the flames. One-half of the statue was actually burned, but it was fortunately the less important moiety, and when placed in a niche, the deficiency is somewhat concealed. The portion remaining was carried by some person to a neighbouring inn-yard, where, with its face buried in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated to the ignoble purpose of a pig-trough! In this situation it remained until the irreligious tempest had subsided, and the vandalism of the Iconoclasts had passed away, and then it was restored to its ancient respect in the humble chapel of St. Michan's parish (Mary's-lane), which had timidly ventured to rise out of the ruins of the great monastery, to which the statue originally belonged. During the long night of its obscurity a great change had, however, taken place in the spirit of the times more dangerous to its safety than even the abhorrence of its Iconoclast enemies. No longer an object of admiration to any except the curious antiquary, it was considered of such little value by its owners, that within the last few years the ancient silver crown which adorned the head was sold for its mere intrinsic value, and melted down as old plate *. The statue itself would most probably have shared the fate of its coronet, had it been composed of an equally precious material, but fortunately it was rescued for a trifling sum, by the Very Rev. John Spratt, prior of the Carmelite-convent, Whitefriar-street, where it is at present deposited, at the epistle side of the high altar.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

* This crown is generally supposed to have been the identical one used at the coronation of Lambert Simnel, in Christ's-church, Dublin.

THE

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THE POLITICIAN, NO. XV.

PARLIAMENTARY MISMANAGEMENT OF TIME—MINISTERIAL WANT OF FORESIGHT—SIR JOHN HOBHOUSE'S CONDUCT EXPLAINED—SIR ROBERT HERON'S PROPOSED MOTION THAT MEMBERS SHOULD NOT VACATE SEATS ON TAKING OFFICE—THE NATIONAL CONVENTION—THE VERDICT ON THE POLICEMAN.

THE mismanagement of time, during the present Session, has been this:—too much has been attempted to have had much done. It is not that Ministers have not brought forward measures—it is because they have brought forward so many, that they have completed none.—The characteristic of the time is therefore DOUBT. Throughout all the great interests, there floats an anxious spirit of disquietude and uncertainty. No man knows what will be the fate of any of the measures hitherto introduced—we cannot track them to their bourne. The West Indian question of to-day may be very different from the West Indian question of to-morrow. The Bank Charter of next week will not, perhaps, be the Bank Charter of next month. The public attention, distracted with so many questions, sees all agitated and none settled—none, at least, of a *remedial* nature—and this is a great misfortune; those of a *discouraging* nature are, indeed, determined for the present. We are quite sure that the Assessed Taxes will not be taken off—we are not sure that tithes will not be kept on. This mismanagement of time has resulted from a want of bold and sagacious forethought in the Government; they were not aware of the temper of the people at the commencement of Parliament. They imagined that, having effected a great change, the people were prepared for patience—as if one change in the construction of a state is not necessarily the parent of impetuous desire for a thousand changes in the working! They imagined that, having granted a benefit to the people, they had full reason to expect the confidence of the people—that they might accordingly assume an attitude of power, and dally with purposes of good—as if the confidence of the people is ever given to *men!* No, it is given to *circumstances:* they

may believe in a man's wish to serve them, but it is to his situation, and the powers belonging to it, that they alone trust for obtaining the service. The people saw a liberal House of Commons, but they saw also a Tory House of Peers; they were fearful the Ministers should halt and trim between the two—the Ministers have seemed to do so, and the popular apprehension runs at once into the popular distrust.

It is this want of foresight which has brought so many difficulties on the Government. They need not have done half so much, but they might have done it with a greater effect. Their very first act, in the very first week of Parliament, should have been the appointment of two Committees—the one to inquire into the state of the Finances, and report to the House what reduction could be made—the second, to inquire into the best means of establishing a National Education*. There would have been an openness, a courage, a grandeur in these propositions, that would have dazzled the whole people. Prepared for great changes, they would have hailed these vigorous yet safe first steps to them. Thus the ministers would have put a stop at once to the motions of Mr. Hume, which have done them so much harm. They might, with a fair front, have referred all his sinecure and saving propositions to the Finance Committee they had summoned—meanwhile they would have had time to breathe. The Committees could not have reported till the end of the Session, if so soon, and they would have had ample leisure to act upon their reports.

Thus, clearing away a load of embarrassing motions, and commencing business with the air of earnestness and honesty, they might have devoted themselves at once to the great measures they desired peculiarly to introduce; and, by this time, instead of having lost ground with the people, they would be immeasurably higher than before the Parliament was summoned. But, wanting this foresight and frankness of design, anxious to show the higher classes that they were not the democrats they were accused of being; desirous of putting a little into this scale, because they had just put a little into the other;—they stop the gaping expectation of the people with the damp discouragement of the King's speech,—and gallop away from the hopes of England upon the wings of a despotism for Ireland. Oh, that fatal measure!—Not that the English, in general, cared much for a harsh blow upon brother Pat. So far as Ireland was concerned, they stomached the affront;—but the abstract principle of Liberty was concerned also,—and the injury to that principle offended them more than the injury to Ireland. They were made angry, too, by a droll sort of jealousy;—they were angry to see that Ireland received so early and disproportionate a share of attention,—angry that we were

* One of the first acts of the Doctrinaire Ministry has been to institute, through M. Cousin, inquiries into the Education of Prussia, in order to acquire experience for establishing Education in France.

engaged in quarrelling with Pat, instead of minding our own concerns; —they consoled themselves, however, by the belief that, so much flogging for Ireland, the Ministers must counterbalance by a whole cart-load of cakes for England. And thus their expectations of relief, instead of being damped, were raised tenfold, by the evidence of harshness.—Thus disappointment has followed disappointment;—the Ministers have seemed to be always taken by surprise, and the country always doomed to be cheated into discontent. Thus good measures have produced no satisfaction,—and a general sentiment of disgust has swallowed up the merit of many individual measures. The Irish Church Reform—the English Tithe Bill—the opening of the China trade—the well-meant, if doubtfully practical Emancipation scheme of Mr. Stanley—have fallen like flakes of snow,—melted in a moment—on the excited and acrid mind of the public.—So much good may men do,—and, for want of a greatness of design in the doing it, lose even the gratuity of thanks!

As all species of ill-doing require their victim, so the mismanagement of the Ministers has produced its own;—and, as the victim of a party is usually one of the best of the band, so the victim of the Whigs has been Sir John Hobhouse. Nothing has more deeply convinced us of the low standard and the dim comprehension of public virtue in this country than the fact that nobody understood, and nobody appreciated, the generous and noble conduct of that most honourable man. Now,—stay,—we see a smile on your face, Sir. You are a Westminster elector? Very well;—a word or two with you:—let us consider this question. You chose Sir John Hobhouse as your representative;—he is a Minister, —but, mark, not a Cabinet Minister—viz. not a man who has a voice in any measures submitted to Parliament. He has always interested himself most diligently in the repeal of the Assessed Taxes. Nay,—mind this,—if you get them repealed next year, as you most likely will, you will owe the relief, in a great measure, to the earnestness and power with which Sir John Hobhouse began to direct, and mould, and excite, and lead Public Opinion towards the justice of affording it. Well,—he is a Minister,—he is anxious for the repeal of these taxes,—he accompanies you to Lord Althorp,—he persuades Lord Althorp,—he urges him publicly, and before your face, to that repeal;—but, mind, he is not a Cabinet Minister,—he has no more power than any independent member of the House of Commons to obtain it Lord Althorp, as usual, says neither yes nor no. You go away;—Lord Althorp brings on his budget;—it dissatisfies you;—you come to Sir John;—he promises, as far as he can, to aid you. The country gentlemen, alarmed at the clamour against the Assessed Taxes, resolve to make a push for themselves. Sir W. Ingilby leads the charge; and, by Jove, one fine night, when the whipper-in was asleep, they knock off two millions of the Malt Tax!—Two millions of Revenue are now gone;—two millions worth of taxes are to be made up: by way

of making them up you still urge the necessity of cutting down a few millions more! You call on Sir John Hobhouse to present your petition to that effect, and to vote for Sir John Key's motion, which is to leave the revenue minus some six or seven millions. Sir John Hobhouse presents your petition;—the next day comes on Sir John Key's motion,—and the next day Sir John Hobhouse has resigned,—resigned both seat and office; it is for this you blame him. Have we stated the case fairly? Yes; that's well. You blame him for this conduct. You say he should have stayed in parliament, resigned his office, and voted for the repeal of the Assessed Taxes. Pardon us; *you* mistake the question: it would no longer have been to vote for the repeal of the Assessed Taxes,—it would have been to vote for a deficit, in the revenue, of seven millions;—the question was no longer what it had been;—it was no longer whether we could spare some two or three millions;—it was whether we could spare some seven millions;—it was not a question whether you would repeal the Assessed Taxes, but whether you would have a Property or Income Tax in their stead. This alters the case. Sir John Hobhouse thinks we cannot spare seven millions, or that a Property and Income Tax would be a bad substitute. He may be wrong. We think he was; but he was not wrong on the question on which he had promised you his support. He had promised to assist you in a relief of two millions,—not in the repeal of seven:—he had promised to aid you in the removal of the Assessed Taxes, but not in establishing the necessity of *new* taxes (including an *Income* tax) as a substitute. In fact, any considerate and unprejudiced man must perceive that the unexpected success of Sir W. Ingilby's motion had placed the whole question on a different footing. But even thus did your late Representative vote against you? Did he mould himself to the Ministers? Did he prefer them to you? Did he value his office more than your interest?—No; he forsook the ministry,—he left his office,—he resigned seven thousand a year rather than vote against your wishes. But rather than vote to *turn out* (for so Lord Althorp's motion *imperatively* put it) the Ministers with whom he had just been acting,—rather than vote for a deficit of seven millions,—rather than vote for the substitution of new taxes,—he resigned his seat in parliament. And this is the conduct you cannot understand; this is the conduct you suspect,—you asperse. Why, good heavens! if Sir John Hobhouse had not cared for you; if he had not been nobly fastidious in his public conduct, what was to prevent his keeping both seat and office? What was to prevent his making a compact with the government, and withholding his vote altogether? You would have called on him to resign;—very well:—he might have told you to produce a majority of signatures, and in so vast a constituency, that, you are well aware, would have been impossible; or he might have told you he was chosen for his votes during seven years, and not for withholding the vote of one night.

Aye, and in either of these answers public opinion would have borne him out. But because he took the most disinterested line in his power,—because he put all possible selfishness from him,—because, in the flush of ambition, in the pride of place, amidst the prospects of opening greatness, he resigned both his office and his seat, you accuse him of sinister motives. Unable to appreciate his conduct, you assign mysterious and impossible reasons to it; and that which should have placed his fair name above all suspicion, you make the pretext for all attack;—you have punished him for his virtue;—through him you have struck a blow at public virtue throughout the country. You have chosen in his stead an excellent and enlightened man, a gallant soldier, a resolute politician. We grant all this: but the victory of the best individual in England is contemptible compared with the discouragement you have given to pure and disinterested principle.

Heartily, however, do we trust that some other constituency will shortly atone for the blindness of that which has deserted a man because he deserted seven thousand a year; and that parliament will not long lose the services of one of the very few of our public men who, to high talents, unites a sensitive honour. This, by the bye, brings us to another question. The misfortune of that dislike which liberal constituencies seem to feel to their representatives taking office is, that the government will be afraid to fill up their vacancies with liberal men; they may lose their seats in taking office. The ministers will thus be forced to renew themselves from the Tories, whose seats are usually pretty secure by wealth and family interest; and thus, in fact, the people will punish themselves, and virtually choose the very men they would desire most to have eschewed.

Sensible of the evils that would result from the necessity of vacating his seat every time a man changed one office for another,—knowing that while some constituencies are enlightened, others are bigoted,—seeing Sir Henry Parnell out of Parliament because he opposed the Repeal of the Union,—and knowing that it might equally have happened to him had he been Chancellor of the Exchequer,—a certain member, at the early part of the session, while the ministers were yet popular and the act would have been as gracious as prudent, asked Lord Althorp in the House whether he proposed to introduce any measure by which ministers might sit *but not vote* in the House by virtue of their office. Strong in the persuasion that popularity is immortal, Lord Althorp answered,—"No," and seemed to consider the notion quite out of the reach of future expediency. There again is the want of foresight! Now Sir Robert Heron, the especial friend of the ministers, and probably with their concurrence, has given notice of an express motion, that members should not vacate their seats on taking office. At the time the member we refer to asked the question—the ministry yet popular—

no motion could have been better timed; *now*, with an unpopular ministry, no motion can be more unseasonable. Thus, from the want of foresight, nothing is ever done at the time it should be; and what ought to be a wise providence against probable events, is made a clumsy remedy after they have occurred.

One word before we conclude,—on this unlucky National Convention, and the verdict of the jury. Here, again, what bungling! Why not have taken possession of the place instead of beating people out of it?—or why not have avoided all mistake and misinterpretation by at once reading the Riot Act? Because, scream the government newspapers, the law did not require the reading of the Riot Act. Dear gentlemen, that is no answer to the question. *Did not the people believe the law did require the reading of the Riot Act?* Do you not own that they did? Do they not still believe so in spite of your assertions to the contrary? The duty of a benevolent and a wise government was to see that the people should not sin through ignorance if it could be avoided; and, knowing the sad complication of our laws, they might at least have chosen a clear law when they had the option. Here again the want of foresight!—they disperse the National Convention, a most trumpery and worthless enemy, and they bring down upon themselves the verdict of the jury that sat upon the poor policeman, and *that* is an enemy of far greater importance, for it is not the enemy of a mob, but the enemy of public opinion. We are sorry for that verdict; it was evidently honest, but its ulterior consequences may be mischievous. A National Convention is another word for national disorder; it can only be supposed to take place when all forms of regular legislation are suspended; and a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide" against a man who kills a policeman for assisting legally to disperse a mob with so ominous a name is a justification of riot against law. And this the bungling and mismanagement of the Home Secretary have brought upon us. We are sorry, also, for the feeling that seems to grow up against the Police force,—a most valuable substitute for the old watchmen. But we doubt whether they will ever be well administered and controlled,—whether they will ever be placed under a proper head, until a regular minister and central *bureau* of police be established. All our reforms are regulated by the poor spirit of detail, and never in the great one of a comprehensive principle. But the Bank Charter and the Slavery Question are hurrying on,—more first words, of which we are never to hear the last. We must suspend our review of past events. Well, by the way, may the measures brought before our present parliament be called *questions*,—everybody questions their merit, and nobody answers for their result!

MODERN NOVELISTS AND RECENT NOVELS.

Mrs. Gore, her Novels and Genius—Mrs. Sheridan, "Aims and Ends," "Carwell," &c.—Mr. Scargill, "The Puritan's Grave"—Mr. D'Israeli—Captain Marryat—"Godolphin."

THE changes in literature arise not so much in proportion as intelligence is increased in height, but in proportion as it extends its surface. Men first like what presents itself to their senses, and in that age,—behold the passion for the drama. Enlightenment spreads, and they then like what presents itself to the mind,—behold the passion for written fictions. The drama and the novel belong to the same class,—are addressed to the same miscellaneous and extensive audience,—appeal equally to the passions,—resort to the same sources of nature,—apply the same rules of art; but the mind to which the novel is addressed has attained a further step in civilization than that to which the drama presents itself. The written fiction applies its influence to a more mature and sedate and reflective stage of intellect, when the illusive is less charming, and the active less exciting. It is natural also to suppose that, as civilization spreads, the spirit of commerce extends; as the spirit of commerce extends, fewer persons are left idle enough to go abroad for amusement,—they rather seek it at home. The novel becomes more convenient as well as less expensive than the play; it can be read at the odds and ends of leisure,—it waits your own time,—you may abbreviate or lengthen its acts as you will,—it is a pliant servant of the genius of entertainment, and conforms its proportions of diversions exactly to your necessities or your whims. By degrees, then, the novel extends its ancient and legitimate empire, and comes at last almost to monopolize the whole realm of the imagination.

But it is very remarkable, that in proportion as the demand in literature for any particular class of composition increases, the *staple* of the supply becomes deteriorated; the attention of all emulators of every grade of intellect is attracted to that market which is most in fashion; and the very rage for an especial description of work inundates us with a world of worse than mediocre competition. Thus when plays were most the fashion, as in the reigns of Charles II. and of Anne, we had, in proportion to the few good plays of the time, a horde of the most villainous. Thus when Scott and Byron brought poetry into fashion, there never before were so many bad poems pressed into the world. We may add, indeed, to the rush of inferior writers, the tempting demand which is made upon the better ones; they are irresistibly forced onward by the flattery of the public taste, and the natural excitement of

emulation, and maintain themselves rather by a fertility in producing than a diligence in perfecting. You see, in the best of these writers, a power beyond their performance; you see that they wanted nothing but time and labour to have made their good novels into great works. We are sensibly struck with this truth in reading the novels of Mrs. Gore. No writer of the day has a more remarkable power of industry; but instead of applying that power, like Pope, to the finish of a work, she devotes it, like *Lope de Vega*, to the rough draughts of a thousand works,—she casts off the rough impressions of her sparkling and various mind with a rapidity which defies correction. She is the great *improvisatrice* of three volumes at a breath. It is a proof of her talents that, with all this haste and precociousness, Mrs. Gore falls into neither of the two faults you would imagine most probable. In the first place, she is not an *incorrect* writer—on the contrary, her style is easy, polished, graceful, and peculiarly her own. It is even so finely executed at times that you might imagine she composed with great care and slowness; above all, she is singularly felicitous in the coinage of phrases and epithets; she is the consummator of that undefinable species of wit which we should call (if we did not know the word might be deemed offensive, in which sense we do not mean it) the *slang* of good society. Thus a preparatory school she has termed a *bread and milkery;* and she determines a whole class in an epithet when she calls a certain description of country gentry "*kill their own mutton sort of people.*" Other novelists have hit off a character by an *aphorism;* but Mrs. Gore is the first who ever hit off a character by a word! This species of conventional wit must, however, sometimes run from the just into the affected, and from the odd into the overstrained. And in such instances—not very frequent—are to be found the only blots in the easy and vivid style of the authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." The second bad consequence which you would suppose must arise from hasty composition, but which Mrs. Gore happily escapes, is the evidence of exhaustion. You would suppose that the stream must run low and shallow after such repeated drainings; but, no,—there is a vitality in her composition, a copiousness in her command of words and incidents that never testify an impoverished fancy or a fatigued invention; the stream glides through new banks, but it never seems less fresh or less full. But though the consequence of an over-hasty and forced productiveness be not visible either in a negligent style or a languid story, it is nevertheless very evident in Mrs. Gore's compositions; it is visible not because she writes worse in her later works, but because she does not improve; not because her works are not good, but because they are not much better. They are excellent as sketches; but, for the most part, they are only sketches,—they want colour, body,—the principles of duration. They are more like brilliant specimens of a work than works of themselves; the story has not lain long enough in the mind,—it has not been sufficiently saturated by the

imagination; it wants depth of conception and elaborateness of execution. Her characters are not *compound* enough,—they are too much exemplifications of particular qualities or foibles,—they want that rich redundance of faculties, humours, and contradictions which marks the hand of a meditative artist,—a Cervantes or a Richardson. And it is evident that these deficiencies proceed from a want of due time and contemplation, and no lack of adequate genius. Mrs. Gore's misfortune is to be too easily pleased with the first notion of her story and her characters, and too trustful to the capacities of her subsequent invention. We doubt whether she would have the heart to rub out any characters she had once put in,—to throw half a volume in the fire,—not because it was bad in itself, but because it was not in harmony with the rest. She executes with too great a facility;—in one word, she does not *ponder* enough before she sets pen to paper. Another characteristic of Mrs. Gore's genius is a habit she has of keeping its two faculties,—the light and the serious, entirely separate; she rarely amalgamates them. Her "Hungarian Tales,"—to our mind the most perfect and permanent of all her works,—partake almost wholly of the soft and grave; their beauty consists in their depth of sentiment. The easy and graceful sketch of "Mothers and Daughters" is almost as entirely made up of the levities and glittering frigidity of social life; its tone is original in its utter absence of sentiment. True that in some of her tales Mrs. Gore has recourse to both sources of interest, but rarely with success, because evidently without sufficient preparation. She does not play the springs of both grave and gay with ease at the same time; her colours run into each other while yet moist, and the result is the spoiling of the picture. But few people ever painted with so felicitous a hand the scenery of worldly life; without any apparent satire, she brings before you the hollowness, the manœuvres, and the intrigues of the world with the brilliancy of sarcasm, but with the quiet of simple narrative. Her men and women, in her graver tales, are of a noble and costly clay; their objects are great, their minds are large, their passions intense and pure;—she walks upon the stage of the world of fashion, and her characters have grown dwarfed as by enchantment. The air of frivolity has blighted their stature; their colours are pale and languid,—they have no generous ambition,—the glory and the vision have left them,—they are *little people!*—they are fine people! This it is that makes her novels of our social life so natural, and so clear a transcript of the original.—She deals with persons whom you meet every day, and makes you feel that with them romance and emotion—the tender and the holy—would be out of place,—would be absurd. Incarnations of the loftiness and sanctity of life dancing at ball-rooms and walking in Kensington Gardens!—what an incongruity! It would remind us of the "Spectator's" account of Punch and his wife dancing in the Ark.

This characteristic of Mrs. Gore's worldlier novels—the characteristic of lowering the sources of emotion and of interest to the ordinary persons of the world from whom they are to be drawn—she shares with some other novelists of the day. In Lord Mulgrave it is peculiarly visible. You see that that charming author, whose mind is naturally fastidious and romantic, is always attempting to suit his characters to the scene in which they move. So again in the work now before us, by Mrs. Sheridan, we find two tales—the one, "Aims and Ends," of the fashionable life of the present day; another, "Oonagh Lynch," of the adventurous life of a century and a half ago. In the fashionable tale, the characters seem lowered and *inaned* unconsciously; the whole story, which betrays, in its *vein of sentiment and tone of thought*, the accomplished author's deep conception of the beautiful and good, does not contain one *single character* in which the moral beauty or goodness is displayed—the personages of the plot, breathing a common air of artifice, are rendered alike by a common constitution of selfishness—the climate darkens and flattens down the features of the mind—the form of the man is preserved, but where is the stamp of the god? Thus the heroine, who is of course made as handsome and interesting as she can be, is a coquet without principle and without heart; she trifles with her lover,— loses him without visible regret,—marries a noble fool, nearly ruins her character with a noted libertine,—is sent down to the country to reform, and is not easy till she has snared the affections of a young married curate (!)—destroys his domestic comfort,—leads him to suicide, and survives; but, by way of mending the matter, turns from a beauty to a bore. The rest of the characters are on a par with the heroine—they are all drawn with consummate ability and profound experience—you can conceive no more painfully small specimens of human nature:—even the poor curate, meant to be the highest character of all, is a wayward, sensual, selfish gentleman, who, because he cannot be an adulterer, resolves to be a suicide. Yet all this want of elevation in the characters of the book is a proof of the art of the writer;—she meant to paint the low life above stairs, *and she has done it*;—she has flung aside, as impertinent to the task, all the many admirable qualities she possesses as a writer. Full of deep consciousness of the noble, the author of "Carwell,"—the creator of the most generous, faithful, devoted, high-wrought character of modern fiction,—has only availed herself of it in "Aims and Ends," in order to paint accurately the elements of the mean;—choosing the latter toil somewhat perhaps on the principle upon which James I. in his "Demonologie," recommends an acquaintance with the devil; "for since," saith he, "the devil is the very contrary opposite to God, there can be no better way to know God than by the contrary."

The second of Mrs. Sheridan's tales—"Oonagh Lynch," is exactly the reverse in spirit to "Aims and Ends." There the author breathes a more pure and lofty air. There all, even to the weakness and super-

stition of the heroine, is full of nobleness and of passion.—Chivalric loyalty,—high daring,—devoted love;—these are the mental qualities on which our author now lavishes her skill.

Mrs. Sheridan's style is pure and touching; her ornaments and allusions are introduced with much grace and effect,—her reflections appropriate, often deep and often tender. She has the fault of Mrs. Gore in not giving sufficient previous preparation to her plot; and, as elaborate compositions, neither of the tales before us is equal to "Carwell," a story which, for minute fidelity to truth, for high tragic conception, both of plot and character, has very few equals in modern fiction. But everywhere, even in this last work, you see that rarest of all literary beauties, a beautiful mind,—an intimate persuasion of the fine and great truths of the human heart,—a delicate and quick perception of the lovely and the honest—an intellect that profits by experience, and a disposition which that experience cannot corrupt. And this reflection brings us to another writer to whom it is, perhaps, no less applicable,—we speak of the ingenious, versatile and searching author of "Truckleborough Hall," "The Usurer's Daughter," and the work now on our critical table, viz. "The Puritan's Grave."

If we were to point out one romance of the day which more than another would become a Christian pastor to write, it is this last production of Mr. Scargill's. It is written in a subdued and gentle spirit of faith and charity; it is pregnant with unaffected piety,—passion there is not in it,—but there is the presence of a quiet and deep love—that blessed spirit walks, breathes, and has its being, through the whole book. The story is very simple,—the language purposely antiquated and patriarchal to suit the nature of the story and the date of its events; hence, if ofte eloquent and high in diction, it is often also too formal and precise; an we think, on the whole, a more easy and fluent style, such as the author usually adopts, would have been the more advisable; the characters are few, and the four prominent ones are the Puritan and his daughter, her lover, a cavalier, and a rich and generous merchant who seems stepped out of one of her earlier dramas. The elements of these characters are neither noisy nor glaring,—they are remarkable from their stillness,—they are eloquent from their repose. In this the author has evidently tried an experiment common enough to the German novelists, and, in our opinion, he has amply succeeded. But whoever would do justice to this book must read it, as the German novels we refer to are read—with great patience, and a certain reverence; the reader must be prepared for the absence of exciting events; his mood must be in harmony with the work; he must read slowly, pencil in hand, to mark the holy and eloquent passages that occur; he must consider himself reading a tale, which, without the pedantry of a preacher, is suffused with the spirit of some beautiful homily; he will feel, as he proceeds, no very exciting interest—no hurried emotion; but when he has closed the last page, he

will find his soul insensibly smoothed, and, as it were, *Christianized* over. He will recollect the work, not in any detached passages, but as one which has made a gentle but no fleeting impression on his mind; it has soothed all his better feelings, and made itself a sanctuary in his kindlier dispositions. The mind of Mr. Scargill is not of a common cast, —he loves to philosophize and to refine,—he goes, in his various novels, from experiment to experiment, and moulds his genius according to some abstract idea. He does not deal sufficiently in bold situations and strong contrasts,—he is not so popular as he ought to be, because he has too great an apprehension of the common-place. He should indulge more in dialogue, in action, in melodrame, in order to strike the herd; but then he is, to be sure, not a novelist alone; he has two other characters to sustain, and cannot easily lose sight of the refinements of a philosopher and the dignity of a pastor.

What the author of the "Puritan's Grave" wants, the author of "Contarini Fleming" has to an excess;—the one injures himself by the too quiet, the other by the too restless. We have so lately reviewed the last work of Mr. D'Israeli, that we shall not now pause to analyse his peculiar genius. He only requires to strive less in order to do more,— the most perfect image of strength in the world is the statue of Alcides, but it is of Alcides in repose—the fighting gladiator pains you too much with his eternal effort. No man living, perhaps, exceeds Mr. D'Israeli in natural powers,—and he has only to learn to be *natural* in order to be permanently great. His pictures only want one ingredient, namely, that *darkening* varnish with which Apelles is said to have always carefully subdued whatever was florid in his colours.

Of a very different kind of intellect from that displayed by Mr. D'Israeli, and, indeed, from that which characterises any of the writers we have thus briefly endeavoured to describe, is the talent exhibited in Captain Marryat's works. Far remote from the eastern and the voluptuous, from the visionary and refining, from the pale colourings of drawing-room life, and the subtle delicacies of female sentiment and wit, the genius of Captain Marryat embodies itself in the humour, the energy, the robust and masculine vigour of bustling and actual existence; it has been braced by the sea-breezes; it walks abroad in the mart of busy men, with a firm step, and a cheerful and healthy air. Not, indeed, that he is void of a certain sentiment, and an intuition into the more hidden sources of mental interest; but these are not his forte, or his appropriate element. He is best in a rich and various humour,—rich, for there is nothing threadbare or poor in its materials. His characters are not, as Scott's often are, mere delineations of one oddity uttering the same eternal phraseology, from the "Prodigious" of Dominie Sampson to "Provant" of Major Dalgetty,—a laughable but somewhat a poor invention: they are formed of compound and complex characteristics, and evince no trifling knowledge

of the metaphysics of social life. But though he may be said almost to equal Smollett in conception of character, he falls into the common deficiency of the age, and does not sufficiently meditate, work up, and elaborate his materials. His plots are never worthy of the characters employed in them,—the characters never placed in scenes calculated to call forth the rich peculiarities he has ascribed to them. He may conceive a Strap, a Lismahago, or a Commodore Trunnion; but his execution will not make us know them in the flesh and blood, in the intimate and homely, manner that Smollett has done. He presents to us delightful acquaintance, but Smollett gave us friends that last us all our lives. A hundred years ago Captain Marryat would have written perhaps but one or two novels, each the growth of some five years at least. We are sure they would have been masterpieces. He has now only to meditate, to mature, to proceed with fear and caution, in order to continue Roderick Random to the present day.

The peculiar characteristics of Captain Marryat are shared by some of his nautical brethren; and the author of "Cavendish" has evinced much ability and very vigorous promise in the works that have issued from his pen.

We have now gone as fully as our space would allow through a series of authors, each excellent in their way, each of a different school. The female,—the fashionable,—the clerical,—the naval,—all betray something of the sectarian influences. We have left ourselves but a few words to say of a new work just out, which, to much that is original, seems to add nothing that is professional. "Godolphin" is the work, to all appearance, (for the author is unknown,) of an idle but cultivated person of genius; the sex of the writer does not seem to us to be easily gathered from the nature of the work; now certain passages that betray a writhing consciousness of the social position of women, (a consciousness that no man could experience,) seems to indicate a female pen; and now some deep, strong, masculine burst of passion, particularly in the first, and part of the last volume, as strongly declares the author to be of the harder sex. The style of the work is an evident imitation of that of a certain author whose novels have been popular beyond their merit; but this is only a style of words and aphorisms,—the style of mind is essentially different; a soft and enervate gentleness,—an Italian colouring of subdued enthusiasm, are the characteristics of "Godolphin." Its design is very elaborate: it is evidently a work of forethought and labour:—unity of moral conception is strictly preserved throughout, and to that is often (but never vainly) sacrificed the unity of mere story. The design is declared by the author to be the influence of the great world upon genius in either sex; and according to him (or her) this influence makes the woman a brilliant intriguant, and the man a visionary sensualist. We have seen some critiques in which the design has been blamed

because the woman sets out with the resolution to do so much and does so little; but this seems to us the main truth and great merit of the design,—it displays the exact and necessary position of women who are cursed with ambition. The character of Saville, a fine gentleman, would be excellent if not a little too much compounded from that of Manleverer, in "Paul Clifford." The character of Fanny Millinger, an actress, is one of the best in the book, but seems to us also borrowed from the actress in "Wilhelm Meister." Nothing can be more natural than the characters and tone of the work,—nothing more improbable than the plot. This want of congruity convinces us either that the work is by two hands, or by an unpractised novelist. In proportion as an author writes novels, (and this is very remarkable in Scott,) his *plots* grow *more* artful, and his *characters less* so. Still, despite the want of probability in the story of "Godolphin" the interest is always sustained and keen. And even the visionary and mysterious nature of the tale, while it offends the judgment on recollection, absorbs the emotions in perusal.*

There seems to be no abatement in the interest taken in fictions; but instead of being concentred to a few of the best, the appetite seems to have enlarged to grossness, and devours everything miscellaneously. Formerly the novels of Mrs. Gore or Mrs. Sheridan would have run through half a dozen editions in a year; but now the circulating libraries, instead of buying six copies of Mrs. Gore's novel, distribute their favour impartially to Mrs. Gore and five other writers; no matter what their works be, so long as they are new.

The people of Fiji believe that all things, stones, axes, chissels, &c. have a soul, and are immortal; they will, it is pretended, show you a sort of well, across which runs a stream of water, wherein you may perceive the spirits of men and stones, women, and canoes, animals, and houses,—all the defunct souls of all the pots, pans, and rubbish of the world tumbling over one another into the Haven of Immortality. Just so seems the present miscellany of literary compositions, and the soul of the King or the Palace goes down the tide, lumbered and hid by the clattering, crowding souls of all the slop-pails and scrubbing-brushes!

* There is astrology in "Oonagh Lynch." and astrology in "Godolphin." Could passages in the latter work have been written by Mrs. Norton?

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. VIII.*

How much has Byron to unlearn ere he can hope for peace! Then he is proud of his false knowledge. I call it false, because it neither makes him better nor happier, and true knowledge ought to do the former, though I admit it cannot the latter. We are not relieved by the certainty that we have an incurable disease; on the contrary, we cease to apply remedies, and so let the evil increase. So it is with human nature: by believing ourselves devoted to selfishness, we supinely sink into its withering and inglorious thraldom; when, by encouraging kindly affections, without analyzing their source, we strengthen and fix them in the heart, and find their genial influence extending around, contributing to the happiness and well-being of others, and reflecting back some portion to ourselves. Byron's heart is running to waste for want of being allowed to expend itself on his fellow-creatures; it is naturally capacious, and teeming with affection; but the worldly wisdom he has acquired has checked its course, and it preys on his own happiness by reminding him continually of the aching void in his breast. With a contemptible opinion of human nature, he requires a perfectibility in the persons to whom he attaches himself, that those who think most highly of it never expect: he gets easily disgusted, and when once the persons fall short of his expectations, his feelings are thrown back on himself, and, in their re-action, create new bitterness. I have remarked to Byron that it strikes me as a curious anomaly, that he, who thinks ill of mankind, should require more from it than do those who think well of it *en masse*; and that each new disappointment at discovery of baseness sends him back to solitude with some of the feelings with which a savage creature would seek its lair; while those who judge it more favourably, instead of feeling bitterness at the disappointments we must all experience, more or less, when we have the weakness to depend wholly on others for happiness, smile at their own delusion, and blot out, as with a sponge, from memory that such things were, and were most sweet while we believed them, and open a fresh account, a new leaf in the ledger of life, always indulging in the hope that it may not be balanced like the last. We should judge others not by self, for that is deceptive, but by their general conduct and character. We rarely do this, because that with *le besoin d'aimer*, which all ardent minds have, we bestow our affections on the first person that chance throws in our path, and endow them with every good and noble quality, which qualities were unknown to them, and only existed in our own imaginations. We

* Continued from No. cxlvii. p. 518.

discover, when too late, our own want of discrimination; but, instead of blaming ourselves, we throw the whole censure on those whom we had over-rated, and declare war against the whole species because we had chosen ill, and "loved not wisely, but too well." When such disappointments occur,—and, alas! they are so frequent as to enure us to them,—if we were to reflect on all the antecedent conduct and modes of thinking of those in whom we had "garnered up our hearts," we should find that *they* were in general consistent, and that *we* had indulged erroneous expectations, from having formed too high an estimate of them, and consequently were disappointed. A modern writer has happily observed that "the sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the most excellent vinegar is made from damaged wine." We have all proved that hope ends but in frustration, but this should only give us a more humble opinion of our own powers of discrimination, instead of making us think ill of human nature: we may believe that there exist goodness, disinterestedness, and affection in the world, although we have not had the good fortune to encounter them in the persons on whom we had lavished our regard. This is the best, because it is the safest and most consolatory philosophy; it prevents our thinking ill of our species, and precludes that corroding of our feelings which is the inevitable result; for as we all belong to the family of human nature, we cannot think ill of it without deteriorating our own. If we have had the misfortune to meet with some persons whose ingratitude and baseness might serve to lower our opinion of our fellow-creatures, have we not encountered others whose nobleness, generosity, and truth might redeem them? A few such examples,—nay, one alone,—such as I have had the happiness to know, has taught me to judge favourably of mankind; and Byron, with all his scepticism as to the perfectibility of human nature, allowed that the person to whom I allude was an exception to the rule of the belief he had formed as to selfishness or worldly-mindedness being the spring of action in man.

The grave has closed over *him* who shook Byron's scepticism in perfect goodness, and established for ever my implicit faith in it; but, in the debts of gratitude engraved in deep characters on memory, the impression his virtues have given me of human nature is indelibly registered,—an impression of which his conduct was the happiest illustration, as the recollection of it must ever be the antidote to misanthropy. We have need of such examples to reconcile us to the heartless ingratitude that all have, in a greater or less degree, been exposed to, and which is so calculated to disgust us with our species. How, then, must the heart reverence the memory of those who, in life, spread the shield of their goodness between us and sorrow and evil, and, even in death, have left us the hallowed recollection of their virtues, to enable us to think well of our fellow-creatures!

"Of the rich legacies the dying leave,
Remembrance of their virtues is the best."

We are as posterity to those who have gone before us—the *avant-coureurs* on that journey that we must all undertake. It is permitted us to speak of *absent* friends with the honest warmth of commendatory truth; then surely we may claim that privilege for the *dead*,—a privilege that every grateful heart must pant to establish, when the just tribute we pay to departed worth is but as the outpourings of a spirit that is overpowered by its own intensity, and whose praise or blame falls equally unregarded on "the dull cold ear of death." They who are in the grave cannot be flattered; and if their qualities were such as escaped the observance of the public eye, are not those who, in the shade of domestic privacy, had opportunities of appreciating them, entitled to one of the few consolations left to survivors—that of offering the homage of admiration and praise to virtues that were beyond all praise, and goodness that, while in existence, proved a source of happiness, and, in death, a consolation, by the ssurance they have given of meeting their reward?

yron said to-day that he had met, in a French writer, an idea that ad amused him very much, and that he thought had as much truth as originality in it: he quoted the passage, "La curiosité est suicide de sa nature, et l'amour n'est que la curiosité." He laughed, and rubbed his hands, and repeated, "Yes, the Frenchman is right. Curiosity kills itself; and love is only curiosity, as is proved by its end."

I told Byron that it was in vain that he affected to believe what he repeated, as I thought too well of him to imagine him to be serious.

"At all events," said Byron, "you must admit that, of all passions, love is the most selfish. It begins, continues, and ends in selfishness. Who ever thinks of the happiness of the object apart from his own, or who attends to it? While the passion continues, the lover wishes the object of his attachment happy, because, were she visibly otherwise, it would detract from his own pleasures. The French writer understood mankind well, who said that they resembled the grand Turk in an opera, who, quitting his sultana for another, replied to her tears, 'Dissimulez votre peine, et respectez mes plaisirs.' This," continued Byron, "is but too true a satire on men; for when love is over,

'A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
He could behold her
For whom he sighed!'

"Depend on it my doggrel rhymes have more truth than most that I have written. I have been told that love never exists without jealousy; if this be true, it proves that love must be founded on selfishness, for jealousy surely never proceeds from any other feeling than selfishness. We see that the person we like is pleased and happy in the society of some one else, and we prefer to see her unhappy with us, than to allow

her to enjoy it: is not this selfish? Why is it," continued Byron, "that lovers are at first only happy in each other's society? It is that their mutual flattery and egotism gratify their vanity; and not finding this stimulus elsewhere, they become dependent on each other for it. When they get better acquainted, and have exhausted all their compliments, without the power of creating or feeling any new illusions, or even continuing the old, they no longer seek each other's presence from preference; habit alone draws them together, and they drag on a chain that is tiresome to both, but which often neither has the courage to break. We have all a certain portion of love in our natures, which portion we invariably bestow on the object that most charms us, which as invariably is—self; and though some degree of love may be extended to another, it is only because that other administers to our vanity; and the sentiment is but a reaction,—a sort of electricity that emits the sparks with which we are charged to another body;—and when the retorts lose their power—which means, in plain sense, when the flattery of the recipient no longer gratifies us—and yawning, that fearful abyss in love, is visible, the passion is over. Depend on it (continued Byron) the only love that never changes its object is self-love; and the disappointments it meets with make a more lasting impression than all others."

I told Byron that I expected him to-morrow to disprove every word he had uttered to-day. He laughed, and declared that his profession of faith was contained in the verses "Could love for ever;" that he wished he could think otherwise, but so it was.

Byron affects scepticism in love and friendship, and yet is, I am persuaded, capable of making great sacrifices for both. He has an unaccountable passion for misrepresenting his own feelings and motives, and exaggerates his defects more than any enemy could do: he is often angry because we do not believe all he says against himself, and would be, I am sure, delighted to meet some one credulous enough to give credence to all he asserts or insinuates with regard to his own misdoings.

If Byron were not a great poet, the charlatanism of affecting to be a Satanic character, in this our matter-of-fact nineteenth century, would be very amusing: but when the genius of the man is taken into account, it appears too ridiculous, and one feels mortified at finding that he, who could elevate the thoughts of his readers to the empyrean, should fall below the ordinary standard of every-day life, by a vain and futile attempt to pass for something that all who know him rejoice that he is not; while, by his sublime genius and real goodness of heart, which are made visible every day, he establishes claims on the admiration and sympathy of mankind that few can resist. If he knew his own power, he would disdain such unworthy means of attracting attention, and trust to his merit for commanding it.

"I know not when I have been so much interested and amused," (said Byron,) as in the perusal of ——— journal: it is one of the choicest productions I ever read, and is astonishing as being written by a minor, as I find he was under age when he penned it. The most piquant vein of pleasantry runs through it; the ridicules—and they are many—of our dear compatriots are touched with the pencil of a master; but what pleases me most is, that neither the reputation of man nor woman is compromised, nor any disclosures made that could give pain. He has admirably penetrated the secret of English ennui, (continued Byron,)—a secret that is one to the English only, as I defy any foreigner, blessed with a common share of intelligence, to come in contact with them without discovering it. The English know that they are *ennuyés*, but vanity prevents their discovering that they are *ennuyeux*, and they will be little disposed to pardon the person who enlightens them on this point. —— —— ought to publish this work (continued Byron), for two reasons: the first, that it will be sure to get known that he has written a piquant journal, and people will imagine it to be a malicious libel, instead of being a playful satire, as the English are prone to fancy the worst, from a consciousness of not meriting much forbearance; the second reason is, that the impartial view of their foibles, taken by a stranger who cannot be actuated by any of the little jealousies that influence the members of their own coteries, might serve to correct them, though I fear *réflexion faite*, there is not much hope of this. It is an extraordinary anomaly, (said Byron,) that people who are really naturally inclined to good, as I believe the English are, and who have the advantages of a better education than foreigners receive, should practise more ill-nature and display more heartlessness than the inhabitants of any other country. This is all the effect of the artificial state of society in England, and the exclusive system has increased the evils of it ten-fold. We accuse the French of frivolity, (continued Byron,) because they are governed by *fashion;* but this extends only to their dress, whereas the English allow it to govern their pursuits, habits, and modes of thinking and acting: in short, it is the Alpha and Omega of all they think, do, or will: their society, residences, nay, their very friends, are chosen by this criterion, and old and tried friends, wanting its stamp, are voted *de trop*. Fashion admits women of more than dubious reputations, and well-born men with none, into circles where virtue and honour, not *à-la-mode*, might find it difficult to get placed; and if (on hearing the reputation of Lady this, or Mrs. that, or rather want of reputation, canvassed over by their associates) you ask why they are received, you will be told it is because they are seen every where—they are the fashion.—I have known (continued Byron) men and women in London received in the first circles, who, by their birth, talents, or manners, had no one claim to such a distinction, merely because they had been seen in one or two houses, to which, by some manœuvring, they got the *entrée*; but

I must add, they were not remarkable for good looks, or superiority in any way, for if they had been, it would have elicited attention to their want of other claims, and closed the doors of fashion against them. I recollect, (said Byron,) on my first entering fashionable life, being surprised at the (to me) unaccountable distinctions I saw made between ladies placed in peculiar and precisely similar situations. I have asked some of the fair leaders of fashion, 'Why do you exclude Lady ——, and admit Lady ——, as they are both in the same scrape?' With that amiable indifference to cause and effect that distinguishes the generality of your sex, the answer has invariably been, 'Oh! we admit Lady —— because all our set receive her; and exclude Lady —— because they will not.' I have pertinaciously demanded, 'Well, but you allow their claims are equal?' and the reply has been, 'Certainly; and we believe the excluded lady to be the better of the two.' *Mais que voulez-vous?* she is not received, and the other is; it is all chance or luck; and this (continued Byron) is the state of society in London, and such the line of demarcation drawn between the pure and the impure, when chance or luck, as Lady —— honestly owned to me, decided whether a woman lost her caste or not. I am not much of a prude, (said Byron,) but I declare that, for the general good, I think that all women who had forfeited their reputations ought to lose their places in society; but this rule ought never to admit of an exception: it becomes an injustice and hardship when it does, and loses all effect as a warning or preventive. I have known young married women, when cautioned by friends on the probability of losing caste by such or such a step, quote the examples of Lady this, or Mrs. that, who had been more imprudent, (for imprudence is the new name for guilt in England,) and yet that one saw these ladies received everywhere, and vain were precepts with such examples. People may suppose (continued Byron) that I respect not morals, because unfortunately I have sometimes violated them: perhaps from this very circumstance I respect them the more, as we never value riches until our prodigality has made us feel their loss; and a lesson of prudence coming from him who had squandered thousands, would have more weight than whole pages written by one who had not personal experience: so I maintain that persons who have *erred* are most competent to point out errors. It is my respect for morals that makes me so indignant against its vile substitute cant, with which I wage war, and this the good-natured world chooses to consider as a sign of my wickedness. We are all the creatures of circumstance, (continued Byron;) the greater part of our errors are caused, if not excused, by events and situations over which we have had little control: the world see the faults, but they see not what led to them: therefore I am always lenient to crimes that have brought their own punishment, while I am little disposed to pity those who think they atone for their own sins by exposing those of others, and add cant and hypocrisy to the catalogue of their vices. Let not a woman who has gone astray,

without detection, affect to disdain a less fortunate, though not less culpable female. She who is unblemished should pity her who has fallen, and she whose conscience tells her she is not spotless should show forbearance; but it enrages me to see women whose conduct is, or has been, infinitely more blameable than that of the persons they denounce, affecting a prudery towards others that they had not in the hour of need for themselves. It was this forbearance towards her own sex that charmed me in Lady Melbourne: she had always some kind interpretation for every action that would admit of one, and pity or silence when aught else was impracticable.

"Lady——, beautiful and spotless herself, always struck me as wanting that pity she could so well afford. Not that I ever thought her ill-natured or spiteful; but I thought there was a certain severity in her demarcations, that her acknowledged purity rendered less necessary. Do you remember my lines in the Giaour, ending with—

> No: gayer insects fluttering by
> Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die:
> And lovelier things have mercy shown
> To every failing but their own;
> And every woe a tear can claim
> Except an erring sister's shame.

"These lines were suggested by the conduct I witnessed in London from women to their erring acquaintances—a conduct that led me to draw the conclusion, that their hearts are formed of less penetrable stuff than those of men."

Byron has not lived sufficiently long in England, and has left it at too young an age, to be able to form an impartial and just estimate of his compatriots. He was a busy actor, more than a spectator, in the circles which have given him an unfavourable impression; and his own passions were, at that period, too much excited to permit his reason to be unbiassed in the opinions he formed. In his hatred of what he calls cant and hypocrisy, he is apt to denounce as such all that has the air of severity; and which, though often painful in individual cases, is, on the whole, salutary for the general good of society. This error of Byron's proceeds from a want of actual personal observation, for which opportunity has not been afforded him, as the brief period of his residence in England, after he had arrived at an age to judge, and the active part he took in the scenes around him, allowed him not to acquire that perfect knowledge of society, manners, and customs which is necessary to correct the prejudices that a superficial acquaintance with it is so apt to engender, even in the most acute observer, but to which a powerful imagination, prompt to jump at conclusions without pausing to trace cause and effect, is still more likely to fall into. Byron sees not that much of what he calls the usages of cant and hypocrisy are the fences that

protect propriety, and that they cannot be invaded without exposing what it is the interest of all to preserve. Had he been a calm looker on, instead of an impassioned actor in the drama of English fashionable life, he would probably have taken a less harsh view of all that has so much excited his ire, and felt the necessity of many of the restraints which fettered him.

A two years' residence in Greece, with all the freedom and personal independence that a desultory rambling life admits of and gives a taste for,—in a country where civilization has so far retrograded that its wholesome laws, as well as its refinements, have disappeared, leaving license to usurp the place of liberty,—was little calculated to prepare a young man of three-and-twenty for the conventional habits and restraints of that artificial state of society which extreme civilization and refinement beget. No wonder then that it soon became irksome to him, and that, like the unbroken courser of Arabia, when taken from the deserts where he had sported in freedom, he spurned the puny meshes which ensnared him, and pined beneath the trammels that intercepted his liberty.

Byron returned to England in his twenty-third year, and left it before he had completed his twenty-eighth, soured by disappointments and rendered reckless by a sense of injuries. "He who fears not, is to be feared," says the proverb; and Byron, wincing under all the obloquy which malice and envy could inflict, felt that its utmost malignity could go no farther, and became fixed in a fearless braving of public opinion, which a false spirit of vengeance led him to indulge in, turning the genius, that could have achieved the noblest ends, into the means of accomplishing those which were unworthy of it. His attacks on the world are like the war of the Titans against the Gods,—the weapons he aims fall back on himself. He feels that he has allowed sentiments of pique to influence and deteriorate his works; and that the sublime passages in them, that now appear like gleams of sunshine flitting across the clouds that sometimes obscure the bright luminary, might have been one unbroken blaze of light, had not worldly resentment and feelings dimmed their lustre.

This consciousness of misapplied genius has made itself felt in Byron, and will yet lead him to redeem the injustice he has done it; and when he has won the guerdon of the world's applause, and satisfied that craving for celebrity which consumes him, reconciled to that world, and at peace with himself, he may yet win as much esteem for the man as he has hitherto elicited admiration for the poet. To satisfy Byron, the admiration must be unqualified; and, as I have told him, this depends on himself: he has only to choose a subject for his muse, in which not only received opinions are not wounded, but morality is inculcated; and his glowing genius, no longer tarnished by the stains that have previously blemished it, will shine forth with a splendour, and ensure that

universal applause, which will content even his ambitious and aspiring nature. He wants some one to tell him what he *might* do, what he *ought* to do, and what so doing he would become, I have told him; but I have not sufficient weight or influence with him to make my representations effective; and the task would be delicate and difficult for a male friend to undertake, as Byron is pertinacious in refusing to admit that his works have failed in morality, though in his heart I am sure he feels it.

Talking of some one who was said to have fallen in love, "I suspect (said Byron) that he must be indebted to your country for this phrase, 'falling in love;' it is expressive and droll: they also say falling ill; and, as both are involuntary, and, in general, equally calamitous, the expressions please me. Of the two evils, the falling ill seems to me to be the least; at all events I would prefer it; for as, according to philosophers, pleasure consists in the absence of pain, the sensations of returning health (if one does recover) must be agreeable; but the recovery from love is another affair, and resembles the awaking from an agreeable dream. Hearts are often only lent, when they are supposed to be given away (continued Byron); and are the loans for which people exact the most usurious interest. When the debt is called in, the borrower, like all other debtors, feels little obligation to the lender, and, having refunded the principal, regrets the interest he has paid. You see (said Byron) that, *à l'Anglaise*, I have taken a mercantile view of the tender passion; but I must add that, in closing the accounts, they are seldom fairly balanced, 'e ciò sa 'l tuo dottore.' There is this difference between the Italians and others, (said Byron,) that the end of love is not with them the beginning of hatred, which certainly is, in general, the case with the English, and, I believe, the French: this may be accounted for from their having less vanity; which is also the reason why they have less ill-nature in their compositions, for vanity, being always on the *qui vive*, up in arms, ready to resent the least offence offered to it, precludes good temper."

I asked Byron if his partiality for the Italians did not induce him to overlook other and obvious reasons for their not beginning to hate when they ceased to love: first, the attachments were of such long duration that age arrived to quell angry feelings, and the gradations were so slow, from the first sigh of love to the yawn of expiring affection, as to be almost imperceptible to the parties; and the system of domesticating in Italy established a habit that rendered them necessary to each other. Then the slavery of *serventism*, the jealousies, carried to an extent that is unknown in England, and which exists longer than the passion that is supposed to excite, if not excuse, them, may tend to reconcile lovers to the exchange of friendship for love; and, rejoicing in their recovered liberty, they are more disposed to indulge feelings of complacency than hatred.

Byron said, "Whatever may be the cause, they have reason to rejoice in the effect; and one is never afraid in Italy of inviting people together who have been known to have once had warmer feelings than friendship towards each other, as is the case in England, where, if persons under such circumstances were to meet, angry glances and a careful avoidance of civility would mark their kind sentiments towards each other."

I asked Byron if what he attributed to the effects of wounded vanity might not proceed from other and better feelings, at least on the part of women? Might not shame and remorse be the cause? The presence of the man who had caused their dereliction from duty and virtue calling up both, could not be otherwise than painful and humiliating to women who were not totally destitute of delicacy and feeling; and that this most probably was the cause of the coldness he observed between persons of opposite sexes in society.

"You are always thinking of and reasoning on the *English*, (answered Byron:) mind I refer to Italians, and with them there can be neither shame nor remorse, because, in yielding to love, they do not believe they are violating either their duty or religion; consequently a man has none of the reproach to dread that awaits him in England when a lady's conscience is *awakened*,—which, by the by, I have observed it seldom is until *affection* is laid asleep, which (continued Byron) is very convenient to herself, but very much the reverse to the unhappy man."

I am sure that much of what Byron said in this conversation was urged to vex me. Knowing my partiality to England and all that is English, he has a childish delight in exciting me into an argument; and as I as yet know nothing of Italy, except through books, he takes advantage of his long residence in, and knowledge of the country, to vaunt the superiority of its customs and usages, which I never can believe he prefers to his own. A wish of vexing or astonishing the English is, I am persuaded, the motive that induces him to attack Shakspeare; and he is highly gratified when he succeeds in doing either, and enjoys it like a child. He says that the reason why he judges the English women so severely is, that, being brought up with certain principles, they are doubly to blame in not making their conduct accord with them; and that, while punishing with severity the transgressions of persons of their own sex in humble positions, they look over the more glaring misconduct and vices of the rich and great—that not the crime, but its detection, is punished in England, and, to avoid this, hypocrisy is added to want of virtue.

"You have heard, of course, (said Byron,) that I was considered mad in England; my most intimate friends in general, and Lady Byron in particular, were of this opinion; but it did not operate in my favour in their minds, as they were not, like the natives of eastern nations, disposed to

pay honour to my supposed insanity or folly. They considered me a *mejnoun*, but would not treat me as one. And yet, had such been the case, what ought to excite such pity and forbearance as a mortal malady that reduces us to more than childishness—a prostration of intellect that places us in the dependence of even menial hands? Reason (continued Byron) is so unreasonable, that few can say that they are in possession of it. I have often doubted my own sanity; and, what is more, wished for insanity—anything—to quell memory, the never-dying worm that feeds on the heart, and only calls up the *past* to make the *present* more insupportable. Memory has for me

> 'The vulture's ravenous tooth,
> The raven's funereal song.'

There is one thing (continued Byron) that increases my discontent, and adds to the rage that I often feel against self. It is the conviction that the events in life that have most pained me—that have turned the milk of my nature into gall—have not depended on the persons who tortured me,—as I admit the causes were inadequate to the effects:—it was my own nature, prompt to receive painful impressions, and to retain them with a painful tenacity, that supplied the arms against my peace. Nay, more, I believe that the wounds inflicted were not, for the most part, premeditated; or, if so, that the extent and profundity of them were not anticipated by the persons who aimed them. There are some natures that have a predisposition to grief, as others have to disease; and such was my case. The causes that have made me wretched would probably not have discomposed, or, at least, more than discomposed, another. We are all differently organized; and that I feel *acutely* is no more my fault (though it is my misfortune) than that another feels not, is his. We did not make ourselves; and if the elements of unhappiness abound more in the nature of one man than another, he is but the more entitled to our pity and forbearance. Mine is a nature (continued Byron) that might have been softened and ameliorated by prosperity, but that has been hardened and soured by adversity." Prosperity and adversity are the fires by which moral chemists try and judge human nature; and how few can pass the ordeal! Prosperity corrupts, and adversity renders ordinary nature callous; but when any portion of excellence exists, neither can injure. The first will expand the heart, and show forth every virtue, as the genial rays of the sun bring forth the fruit and flowers of the earth; and the second will teach sympathy for others, which is best learned in the school of affliction."

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"ANNIHILATION."

UPON the rough and many-peaked Parnassus of Germany there stood a man, apart from the rest, who uttered strains of wild poetry which have, comparatively speaking, been heard but by few! Amidst the crowd of talented men whom Germany produced in the last century, Jean Paul was the most remarkable, if not the greatest. Jean Paul was the most German of them all; the freest thinker and the boldest swimmer in the ocean of thought; the most perfect master of his language, and one of the deepest philosophers who ever was a great poet, or one of the loftiest poets who ever was a great philosopher. He did not mould his thoughts into language, but he seized that immense and plastic language and compressed it into his thoughts; never were dead words summoned to life by a more cunning magician, or ideas more preciously embalmed in words. No man ever brought more capital of his own to trade with in the world of letters than Jean Paul; and moreover, he possessed the faculty of finding gold where a more superficial eye could see nothing but dross—such was the power of his observation; and of placing the old in immediate and proper communication with the new—such was his power of application. For him the spirit of Germany was a familiar spirit; he shared her deep erudition, her obscurity, her broken fortunes, her sublime flights of imagination, and her researches into the subterranean regions of the intellect, till what was hers became half his own. For him the serious Face of Nature was unveiled; his was one of those clear eyes which see beauty understandingly, and one of those pure hearts which desire not only to possess, but rather to enjoy; for him the mind of man was a subject kingdom; he knew the peculiarities of the animal, as well as the prerogatives of the soul; he knew what to ridicule and what to love; and from these sources he drew the nutriment of his understanding, and left us the gnarled and knotted tree of his works. Drunk with brandy one half of the day, and with ambrosial dreams the other half, he was one of those strange mixtures of coarseness and refinement, purity and vulgarity, illusion and clear-sightedness, perturbed hopes and soothing sentiments, which the world only witnesses in its moments of earthquake.

The peculiar domain of his intellect was the region of dreams, and the predominating property of his style was metaphor: now metaphor is dream epitomised. No man ever wrote more on the Incomprehensible and the Invisible, precisely because he thought he saw and comprehended it, so clear were the shapes of his visions—so strong were the grappling-irons with which he seized them; what he saw of Heaven he told to Earth.

Thus it was that Jean Paul prese[illegible] his mind unstained and pure to the last: he knew less of life than o[illegible] existence; and whilst those around him fell under the manifold perplex[illegible]ies and passions of the world, the current of his thoughts went on and scarcely wore him down; as in the

night, dreams of unknown lands and labours visit us, and we nevertheless wake in the morning refreshed with our sleep.

Jean Paul was, however, no mystic. From his early youth he combated the crooked orthodoxy of the schools, and sought after the truth with the clear method of a lover of light, and not as a lover of darkness. His pity was not of the wailing kind; the world was to his eye "no vale of tears," as he says in one of his letters, but "rather a vale of joy." To his fellow creatures he bore the goodly kindliness of a pure soul; his heart was ever ready to overflow with the purest feelings of our nature; in his friendships he was steady and ardent, as his long intimacy with Jacobi sufficiently proved, for, as he said, "he was my friend, and is so still, for death has assuredly not severed our hearts.'

We say that Jean Paul was no mystic, because in fact his form and not his method was symbolical; he adopted the most poetical expressions for his philosophical ideas, and hence he has been accused of being too difficult to be understood, because few have been clearsighted enough to understand him. He was a lyrical poet, because he was an enthusiastic man; and he was occasionally a satirist, because he was a humorous and an observing one. Thus far and no farther has Germany gone: it would be folly to mistake her enthusiasm for passion, her humour for wit, or her observation for invention. Jean Paul was a man of the Present, a man of the People, and a man of Change; he expressed in his writings the eloquent confusion of the state of the public mind in his country, as it was in his lifetime, and is to the present day. Broken and divided in their form as is the political surface of the Confederation, and the social depths of the nation, now warm and imaginative as the South, now obscure and strong as the North of Germany, the writings of Jean Paul exhibit the most perfect unity which that disunited country has produced; they are the most harmonious expression of the many strange notes and sounds which are to be heard around. Whatever may be our opinion of Jean Paul as an individual, great is our admiration for that portion of the individual—the best and purest portion—which he has transfused into his works. He is always himself in view, not indeed as one of those Titanic poets who make mankind think, but as one who has thought a great deal for mankind. If, as we may sometimes be tempted to imagine in the despondency of ignorance, all the wisdom of the world is nothing but the science of mistakes, Jean Paul is one of those authors who endear us to our convictions by the energy and depth of his own. Few men are capable and willing to renounce all authority, and to protest against the creeds of fashion and creation with as much courage as our author. Jean Paul lived between two mighty Revolutions, and he was one of the few persons who considered them, and understood them both simultaneously. He was alive to the agitation and change of external Europe, far more than is usual among the thinkers of Germany; the French Revolution opened his horizon on one side, and on the other he saw light stream in upon him from those philosophers who were not the contemporaries of Robespierre and St. Just without deep reason. His capacious mind received much of the transitory thoughts of the wonderful crisis in which he lived; the impressions of Revolution are everywhere manifest in his writings; their effects on the social creed of mankind will be better known as those writings are better understood. "As it was written

on the west gate of Chersonesus, 'Here lies the way to Byzantium,' so is it also written on the west gate of this century, 'There lies the way to Truth and Virtue,' said Jean Paul, in 1794. Since that time the bright hopes of the poet were doubtless checked and dimmed by the various clouds which arose around; he saw war and much oppression—the former was as revolting to his heart as the latter was to his head. There is scarcely a work of Jean Paul's which does not contain bitter animadversions and deep lamentations on the waste of human blood, and the cruel pastime of Princes.

Nevertheless, in all the strange changes of the Kaleidoscope of the World, Jean Paul was a happy man, because the deep convictions we have before alluded to were enough to hallow the heaven of his heart, and his imagination was ever ready to bear him away as it were on angel-pinions to the Paradisiacal regions of Eternity: he was blest in happy thoughts beyond any poet of his age, because the infinite variety of Nature was ever about him to please the childish simplicity of his spirit, and he was surrounded by myriads of personifications and metaphors—witnesses of his thoughts—"swimming round him," to use the expression of a German critic, "like the multifarious fishes of a great ocean."

We subjoin a translation of one of his most characteristic compositions —if translation is a word fit to be applied to Jean Paul; say rather that the following vision has been done into English, with a view to give a partial idea of the powers of this wonderful man to our readers.

ANNIHILATION—*A Vision.*—By JEAN PAUL.

ALL Love believes in a double Immortality, in its own and in that of its object: from the moment in which Love begins to fear that it should cease, it has already ceased. To our hearts it is the same, whether our beloved one, or merely his love disappears. He who doubts of our Eternity lends to the fair heart which opens itself before him, or, to its perfection at least, the unperishable nature of the purest existence, and finds the clear one whom he has seen sink into the dark earth, glimmering over him in broken starlight in Heaven.

Man—who always questions himself too much, and others too little—cherishes not only secret inclinations but secret opinions, the contrary of which he imagines to be his belief, till some strong emotion of Fate or Poetry lays the concealed bottom of his innermost soul open before him. Thence we may, perhaps, have read the title of these pages with coolness:—we may even accept or court Annihilation; but we tremble when our heart discloses to us the horrible contents of this chimera, to think that the Earth in which we all would lay our sunken heads to rest, is nothing else than the broad headman's block of pale crippled humanity, when it comes out of prison.

* * * * * *

Ottomar lay in the furthermost house of a village from which he looked out on the battle-field of the Unburied; he was in the last stage of a putrid fever. In that night his loose blood filled his agitated heart with a hell-stream of distorted terrible apparitions, and this dark boiling stream of blood reflected the hollow light sky, and shivered forms and jagged flashes of lightning. When the morning returned in its coolness, and when the venom of the tarantula sting of fever was gone from his tired heart, the immoveable storm of War roared before him with ceaseless fire and blows;

and again these bloody pierced phantoms stood before him in his midnight dreams like corpses.

In the night of which I am speaking, his fever had reached the steep and critical eminence between Life and Death. His eyes were like immense mirrors in a hall of a mirrors, his ears like immense ears in a whispering-gallery, his nerves reached out giant limbs to him—the moving forms on the printed bed-curtain became thick and blood-coloured, and shot upwards and fell again as in battle; a boiling waterspout drew him up in its seething vapours, and underneath, out of the innermost depth, there crept keen little ghosts, which had haunted him before in a fever of childhood, and they crept with cold clammy toadsfeet over his warm soul, and said, "We torment thee ever."

On a sudden, as his darkened heart seemed to have rolled back and worked itself out of the hot crater of his fever, the yellow gleam of a neighbouring fire shone over the paper of the room. His dry hot eye stared half-shut on the transparent figures of the curtain, which flapped in the distant light;—all at once a Form stretched itself forth from amongst them with a corpse-white motionless countenance, white lips, white eyelids and hair.

The Form reached towards the sick man with long crooked feelers, which played out of the sockets of its eyes. It approached, and the dark spots on its feelers closed together against his heart, like points of ice; it drove him backwards with its chilly breath, backwards through walls and rocks, and through the earth, and the feelers were like daggers in his heart; and when he sank backwards, the world broke down before him—the ruins of demolished mountains, and the rubbish of dust-hills fell below-- and there poured down a hail of clouds and moons—the worlds descended in bow-shots over the corpse-white form, and suns hung round with globes sank in a long heavy fall, and at last there came a dusty stream of ashes.

"White Form, who art thou?" asked at last the man. "If I name my name, thou art no more," said the white Form without moving its lips, and neither earnestness, nor joys, nor love, nor wrath, was there in that countenance; Eternity passed and changed it not.

The Form brought him on a narrow path formed of earth-clods, which were laid under the chins of dead men; the causeway went across a sea of blood, out of which there rose white hairs and children's fingers, like the blossoms of a water plant, and it was covered with brooding doves, and with wings of butterflies, and nightingale's eggs, and men's hearts. The Form crushed them all as it skimmed over them, and it drew over the pond of blood a swimming veil made of the wet linen which lies upon dead men's eyes. The red waves rose over the terrified man, and the narrowing path went over cold slippery mushrooms, and at last over a long cool slippery adder.

He slid down, but a whirlwind turned him round, and he saw before him the extent of an immense plain of black ice, on which all the nations lay, which had died upon the Earth—stark, frozen armies of corpses, and deep below in the abyss, an earthquake was ringing in all eternity, a little cracked bell—it was the death-bell of Nature. "Is that the second World?" asked the comfortless man. The Form answered, "The second World is in the grave between the teeth of the worm." He looked upwards to seek a consoling Heaven, but above him was spread a thick black smoke, the immense pall which is drawn between the Heaven of the Worlds, and this dark chilly gap in Nature; and the ruined mansions of the part smoked up, and made the pall blacker and broader; and then there passed the apparition of a falling burning world, with its red shadow on the dark covering, and an eternal blast bore in it the wail of sinking voices.

"We have suffered, we have hoped, but we suffocate—Oh! Almighty Power, create nothing more."

Ottomar asked, "Who annihilates them then?"—"I," said the Form, and it drove him among the armies of corpses, into the masked world of annihilated

men; and as the Form passed before a mask with a soul, there spurted a bloody drop from its dull eye, such as a corpse sheds when the murderer approaches it. And he was led on unceasingly, by the mute funeral procession of the past, by the rotten chains of existence, and by the conflicts of the spirits. There saw he first of all the ashy brethren of his heart pass by, and in their countenances there still stood the blighted hope of reward; he saw thousands of poor children with smooth rosy cheeks, and with their first smile stiffened, and thousands of mothers with their uncoffined babes in their arms, and there he saw the dumb sages of all nations with extinguished souls, and with the extinguished light of Truth, and they were dumb under the great pall, like singing birds whose cage is darkened with a covering, and there he saw the strong endurers of life, the numberless, who had suffered till they died, and the others who were lacerated by horror, and there he saw the countenances of those who had died of joy, and the deathly tear of Joy was still hanging in their eyes; and there he saw all the lives of the earth standing with stifled hearts, in which no Heaven, no God, no Conscience, dwelt any more; and there he saw again a world fall, and its wail passed by him, "Oh! how vain, how nothingly is the groaning and struggling, and the Truth and the Virtue of the world!" and there at last appeared his father with the iron ball globe which sinks the corpses of that ocean, and then as he pressed a tear of blood out of the white eyelid, his heart, which ran cold with horror, exclaimed "Form of Hell, crush me speedily; annihilation is eternal, there live none but mortals and thou. Am I alive, Form?"

The Form led him gently to the edge of the ever-freezing field of ice; in the abyss he saw the fragments of the stifled souls of animals, and on high were numberless tracts of ice, with the annihilated of higher worlds, and the bodies of the dead angels, were for the most part of Sun's light, or of long sounds, or of motionless fragrancy. But there over the chasm, near to the realm of the dead of the Earth, stood a veiled being on a clod of Ice; and as the white Form passed, the Being raised its veil; it was the dead Christ, without resurrection, with his crucifixion wounds, which all flowed afresh, on the approach of the white Form.

Ottomar bent his tottering knee, and looked up to the black concave, and prayed, "Oh! good God! bring me back again to my good earth, that I may dream of life." And while he prayed, the blood red shadows of crushed worlds flew across the broad pall of smoke. And then the white Form stretched out its feelers, like arms towards Heaven, and said, "I will draw down the Earth, and then I will name my name to you."

And whilst the feelers with their black points rose higher and higher, a little cleft in the cloud became light, and it at last broke asunder, and our reeling earth sank as it were into the fascinating, greedy jaws of a rattle-snake; and whilst the cloud-girt globe fell lower, there rained upon it blood and tears, because there were battles and martyrdoms upon it.

The grey narrow Earth waved about transparent, with its young nations by the side of its stark dead nations—its arc was a long coffin of adamant, with the inscription, "*The Past*," and in the hollow of the earth there glowed a round fire, which melted the keys of the long coffin; the lily-buds and flower-buds of the earth became mouldy, its fields were as the green skin on a pool of mud; its woods were moss, the peaks of its Alpine girdle were as a spoked wheel, its clocks all struck at once; and the hours hastily became centuries, so that no life lasted the time out; men were to be seen on the earth growing, and then waxing rudely and tall, and stout, and grey, till they bent themselves and lay down. But the men upon the Earth were very happy. The lightning of Death flashed indeed ruthless among the careless nations, one while on the warm heart of a mother, another while on the smooth round brow of a child, on the bald head, and on the warm rosy cheek. But men had their consolation; dying lovers, those who buried,

and those who wept, hung softly over those whose eye was waxing dim, the friend over the friend, parents over children, and they said, "Depart ye —we shall meet again behind Death, to part no more."

"I will show thee," said the Form, "how I annihilate them."—A coffin became transparent— in the placid brain of the Man, therein lying, the Life still glowed, plastered over with clay, surrounded by a cold dark sleep, and cut off from the broken heart.—Ottomar exclaimed, "Lying Form, the Life still glows; who extinguished the spark?"—The white Form answered, "Horror! Look down."—A village church was split asunder, a leaden coffin sprung open, and Ottomar saw his own body mouldering in it, and his brain burst—but there was no spot of Light on the open head. The Form stared at him, and said, "I have drawn thee out of thy brain—thou art already long since dead"—and it seized him cuttingly with its cold metallic feelers, and whispered,—"Tremble, and die—I am God."

There rushed a Sun downwards which embraced the wide Heaven, melted the desert of ice, and the region of the masks, and flew on with a mighty noise in its endless curve, leaving a flood of light behind it, and the severed ether rang with ineffable music. Ottomar swam in ether, surrounded by an opaque sleet of little balls of light; from time to time the flash of a falling Sun pierced the white light, and a soft glow was wafted around. The thick cloud of light floated on the tones of the ether, and the waves of ether rocked it as it hovered over them. Till at last the cloud sank below in flakes of light, and Ottomar saw the eternal Creation lying round about him; Suns were careering above him and below him, each one bearing the flowing spring-tide of its worlds and soft rays through Heaven.

The sunny mist was floating downwards far away in the ether like a brilliant snow-cloud, but the mortal was retained in that blue Heaven by a long sound of music coming over the waves; the sound re-echoed suddenly through the whole boundless ether, as if the Almighty hand was running over the clouds of creation.—And in all the orbs there was an echo as of jubilee; invisible springs floated by in streams of fragrancy; blessed worlds passed by unseen with the whispering of ineffable joy; fresh flames gleamed in the Suns. The sea of life smelled as if its unfathomable bottom was rising, and a warm blast came to shake the sun-rays and rainbows, and strains of joy and light clouds out of the cups of roses. All at once there was a stillness in the whole of immeasurable space, as if Nature was dying in ecstacy—a broad gleam, as if The Endless One was going through creation, spread over the suns, and over the abysses, and over the pale rainbow of the milky way —and all nature thrilled in delicious transport, as a man's heart thrills when it is about to forgive.——And thereupon his innermost soul opened itself before the mortal, as if it were a lofty temple, and in the temple was a Heaven, and in the Heaven was a man's form which looked down on him, with an eye like a sun full of immeasurable love.—The Form appeared to him, and said, "I am eternal Love, thou canst not pass away."—And the form strengthened the trembling child who thought to die of wonder, and then the mortal saw through the hot tears of his joy, darkly, the nameless form— and a warm thrill dissolved his heart, which overflowed in pure, in boundless love, the creation pressed languishingly, but close against his breast, and his existence, and all existences were one love, and through the tears of his love Nature glistened like a blooming meadow-ground, and the seas lay there like dark green rains, and the suns like fiery dew, and before the sun-fire of the Almighty there stood the world of spirits as a rainbow, and the spirit broke its light into all colours, as from century to century, they dropped, and the rainbow did not change, the drops only changed, not the colours.

The All-loving Father looked forth on his full creation, and said, "I love you all from Eternity—I love the worm in the sea, the child upon the earth,

and the angel on the sun.—Why hast thou trembled? Did I not give thee the first Life, and Love, and Joy, and Truth? Am I not in thy heart?—And then the worlds passed with their death-bells, but it was as the church-ringing of harmonica-bells for a higher temple; and all chasms were filled with strength, and all Death with bliss.

The happy man thought that his dark earthly life was closed; but the cloud-girt Earth rose again, and drew the men of the Earth back into its cloud.

The All-loving Father veiled himself in the All. But a glimmering lay still upon a long iceberg far behind the sun. The high iceberg lay streaming in the rays, bended flowers were waving in their bloom towards the melting wall, a boundless land lay disclosed in the moonlight, stretching far into the sea of Eternity, and he saw nothing but numberless eyes, which looked upwards, and shone in blessed tears, as the spring with its warm showers glistens in the sun, and he felt, by the yearning and longing of his heart, that these were his own, that these were our men who were dead.

The Mortal looked up, as he fell towards the earth, with hands raised in prayer, to the spot in the blue firmament where the Endless One had appeared to him— and a still glory hung motionless on that high place—and as he trod and parted more heavily the glowing haze of our globe, the glory stood steadily in the ether, deeper than the ever-rolling earth.—And as he stood upon the earth, the glory was still in the blue east, and it was the sun.

The sick man was standing in the garden—his first bitter and poisonous dream had driven him there ——— the morning air was breathing around, the fire was cooled, his fever was abated, and his heart was at rest.

And as the tremble of his fever gave birth to this dream of Hell, and the victory of Nature to this dream of Heaven—as the vision of torture had hastened the crisis, and the vision of consolation the cure—even so do the dreams of our spirits not only kindle a fever in our souls, but cool and heal that fever also, when the phantoms of our hearts vanish, and we rejoice in their dispersal.

H. K.

SONNET.

MINGLED RECOLLECTIONS.

There is a sweet remembrance of sad things—
There is sad memory of things most sweet—
There is a mood when these strange spirits meet,
And flit together on contrasted wings;—
There is an hour—there is a spot which brings
Such checquered mood to me; this mossy seat
Of garden-solitude, where poplars greet
On high with shadowy kiss, as, whispering, clings
Dark branch to branch, till scarce a star-beam through
Glitters, though many in the heavens are met;
This seat and hour upcall in long review
Past joys and ills with strangely-mixed regret:
Pleasures I dare not, if I might, renew—
Sorrows I would not, if I could, forget.

G * * * *.

A NEW GALLERY OF PICTURES.

SPENSER, THE POET OF THE PAINTERS—CHARACTER OF HIS GENIUS—A COLLECTION OF PICTURES FROM HIM, WITH ANALOGOUS ASSIGNMENTS OF THEM TO OLD MASTERS.

An old lady, to whom Pope one day read some passages out of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," said that he had been entertaining her with a "gallery of pictures." Probably he had been reading some of the allegories, or the description of the pictures in the Enchanted Chamber; but the words would apply to the "Faerie Queene" in general. Spenser has been called, and justly, the "most poetical of poets;" not because his poetical faculty is in itself greater than that of some others, but because he is invariably, and (not to use the word in an invidious sense) *merely* poetical. His morals are deep or superficial, as the case may happen: they are those of the age. His politics are aristocratical, and are being daily refuted. But his delight in nature, in the voluptuous and the beautiful, is true and unceasing. The moment he enters upon his task, we see him, like a poetical boy let loose in a field, looking about with a determination to enjoy everything he beholds; to turn his back upon everything real, or what is exclusively called so, however he may pretend to bear it in mind; and to give himself up to the dreams of books, of romances, of mythology, of whatsoever is remote from the prose of human affairs.

But though Spenser beheld the beautiful with the eyes of a true and great poet, and could felicitously express its inner nature, there was an indolence and (not to speak it offensively) a sensuality in his temperament, resembling that of a man addicted to lying on the grass and weaving dreams of pleasure, which disposed him to content himself, if not with the surface of what he beheld, yet with the beauty of its forms and the vivacity of its colours; and hence, if in one sense of the word he is the most poetical of poets, he is in every sense the most pictorial of them,—the painter of the poets,—or, if you will, the poet for the painters; for while he has the power of conveying those impressions of the invisible, and illustrations of one thing by another, which are the innermost part of the magic of poetry, and the despair of its sister art, he is in the habit of soothing his senses and delighting his eyes, by painting pictures as truly to be called such, as any that came from the hands of Titian and Raphael. It is easy to show that he took a painter's as well as poet's delight in colour and form, lingering over his work for its corporeal and visible sake, studying contrasts and attitudes, touching and re-touching, and filling in the minutest parts; in short, writing as if with a brush instead of a pen, and dipping with conscious eyes into a luxurious palette. Spenser's muse is dressed in the garments of a sister who is only less divine than herself; and the union of the two produces an enchantment, never perhaps to be perfectly met with elsewhere.

It is the object of the following papers to show that the painters ought in an especial manner to love and study Spenser as their poet; that his "Faerie Queene" contains a store of masterly, poetical pictures, as capable of being set before the eye as those in a gallery; and that he includes in his singular genius the powers of the greatest and most

opposite masters of the art, of the Titians in colouring and classical gusto, the Rembrandts in light and shade, the Michael Angelos in grandeur of form and purpose, the Rubenses in gorgeousness, the Guidos in grace, the Raphaels and Correggios in expression, and the Claudes and Poussins, and even the homely Dutch painters, in landscape. Spenser can paint a ditch, a flower-garden, an enchanted wood, a palace, a blacksmith's shop, an elysium. He can paint nymphs wanton or severe; warriors, satyrs, giants, ladies, courts, cottages, hermitages, the most terrible storms, the most prodigious horrors, the profoundest and loveliest tranquillity. His naked women are equal to Titian's, his dressed to Guido's, his old seers to Michael Angelo's, his matrons and his pure maidenhood to Raphael's, his bacchanals to Nicholas Poussin's; and for a certain union of all qualities in one, we know not his equal. In his gorgeousness he never loses sight of good taste: he is Raphael while he is Rubens. If he has any fault, it is that his pencil sometimes drags; not indeed from want of enjoyment, but from excess of it. He goes on, heaping touch upon touch, till the canvass runs over with luxury. But it is still luxury, and the superfluities are all in keeping. He is the inventor of a phrase which has been often quoted as doing justice to a great and neglected part of the creation. What are contemptuously called "weeds," he calls "weeds of glorious feature." This is a just description of his own weeds. The rankness of his genius is that of a mighty and beautiful soil, not of a coarse one.

We have had Shakspeare galleries and Milton galleries in England, more ambitiously than successfully painted. In truth, the speculation is dangerous. An occasional scene out of a great poet is difficult enough, but who except another race of demi-gods in painting could be expected to paint visibly up to the invisible and subtler imaginations of the *masters of thought!*—otherwise what a thing a Spenser gallery would be! However, this great poet is often more paintable than his brethren, for the reasons here given; and to young artists who have the true passion for their art, and are bent upon being equally inspired and painstaking (the only way of proving their inspiration), the "Faerie Queene" may be recommended as a special pictorial volume, a new portfolio to add to their collections. If they cannot paint everything they see in him, they may paint much, and he will help to cultivate their gusto. He will accustom them to live in a beautiful world, and to save them from tastes inferior and hurtful. The "Faerie Queene" is a book of beauty, visible and intellectual. If Raphael and Titian, who had Ariosto for their friend, could have known Spenser, they would have hailed his acquaintance with delight. The Italians would speak of him with transport, if they had a translation of his poem: we mean, of course, a good one, and not unworthy of him,—not inferior, for instance, to the one we possess in England of Dante, by Mr. Cary—the best poetical version in the language. As it is, the Italians know nothing about Spenser; which has always appeared to us just as if in England we knew nothing of the pictures in the Vatican or at Venice. If an Italian, after talking of the great painters of his country, were to turn round upon us, and ask us who was our great English painter, it might be answered "Spenser." It is no disparagement to the real merits of Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others, to say that they are far inferior. Let our young artists, however, greedily lay hold of his book and study it, and perhaps they will furnish us with an answer we should like better.

We will begin with a bit of light and shade *à la Rembrandt*. It may be here observed, that Rembrandt was born long after Spenser: otherwise, from this and other passages in the "Faerie Queene," it might have been suspected that the poet had seen his works, for we take him to have been a diligent peruser of pictures wherever they were to be found. The collections, however, in England, were nothing in his time to what they are now, and the poet does not appear to have travelled; so that the pictorial instinct in him was very genuine. That he was conscious of it, and professedly fond of painting, we have no doubt, as well from the manifest impossibility of its being otherwise, as from critical intimations to the effect, which we shall hereafter notice. Michael Angelo he once mentions by name. Speaking of a friend's criticisms upon a poem, he says that they abounded in picturesque detail, "so singularly set forth and portrayed, as, if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amend the best, nor reprehend the worst*."

A title, as in a catalogue, is given to each of the pictures here selected, both for easiness of reference and for the very pleasure of giving them. It makes them look more like an actual gallery. And we have added the names of such painters as they soonest bring to mind, and as appear most likely to have succeeded in their execution.

A knight, with his mistress and a dwarf, arrives at the mouth of a cave in a wood. The lady is speaking.

THE DEN OF ERROR.—*Rembrandt*, for its light and shade.

This is the wandering wood, this Errour's Den,
A monster vile whom God and man do hate;
Therefore I read "Beware." "Fly, fly!" quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

But full of ire, and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for aught be staide;
But forth into the darksom hole he went,
And looked in:—his glistering armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade.

Book I., Canto I., st. 13.

Milton has been here in his "Pensieroso:"—

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

But his picture has not the solemnity of the other; nor did his subject require it. Modulation in verse answers in painting to gusto of handling. Spenser tastes the colour here, while he paints it,—

A little glooming light, *much* like a shade.

How beautifully the accent falls on the word *much*,—with that pause before it! how solemn it makes the progress of the line! how low and deep in the sound! By this light the warrior perceives a monster in the den, half serpent, half woman, the folds and huge knots of whose tail *fill the whole cavern*. Spenser never balks an effect for want of grandeur and amplitude of parts.

Suppose Rembrandt had painted this picture. What a beautiful thing he would have made of the armour and the "glooming light!" But would he have painted the knight himself, all youthful dignity?

* See the Letter in Todd's edition of Spenser, vol. i., p. xxxviii.

and the lady, all pure loveliness? Unfortunately, we know he would have failed in those.

The poet, in pursuit of his allegory, thinks proper to give us some loathsome images in the Den of Errour; to relieve us from which he suddenly lifts us out of it by means of a simile, and seats us with a shepherd on a hill, in a scene fit for Cuyp:—

SHEPHERD AND GNATS.—*Cuyp.*

As gentle shepherd, in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on a hill his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which doe *bite* their *hasty* supper best:
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands *their tender wings*
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.
Book I., Canto I., st. 23.

This is painting, with music in it. We hear the low, deep, buzzing, annoying, but still gentle sound of the gnats,—the *murmurings* which the shepherd *mars*. What two exquisitely selected words! and how expressive is the repetition of the word *oft!* Then the sheep *biting* their *hasty* supper:—could anything paint more vividly the manner in which sheep eat,—the pettiness and yet eagerness of the motion? There is more life in it than in Milton's epithet of the "nibbling flocks." Nibbling does not imply such appetite.

The following is a picture for Nicholas Poussin,—classical, dark, solemn, imaginative. A spirit is sent by an enchanter to

THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS.—*Nicholas Poussin.*

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And *through the world of waters, wide and deepe,*

(what a fine weltering line, fit for the painter of the "Deluge!")

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is: there Tethys * his wet bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drooping head;
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnysht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them *farre doe lye*
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Which oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
In drowsie fit he finds; of nothing he takes keepe.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne

* The sea.

Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: *but careless quiet lies*
Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enemies.
Book I., Canto I., Stanza 39.

What a solemn, *remote*, fantastic, dreamy picture is here, like those of some of the old German painters, but with more richness in it! We are to fancy a scene at the foot of enormous mountains, deep, perhaps, as the middle of the earth, and on the unknown borders of the sea; there is no light, yet something instead of it that serves to show an ivory and a silver gate; the house is partly covered and partly open, with the sea washing the heavy drapery of the god's bed; "ever-drizzling rain is lulling him upon the loft," mixed with the sweet sound of bees; and the watch-dogs are far off, far even from the gates; while everything like enmity is in endless remoteness.

Now for a picture to equal that famous one of Correggio, in which he made all the light emanate from the figure of the infant Jesus. But did the poet intend us to have this literal notion of the light, or to feel only the lustre of the sentiment? He has perplexed the borders of the visible and invisible, and fairly left us to feel on the subject as we please. Let the reader, accordingly, make his choice. We confess we think, by the last line, that he meant us to suppose the light made manifest as a kind of saintly grace. The germ of the idea is in the light which is described as beaming from the aspects of Moses and Jesus in the scripture.

Una in the Solitude.—*Correggio.*

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd
To seek her knight; who, subtily betrayed,
Through that late vision which th' Enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned: she, of nought afrayd,
Through woods and wastness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight:
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: *her angel face,*
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.
Book I., Canto III., st. 3.

Nothing is more striking in Spenser than the astonishing variety of his pictures, and the rapidity with which he passes from one kind to another. He is now in the depths of darkness, now in the tip-tops of airiness and light, now in a hermitage, now in a palace, now in a dungeon, in hell, or in heaven. We have just been beholding the perfection of virtuous loveliness in a "sunny spot of greenery." The following is a picture which would have set Giulio Romano to work in a transport of admiration.

NIGHT AND THE WITCH DUESSA TAKE THE BODY OF SANSFOY TO THE HOUSE OF PLUTO.—*Giulio Romano.*

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the *fowle welfavour'd* witch,
(who was really hideous, but appeared handsome by means of sorcery,)
Through mirksome ayre her ready waye she makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which two black as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unless she chanced their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, *foaming tar*, their bridles they would champ,
And, trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense and native strength,
Covered with charmed cloud from view of day
And sight of men, since his late lucklesse fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congealed
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed;
So lay him in her charett close in night concealed.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of the unwonted sound
With which her yron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle,
At her *abhorred face*, so filthy and so foul.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse, with easy pace,
To yawning gulf of deep Avernus' hole.
By that same hole an entraunce, dark and base,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadful furies, *which their chains have brast*,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill-men aghast.

By that same way the direful dames do drive
Their mournfull charett, *fill'd with rusty blood*,
And downe to Pluto's house are come belive,
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts, with sad amazed mood,
Chatt'ring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flocked on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

Book I., Canto V., st. 28.

This is a picture of the supernatural; and wonderfully fine and ghastly it is. In the following we are on earth again, grappling with the robustest and activest idea of life. The artist who could paint a fine, muscular, masterly figure of a man, with an expression, in his face and person, of animal passion sublimated, and who was an animal painter besides, and could also draw a beautiful woman suffering under maternal

terror, could not do better than take it up for a subject. But where is he to be found? Edwin Landseer would do justice to the lion-cubs; and if the human figures were young lords, or pretty Scotch girls, they would have no reason to complain of him; but has he epic force enough for the son of the rustic demigod, and the mother who produced him? It would be fine to see him paint a picture that should say Yes to this question. He is a great artist, made for duration; and, for aught we know, has the seeds in him of a still greater. But it is difficult to assign an imaginary painter to the picture of Spenser, even out of the greatest names consecrated by time.

The crest of Prince Arthur's helmet, with the famous comparison of the Almond-tree, might have piqued Titian to try how he could emulate its minute richness. Yet the top of "green Selinis all alone," would perhaps have suited Claude better. He would have made a delicious lonely scene of it, uniform without monotony.

THE CREST AND THE ALMOND-TREE.—*Titian* or *Claude.*

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of heares, discoloured diversly,
With sprincled pearl and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blown.

Book I., Canto VII., st. 32.

A LANDSCAPE WITH LIGHTNING.—*Rubens.*

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornful wrath and high disdain;
And lifting up his dreadful club on height,
All armed with *ragged snubbs* and knotty graine,
Him thought, at first encounter, to have slain.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And lightly leaping from so monstrous main,
Did faire avoid the violence him neare:
It booted nought to think such thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame he thought to shun so hideous might:
The ydle stroke enforcing furious way,
Missing the mark of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dented in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake show.

As when almighty Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundering dart with deadly feud,
Enrolled in flames, and smould'ring dreriment,—
Through riven clouds and molten firmament
The fierce three-forked engine, making way,
Both loftie tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay:
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

Book I., Canto VIII., st. 7.

Can anything be more picturesquely awful or to the purpose than that line—

Enrolled in flames and smould'ring dreriment?

The rapidity, turbulence, and magnificence of this scene would have excited the highest powers of Rubens. We see the middle of the picture lit up with lightning, which, at the same moment, is rending the towers on some lofty hill, and breaking the necks of the old woods.

Let us now turn to a portrait of Charity, to whom nobody will have difficulty in assigning the proper painter. The dispassionate aspect, the exceeding chastity, the one predominating colour, the babes, the diadem, and the formality of the ivory chair with the pair of turtle-doves by it, point out a sympathy of treatment which cannot be missed by the connoisseur. Charity is not here in her fervid nor finest state,-but in such as would be thought the most judicious, matronly, and political:—

CHARITY.—*Raphael.*

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated. Chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports that joyed her to behold;
Whom still she fed while they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old.
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorned with gems and owches wondrous fair,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle-doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.

Book I., Canto X., st. 30.

This figure, especially in the circumstances mentioned in the last couplet, is exactly in the style of Raphael's allegorical portraitures, such as those of Temperance, Fortitude, &c.

The following is a touch for the artist, whoever he was, that could have best expressed a wintry circumstance of common nature, enlivened with a poetical and sparkling feeling. Who was he? The name of a charmingly clear and spirited artist has been assigned, almost at a venture, for want of a thorough knowledge of the painters of wintry seasons; but we believe it will do.

FROST ON AN OAK.—*Cuyp.*

There they do finde the godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

Book I., Canto X., st. 48.

AURORA.—*Titian.*

The joyous day 'gan early to appeare,
And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone 'gan herself to reare

> With rosy cheeks, *for shame as blushing red*:
> *Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed*
> About her eares, when Una her did marke
> Climbe to her chariot, *all with flowers spread*,
> From heaven high to chace the cheerless darke;
> With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

This is a complete Titianesque painting. The chariot with the flowers would have admirably suited him; the sleeping, bearded, old man; the shame-faced goddess, whose blush mingles with her hair; and the lark beneath all, mounting up in the coolness of the nether atmosphere, exstatic with the joy of another day. We see the picture before us, as if it were in the National Gallery.

Here is another portrait for the same artist,—that of Belphœbe, the most beautiful of Amazons. Her lily-white silken dress, sprinkled with golden points, and skirted with a golden fringe; her rosy-budding beauty; her locks of gold, and careless crown of flowers caught by her head as she went through the forest, would have taxed all the delicacy and richness of his colouring.

Belphœbe.—*Titian.*

> So faire, and thousand, thousand times more faire,
> She seem'd, when she presented was to sight;
> And was yclad, for heat of scorching air,
> All in a silken camus, lily-white,
> Purfled upon with many a folded plight
> Which all above besprinkled was throughout
> With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
> Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
> Was hem'd with golden fringe.*
>
> Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine
> And her straight legs most bravely were embayld
> In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
> All barr'd with golden bends, which were entayld
> With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:
> Before, they fastened were under her knee
> In a rich jewel, and therein entrayl'd
> The ends of all the knots, that none might see
> How they within their foldings close enwrapped be.
>
> And in her hand a sharp boar-spere she held;
> And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
> Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she queld
> The salvage beasts in her victorious play,
> *Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay*
> *Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide*
> *Her daintie paps, which like young fruit in May,*
> *Now little gan to swell, and being tide*
> *Through her thin weed their places only signified.*

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* This is one of the few instances of lines left unfinished by the poet. There seems no reason for the gap. Mr. Todd, in his excellent edition of Spenser, informs us, that in a copy belonging to Thomas Park, Esq., the omission is supplied by the following "apposite words," in an old hand-writing, "probably coeval with that of the poet:"—

> And all the skirt about
> Was hem'd with golden fringe, *most gorgeously set out.*

It is very much in Spenser's manner. The identity of the rhymes *out* and *throughout* argues nothing against it, the poet being one of the most wilful rhymers on record, and repeating whatever suits him.

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed;
And, when the winde amongst them did inspire,
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
And low behind her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were or heedless hap,
As through the flowing forest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.
Book II., Canto III., st. 26.

Can anything be more evident than the *pictorial* delight which Spenser took in drawing and colouring these pictures? Does he not dip his pen into a palette instead of an inkstand; look at each bit of colour as he takes it up with the relishing eye of an artist, and linger and brood over it as he lays it on? One might imagine the following picture of Raging Anger, bound by a Knight, to have been taken directly from some quaint old fiery sketch of Guilio Romano, or rather some terrible sculpture of Michael Angelo; but the colouring is as fervidly attended to as the composition: and what can be finer? It has been justly said, and in this particular instance naturally enough conjectured, that a rhyme has helped a great genius to a thought. The word *wire*, in the following stanza, is supposed to have been forced upon the poet by his rhyme; but who except himself would have thought of making it of *copper*-colour; and yet what is fitter for the hard head and hot sombre passions of his subject?

FUROR BOUND BY SIR GUYON.—*Michael Angelo.*
With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constrain;
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain:
His burning eyen, *whom bloody streaks did staine,*
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And more for rank despight than for great pain
Shakt his long locks colour'd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.
Book II., Canto IV., st. 15.

In extracting these passages we are obliged to tear ourselves away from others at every step, lest we should never have done, for there is no end to them. Spenser is always painting; his pages glow, one after the other, like those of some gorgeous missal. There is said to have been a copy of Dante's "Inferno," the margins of which were filled with sketches from it by Michael Angelo. If Titian could have possessed an Italian Spenser, he would have been tempted not only to sketch but to paint it,—to garland its pages with his blues, and crimsons, and golden grounds. But would he or would he not have wanted light to paint the following? Would the painter of St. Peter Martyr have felt a new faculty come upon him for the occasion? As it is impossible to answer this question, we must give the picture to Rembrandt, not as the greater master, but as the greater master for the nonce; and it would have called forth all his genius. It is one of the most magnificent paintings on record; true to the homeliest nature in the midst of supernatural gorgeousness and grandeur,—an extraordinary and most original mixture of light and darkness,—of the sublime and the sordid,—of priceless,

interminable treasure, and a contemptuous carelessness of its superficies, as proud as its possession.

Sir Guyon, travelling in a wilderness, comes to a "gloomy glade," in which he finds an uncouth, savage-looking being, all over smoke, dressed in an iron coat, over cloth of gold, who is sitting and turning a heap of coin in his lap, upon which his eye greedily feeds itself:

> And round about him lay on every side,
> Great heaps of gold *that never could be spent.*

Here is a magnificent impossibility! As soon as he sees the Knight he pours his treasure into the earth, through a hole which is by his side; and though his hand trembles, he makes the Knight, he knows not why, tremble more. In answer to the question who he is, he asks him how he can be so daring as to presume to look upon his "direful countenance," and to "trouble" his "still seat?" He then announces himself as the God Mammon, and takes the Knight down through a passage in the ground to his house, which is near the mouth of Hell.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON.—*Rembrandt.*

> So soon as Mammon there arrived, the dore
> To him did open, and afforded way:
> Him follow'd eke Sir Guyon evermore;
> Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay.
> Soon as he entered was, the door straightway
> Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
> An ugly fiend, more fowl than dismal day:
> *The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,*
> And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.
>
> Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
> If ever covetous hand or lustful eye,
> Or lips be laid on thing that liked him best,
> Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untie
> Should be his pray: and therefore *still on hye*
> *He over him did hold his cruel claws,*
> Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die,
> And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
> If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian laws.
>
> That house's form within was rude and strong,
> Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky cliffe,
> From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
> Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
> *And with rich metal loaded, everie rift,*
> *That heavy ruin they did seem to threat:*
> And over them Arachne high did lift
> Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,*
> Enwrapped in fowle smoke, and clouds more black than jet.
>
> Both roofe and floore and walls were all of gold,
> But overgrown with dust and old decay,
> And hid in darkness, that none could behold
> The hue thereof: for vew of cheerful day
> Did never in that house itself display;
> But *a faint shadow of uncertain light,*
> *Such as a lamp whose life doth fade away;*

* Hogarth has hit upon the same thought for his "Poors' Box." So do Comedy and Tragedy meet.

Or as the moone, clothed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him that walks in feare and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All barred with double bends, that none could wene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong:
On every side they placed were along;
And all the ground with sculls was scattered,
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilom there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

Book II., Canto VII., st. 26.

Mammon leads his visitor into *a black garden with a silver seat in it*, which seat is overhung with *a tree that bears golden apples.* Of these were the apples that were transplanted into the garden of Hesperus, those with which Hippomenes won Atalanta, and the apple which Discord threw among the Goddesses. Here is an unique piece of colour for a painter! The black, observe, is not entire black, but partly dark green, and tinged with poppy colour—a beautiful mixture; and we may suppose that the silver seat is itself partly shaded, and that the golden apples cast a further addition of colour among the flowers—an evening sunshine. It is the garden in which Proserpine used to take her melancholy recreation.

The Black Garden.—*Titian.* (With a figure of Proserpine in it, by *Michael Angelo.*)

There mournful cypress grew in greatest store,
And trees of *bitter gall;* and heben *sad;*
Dead-sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida; and tetra *mad;*
Mortal samnitis; and cicuta *bad,*
With which the unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy.

The garden of Prosèrpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof *a silver seat,*
With a thick arbour goodly overdight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothed with leaves *that none the wood might see,*
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples glistering bright.

Book II., Canto VII., st. 52.

We pass the Bower of Bliss at the end of this wonderful second book, both as not knowing where to begin and end with it, and also because extracts, unaccompanied with all that precedes and follows them, might seem too particular and luxurious. Indeed, we must pass over a thousand picturesque passages; for looking through the leaves of Spenser is like turning over a portfolio of prints from the old masters: there is something at every turn to catch the eye of the amateur and make him stop. We must give a great jump into Book the Third, Canto the Seventh, where there is a picture so completely in the style of Titian, that one might

have fancied him to have written it. Venus has lost Cupid, and looks for him among the Nymphs. In the course of her search she pays a visit to Diana:—

VENUS AND DIANA.—*Titian.*

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddess with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She, having hung upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, *had unlaste*
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her *lanck loins* ungirt, and brests unbraste,
After her heat the *breathing* cold to taste:
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were *for hindering of her haste,*
Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinckled light.

Soon as she Venus saw behinde her back,
She was ashamed to be so loose surprized,
And woxe half wroth against her damsels slacke
That had not her thereof before avized,
But suffred her so carelessly disguized
Be overtaken: *soon her garments loose*
Upgathering, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the goddess rose,
Whiles all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

Book III., Canto VII., st. 17.

A characteristic dialogue ensues, in which Diana treats her visitor's inquiries with scorn, and the Goddess of Love vindicates herself and her office, and succeeds, with her "sugared words," in sweetening the feelings of the Goddess of Chastity.

Upton, the commentator, in a note upon this picture, traces the enclosure of Diana by the Nymphs to Ovid, in his story of Actæon:—

"Qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra;
Sicut erant viso nudæ sua pectora nymphæ
Percussêre viro: subitisque ululatibus omne
Implevêre nemus; circumfusæque Dianam
Corporibus texêre suis."—*Metam., Lib. III., v.* 177.

This is true. But the natural action of Diana is a delicacy of Spenser's own; and though the enclosure by the Nymphs is from Ovid, the comparison of it with a garland is not. One may imagine them snatching up as well as they can their green and otherwise coloured garments, and crouching round their mistress, whose tall figure and severe beauty of countenance would admirably set off the smiling approach of the Goddess of Beauty.

The artist who reads Spenser may compare, for difference of delicacy, the scenery in the Bower of Bliss (Book II., Canto XII.) with the myrtle arbour, dropping sweet gums (Book III., Canto VI.), in which Venus lives with Adonis after his death. He will notice also, as he

goes, in the same book (Canto VII., st. 4), the valley full of wood, with the cottage smoke reeking up through it, and then the inside of the cottage,—a very different picture,—gloomy and squalid, which is the residence of a witch, who starts up from the dusty ground, as she sees the beautiful Florimel come in, and asks her in wrath "what devil" brought her to that place. The faces of two such different beings would make another picture of striking contrast; and the figure of the witch's lubbard son might be added, who falls in love with the new comer,—

> A lazy loord, for nothing good to donne,
> *But stretched forth in idlenesse always.*

Not long afterwards comes another picture for the Caracci, or Raphael, or Giulio Romano,—Proteus, the sea-god, raising Florimel out of her faintness, and kissing her:—

PROTEUS AND FLORIMEL.—*Raphael.*

> Her up between his rugged hands he rear'd,
> *And with his frory lips full softly kist,*
> *Whiles the cold ysicles from his rough beard*
> *Dropped adowne upon her yvory breast.*

The painter of the "Triumph of Galatea" would have hit to a nicety this picture of rugged, bearded manliness, kissing frightened beauty.

A very different picture ensues from any hitherto given,—a scene of gallantry at table. To what painter should it be assigned? Watteau, with all his elegance, would be too artificial and unheroic for it. Guido might have done it, or Guercino, or Ludovico Caracci. Paridell, a "universal lover," sits down to table with Hellenore, the wife of an old, jealous dotard of the name of Malbecco, who is himself one of the company, together with Sir Satyrane (whom the reader knows), and Britomart, a beautiful amazon, who has just disclosed herself, and is in man's attire, with flowing golden locks. Paridell sets his wits to make love to Hellenore, who is nothing loth:—

THE PARTY AT TABLE.—*Ludovico Caracci.*

> They sat to meat; and Satyrane his chaunce
> Was her before, and Paridell beside;
> But he himself sat looking still askaunce
> 'Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
> Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:
> But his blinde eye, that sided Paridell,
> All his demeanour from his sight did hide;
> On her fair face so did he feed his fill,
> And sent close messages of love to her at will.
>
> And ever and anon, when none was ware,
> With speaking looks, that close embassage bore,
> He rov'd at her, and told his secret care;
> For all that art he learnèd had of yore;
> Nor was she ignorant. * * *
> Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
> His inward grief by means to him well knowne:
> Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
> He on the table dasht, as overthrown,
> Or of the fruitful liquor overflowne;
> And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
> Or therein write to let his love be showne,
> Which well she read out of the learnèd line.

Book III., Canto IX., st. 27.

The misery, however, which poor old Malbecco endures upon this occasion is nothing to what he experiences afterwards, when the Satyrs run away with his wife, and keep her among them in the woods. He goes there to find her out, and remonstrate with her. A noise of bag-pipes and "shrieking hubbubs" announces their neighbourhood. The poor wretch, half dead with fright and jealousy, hides himself, and sees them coming:—

HELLENORE AMONG THE SATYRS.—*Nicholas Poussin.*

Close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearful head;
The jolly Satyrs, full of fresh delight,
Come daunceing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire Hellenore with girlands all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made.
She, proud of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glad,
Daunced lively, *and her face did with a laurel shade.*

The silly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grievèd sore;
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his heart with bitter thought *engore*,
To see the unkindness of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhed,
And with their hornèd feet the green grass wore,
The whiles their goats upon the brouzes fed,
Till drooping Phœbus 'gan to hide his golden head.

Then up they 'gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly herds did gather round:
But every satyr first did give a busse
To Hellenore: so busses did abound.
Now 'gan the humied vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the Earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarnèd made
To shroud themselves, while sleep their senses did invade.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his hands and feet he crept full light;
And like a goat amongst the goats did rush.

Book III., Canto X., st. 44.

The power with which the poet pursues this story is marvellous. It is difficult to extract the best passages. Malbecco, mixing with the herd, contrives to get into the sleeping room of Hellenore, and waking her in the middle of the night, remonstrates with her on her mode of life. She is first frightened, then angry, threatens to wake the satyr by her side, and flatly refuses to return with the old man, who keeps whispering her in vain till daylight. He then mixes again with the herd, who now butt him with their horns, and put him in sad condition; and as soon as he gets out of the place, he runs, and runs, and runs (as the little boys say), till at length he faily *runs mad*, and by a daring, but most successful moral fiction (so well the poet has treated it), is changed from a man into Jealousy itself! It is a play upon words,—a conceit,—dipped nevertheless into the very heart's-blood of poor human nature, and converted into a ghastly reality.

Most persons who have heard of Spenser, but are not acquainted with

him, fancy him to be nothing but an allegorical writer; and have recoiled from him, to use a saying of Mr. Hazlitt's, "as if the allegory would bite them." The reader has seen how little of this kind of writing there is in the extracts which have been given in the present article; and no specimens of it need here be given; not because Spenser's allegorical paintings are not good, sometimes admirable, but because, generally speaking, they are by no means the best of his pictures, nor afford the truest idea of his genius, which is picturesque, not so much because it can paint abstract moral portraits, as because it overflows with the luxuriousness of every species of beauty and enjoyment, with the piquancies of contrast, and a hearty faith in nature left to herself. Spenser is not half so didactic a personage as he himself fancied he was! There is even reason to suspect, that it was out of the very excess of his luxury he thought himself bound to be a teacher. He was enjoying his "own sweet will," scattering endless graces on every thing he chose to talk about; and now and then he leads us into some prodigious spot of temptation, purely that he may be an hour in showing us the excess of our danger, and advising us to escape.

A specimen of this great poet's homelier painting must not be forgotten. No man, by seeing one thing exquisitely, saw further into its opposites than he did. He has left us some of the most loathsome pictures of deformity, out of the excess of his perception of the beautiful. The following is a Dutch painting in the style of the late Mr. Crabbe:—

> Not far away, not meete for any guest,
> They spied a little cottage, like some poor man's nest.
>
> Under a steep hill's side it placed was,
> *There where the moulder'd earth had cav'd the bank:*
> And fast beside a little brook did pass
> Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
> By which few crooked sallowes *grew in ranke;*
> Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
> Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
> *And answering their wearie turns around,*
> That seemèd some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

We must fairly take a "run for it" through the rest of this divine poem, and content ourselves with referring the reader to another picture in the united styles of Rembrandt and Titian;—wonderful for its effect of light and shade, and the exquisite painting of the human body. There is in Book the Fifth, Canto the Ninth, an allegorical portrait of Queen Elizabeth, sitting in her state, with her tapestry and little angels about her, which Rubens or Paul Veronese might have delighted to paint; but we must not stop to describe it. We shall only repeat that, with all Rubens's gorgeousness, Spenser never has any of his grossness of form. He is Raphael, and Rubens, and Rembrandt, and Titian in one:—the extreme of grace, and gorgeousness, and solemn effect, and life. We should be glad to quote the picture referred to in Book the Sixth, Canto the Ninth; but, as we have before intimated, the fervour of a poet's genius sometimes leads him into descriptions, which, though perfectly warrantable on the strength of it, and in the flow and spirit of the context, might appear otherwise when detached. It is the account of "Serena prepared for Sacrifice by the Wild People;" from whom she is rescued by her lover, Sir Calepine. The description of her person (stanza 42) is remarkable for its extreme union of delicacy and gusto. Titian and his friend Ariosto

would have doated over it, and read it with triumph. Nor would they scarcely less have admired the nocturnal effect of the fire-light, by which the jeopardy of this beautiful body is discerned from afar by the lover, who is led towards the spot by the ghastly sounds of the wild music of the sacrificers.

In the tenth Canto of the same book is the celebrated vision of the shepherd piping to

> A hundred naked maidens, lily white,
> All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

In the middle of this ring is another ring, or moving circle, formed by the three Graces, and in the middle of the Graces is another damsel, the gem of the whole dance, and mistress of the poet, who shadows himself in this vision under the figure of the piping swain. An artist would hardly like to paint a hundred figures dancing all at once in a circle; but supposing he could reduce them to so small a size as to render the number less objectionable, and yet give them a beautiful effect, the landscape in which the poet has put them would have been worthy of Claude. The description begins at stanza the sixth.

The miscellaneous poems of Spenser, such as his "Shepherd's Calendar," the "Butterfly," the "Gnat," the "Visions," all contain striking evidences of his more than common share of the pictorial faculty, and his conscious relish of it. We must not trust ourselves among their temptations; but there is one exceedingly brilliant and original cabinet-picture, which we cannot help pointing out. A shepherd is looking for birds, and shoots his bolt at something which he supposes to be one in an ivy-bush, *when out leaps Cupid, laughing and springing to a tree, with wings of the colour of a peacock's train.* The witless shepherd continuing to shoot, the little god catches his bolts in his hand, and at length changing his sport to earnest, settles the contest with one of his own arrows. The germ of this delightful fancy is in the Greek poet Bion; but the particular circumstance and the colouring are Spenser's. Cupid, with his peacock wings, flashes upon us charmingly out of the trees; and his catching the bolts thrown at him, while he is leaping with airy pleasantry from bough to bough, puts his superiority in a very beautiful light.

And now, dear reader, is not the case made out? Is there not here a new Gallery of Pictures, and one, too, to equal the first in London? one, which turns the pages which have contained it, into walls glowing with life and colour? The historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in one of the most enthusiastic and agreeable of his notes, "exhorts" the noble family of Spenser, notwithstanding the honours they inherit from Marlborough, to consider "the 'Faerie Queene' as the brightest jewel in their coronet," (for Spenser was of the same stock.) Let us echo, for a greater purpose, the manner of the historian, and exhort "the family of English painters," if they would surmount the clouds of their nation's climate, and drink of the only real fountain of success in art, the Fountain of Delight, to consider the author of the "Faerie Queene" as the greatest painter England has produced, and animate their love of beauty, and their faith in imagination, in the immortal air of his Elysium.

FOREST WORSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:—
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see:—
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God, in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying!

The preacher prays, "Lord, bless us!"
"Lord, bless us!" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low;
"Amen!" the rill replies;
The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying;
But here, oh God of earth and heav'n,
The humble heart is praying!

How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echo'd wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide!
With evil deeds of evil men
The affrighted land is ringing;
But still, oh Lord, the pious heart,
And soul-toned voice are singing!

Hush! hush! the preacher preacheth;
"Woe to th' oppressor, woe!"
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,
And sadden'd flowers below:
So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not, in his gather'd brow,
Your day of tribulation!

Speak low, thou heav'n-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above;
God whispers in the thunder: hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But, thank'd be God, they can't prevent
The storm of heav'n from speaking.

ON THE LATE CHANGES IN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

MUCH has been talked, much written, and much spoken lately upon our monetary system, yet it is questionable whether there are a hundred persons in the country who know accurately what it is, or a dozen who agree in opinion as to what are its faults.

The people of England are accused by their detractors of being peculiarly addicted to the worship of Mammon. And it is certain they exhibit no lack of reverent attachment to that vital principle of civilization—money. Yet by a strange inconsistency, in spite of the almost universal adoration of "Divina Pecunia," there is no subject on which so much sheer ignorance prevails as that of her Goddess-ship's qualities and attributes. There is no legislative problem which is studied by the public, and discussed by the press so reluctantly, or so blunderingly, as the character of the laws which determine the substance and essence of those same pounds, shillings, and pence, whose abstract idea is cultivated with such zealous devotion by every body.

But it was, and is, the same in all ages and countries. Philosophers and rogues have long been aware of the power of words, and the far greater importance attached by the multitude to *names* than *things*. And the history of money supplies many strong illustrations of this common phenomenon. The virtue and value of a *denarius*, a shilling, or a livre, was always considered by the many to reside in the term. And whenever a sovereign or a state owed several more thousands of denarii, or shillings, or livres, than it was convenient to pay, the received practice was to pay the debt in a new coinage, containing, under the same denomination, only half, or perhaps two-thirds, (according to the conscience of the issuers,) of the quantity of pure silver, which was contained in the coins they had borrowed. The multitude perceived no knavery in this. They saw coins still circulating under the same names as before; and were satisfied that all must be right. They found the change always followed, to be sure, by singular alteration in all prices, and a mysterious derangement in all pecuniary transactions; but it was centuries before they found out that the one circumstance had any necessary connexion with the other.

Though direct debasement of the coinage is not so frequently practised now as formerly, and perhaps would hardly pass muster in this country in the present day, yet, in fact, we have grown very little wiser than our ancestors. We have detected that trick, it is true; but it has only to be varied very slightly to impose upon us as much as ever. The people of this country are, in fact, suffering most severely at the present moment from a very similar imposition which has been detected as yet but by a few.

We suppose we should startle our readers, and run some chance of an imputation of insanity, if we were to assert that the dense blindness of the public,—and, still more, of those who profess to protect the public interests in the legislature—to the simple principles of monetary value, has been the cause of a dead loss to the productive classes of this industrious community, within the last *fifteen* years only, of property equivalent at least to *as many hundred millions of pounds sterling*,—such as pounds sterling now are. And yet the arguments by which we propose

to demonstrate this fact are neither long nor intricate; and may be easily placed within the grasp of any ordinary understanding.

Nor is there anything very incredible on the face of the proposition. We see symptoms enough of suffering, from some cause or other, among these same classes who are engaged directly or indirectly in production; —from the owner of thousands of acres cultivated on his account by his tenantry,—or the proprietor of works and factories on which tens of thousands of monied capital have been expended,—down to the pauperized ploughman of the one, and the starving weaver but half employed by the other. And certainly it will not be from any doubts of the facility with which the public may be imposed upon, that we should hesitate to believe them to have been defrauded, even to that astonishing amount, by a mystification of the instrument with which they conduct their exchanges. On the contrary, it is not to be expected that the great body of the public should be more enlightened on this subject than was their collective wisdom not long since, when the House of Commons solemnly resolved that a guinea was worth no more than a pound-note and one shilling, in the teeth of undisputed evidence that a pound-note and eight shillings was to be obtained for any number of guineas!

It is strongly to be suspected, that were Parliament to enact to-morrow that the ounce of gold should be equivalent to only *three* pounds sterling, and be coined into three sovereigns, instead of nearly four, scarcely one person in a thousand throughout the country would consider himself injured. Our country gentlemen, manufacturers, farmers, shop-keepers, and labourers, would find the sovereigns rather plumper under their fingers than ordinary; and they would become sensible, about the same time, that the prices of all they had to sell or buy had fallen in a most unaccountable way. But the process of reasoning which is necessary to connect these two facts in their minds as *cause* and *consequence* would be too great an effort for them to master; and as for proceeding a step further, to the discovery that the remarkable fall which they would immediately experience in the rents, profits, and wages on which they live, and the distress they consequently endured, had any thing in common with the alteration in the standard—except that they chanced to happen together—this indeed would be far too much to expect of any among them!

The mass would bewail their hard fate, and some would burn ricks, perhaps, and mob their master for an increase of wages. The more respectable would raise an outcry for Reform in Parliament and the Church. The political economists would undertake to prove by mathematical and algebraic formulæ, that no one had suffered, or could suffer, through any change in the currency;—that a sovereign was still a sovereign, and a pound a pound;—that there was no distress at all, or no more than was to be accounted for by other causes;—that the fall in prices was owing solely to over-production, the fall in profits to over-accumulation, and the fall in wages to over-population;—that the only remedy for this excessive production of all good things was to check marriages, and so lessen the number of consumers. The probability is that the writers who preached this doctrine would be esteemed oracles in the cabinet, and make converts of a majority in the legislature, by which all inquiry into the cause of the general distress would be refused, and ten or a dozen sessions spent in debating about Negro Slavery, or Catholic

Emancipation, or the disfranchisement of borough A or B, or the possibility of saving a pound here and a shilling there; while the sufferings, and consequent discontent of the people were daily gaining in intensity, and threatening yet further mischief.

For, in truth, what has actually been taking place before our eyes, differed little in *mode* from the case we have here taken the liberty of imagining, and in *effect* was far more severe. The value of money *has been* raised, (not by a third or a half only, but, as we shall shortly show, *cent. per cent.*,) and though not by a new act of the legislature increasing the quantity of gold in the pound sterling, yet by (what is the same thing in effect) the enforcement of the old legal standard binding the pound sterling to represent a *fixed* quantity of gold throughout a period during which that metal has, from a concurrence of peculiar circumstances, been gradually *doubled* in value. And the consequences, therefore, to the productive classes, whose aggregate remuneration must wholly depend on the sum they can clear by sale of their produce, *after payment made of all the fixed money claims to which it is liable*, have been exactly such in every respect as would have occurred under the supposed case of a doubling of the quantity of gold in the pound sterling, the value of the metal remaining fixed. Whether, indeed, the standard is changed, the value of the metal remaining fixed, or the value of the metal is changed while the standard remains fixed, must be indifferent. The result is the same, viz. a proportionate alteration in the value of *money*, with its consequences, the vitiation of all contracts.

But so thick is, we fear, the ignorance generally prevalent upon the theory of money;—so strong are the prepossessions engendered by the habit of investing names with the attributes of things, so completely has that which is simple and obvious enough in itself been obscured and mystified by the volumes written expressly to throw light upon it;—that we cannot hope to obtain the assent of all our readers to this proposition, until they have followed us through a short statement of the fundamental principles upon which every honest inquiry into systems of currency must proceed.

Money means whatever passes "current" or "circulates" in commerce as a general "purchasing power," or "instrument of exchange;" —gold, silver, copper, iron, salt, cowries, cloth, are things that, in different times and places, have been employed as money. It is the law that determines what particular commodity shall be employed for this purpose; and the law, moreover, determines what particular quantity of that commodity shall be intended in all pecuniary contracts by certain denominations. In this country, the law at present declares that a certain number of grains of gold, of a certain fineness, shall be a pound sterling, and compels all persons who are under engagement to pay any number of pounds, to satisfy their debts in so many multiples of this quantity of gold. This law was suspended by the Restriction Act, but renewed again in 1819; since which time it is evident to all who can think upon the subject, that *prices* in Britain have been simply an expression of the quantity of gold which each article would command in exchange, and, conversely, of the quantity of different commodities which a fixed weight of gold would purchase;—that every general rise of prices was in effect a proportionate fall in the value of gold, and every fall of prices a proportionate rise in the value of gold. To say that prices

at present are generally fifty per cent. lower than they were in 1819, is one and the same thing as to say that the value of gold is one hundred per cent. higher than it was at that time.

Many persons, however, experience a difficulty in bringing their minds to grasp the idea of any alteration in the *value* of that substance which both law and custom have taught them to consider as the *standard of value*, and consequently fixed and invariable itself in that quality. In fact, the very condition on which the precious metals are employed as a standard measure of value is an assumption of their invariability. The general agreement of civilized nations throughout the commercial world to use gold and silver, one or both, as measures of value, is essentially an agreement to consider the value of these metals as an unit, or *fixed* point from which to measure the value of other things. This conventional assumption is the basis on which alone anything can be adopted as a measure. When a foot, a pint, or a pound, are employed as standard measures of length, capacity, and weight, it is necessarily assumed that these objects themselves are, and will remain, absolutely invariable in that quality of which they are taken as the measure in others. And, in the same manner, the ounce of gold or silver is necessarily assumed to be invariable in that quality, viz. value, which it is employed to measure in other things. We need not wonder, therefore, at the strong impression existing in most minds of the invariable value of the precious metals, or at the difficulty experienced in obtaining a general recognition of the important fact, (a fact which, when duly investigated, will be found to account for all the evils we have suffered through an imperfect monetary system,)—that gold and silver—the standard measures of value in use throughout the commercial world—are liable to frequent, great, and general variations in value; that the assumption on which they are universally employed as the sole expression of value in all contracts, temporary or permanent, between individuals or nations, is an utter fallacy; and that, instead of being true, just, and correct, they are, in fact, most false, treacherous, and faithless measures of the value of other things!

But so habituated, as we have said, are most persons to measure value only in money—that is, in gold or silver,—and so few possess any clear idea of value apart from such estimation, that we must still further analyse and clear up the nature of this same quality, value, before we can expect to gain the full assent of our readers to this proposition: without a clear understanding of which no one can obtain any insight into the mysteries of the monetary system—simple as they appear, when the prejudices we speak of have been once removed.

Value—exchangeable or commercial value—can mean nothing else than what Adam Smith defines it to be, *purchasing power* in the market. The value of a thing is the quantity of goods of other kinds which it will exchange for, or command. If at one time it will command twice as much of other things in the gross as at another, its value is double on the first what it is on the latter occasion, and *vice versâ*. This, we think, is indisputable.

When A, therefore, bargains, in consideration of an equivalent received in hand, to pay to B at a future time a certain value, the meaning of both parties is, that A should transfer to B, at the specified time, the power of commanding a fixed quantity of the different goods in the market,

—a little more, perhaps, of one, and a little less of another sort, according as their relative supply and demand may have varied in the interval—but, at all events, neither more nor less of *goods in the gross* than the value transferred commanded at the time of the contract. Some expressions, however, must be employed to designate this value; and civilised nations are in the habit of referring to fixed quantities of the precious metals as the measure or expression of value. But in employing them for this purpose it is taken for granted, as has been said already, that they will remain invariable in value themselves. Unhappily experience has proved this assumption to be a fallacy; gold and silver having varied in value (that is, in their command over commodities) at several periods to a great extent.

It is indisputable, for example, that they fell in value between the discovery of America and the beginning of the present century nearly in the proportion of from ten to one. The same quantity of gold or silver would purchase in the fifteenth century ten times as much of necessaries and luxuries—of goods in the gross—as it would in the nineteenth. It is equally indisputable that since 1810, when the revolution in Spanish and Portuguese America stopped the working of the mines of that country, the *value* of gold and silver has risen in a degree measured by the fall of general prices during this period, which we shall presently show to be not much less than fifty per cent.

The rise or fall in the exchangeable value of any commodity will, in the long run, depend on the greater or less facility of supplying it to meet the demand, *as compared with the average of other goods* against which it is exchanged. It matters nothing whether the change take place in the actual supply of the one commodity, or of the aggregate of others. *Value is merely relative*; and it is the relative supply of one article as compared to the mass of others which determines its value. Thus the value of iron would be equally raised by circumstances which should obstruct the supply of that metal, while all other things remained unaffected, and by circumstances of an opposite nature which should increase the supply of all other goods (or of the average of all other goods) while that of iron remained stationary.

In the progress of civilisation there is rarely, if ever, any general retrograde movement in the useful arts. But, though the facilities for the production of commodities in the aggregate are continually on the increase, there is a frequent variation in the *relative* costs of production of particular commodities; some few of which may remain stationary (or even retrograde) in their rate of supply, while the rest are advancing more or less at different rates. Should the peculiar commodity which happens to be used as the conventional measure of value—say gold—advance in the facility of its supply faster than the average of commodities, (as would follow from the discovery of new and exceedingly productive gold mines,) its value, and with it the value of money, will fall. Should the supply of gold, on the contrary, fall behind that of the aggregate of commodities, (as would be the consequence either of an exhaustion of the principal gold mines, or of an increased facility for the production of most other goods, while that of gold remained stationary,) its value, and that of money likewise, will rise in proportion.

Such variations in the exchangeable value of that commodity which the law declares to be the measure of value, and identifies with money,

would, indeed, be of little consequence if all bargains were settled in ready money at the time of their being made. But the case is far otherwise in highly civilised and commercial countries, and especially in this, where a vast multiplicity of engagements are continually outstanding for the future payment of money; and where the injury inflicted by any variations in its value must be proportionately extensive. If A bargain to pay B at any future time a specified sum of money, the sum is employed merely as an expression of value, and upon the supposition *implied in the use of money as a measure of value*, that it will remain invariable in that quality. Should it be otherwise—should the exchangeable value of money rise in the interval between the arrangement and the fulfilment of the contract, A is a loser, B a gainer: if it fall, A gains and B loses. In either case, the gain and loss are equally unfair and unjust, because uncontemplated by either party at the time of their engagement,—because the change arises only from the law having forced upon them the use of a false and treacherous measure of value.

In whatever degree, therefore, the value of money vary from time to time, in that degree are all money contracts vitiated, and the intended relations of creditors and debtors most unfairly deranged. It matters nothing what may be the originating cause of the change—whether an increased or diminished facility of producing the precious metals, or an increased or diminished facility of producing goods. The value of gold and silver, and therefore of money, depends on the *relative* supply (as compared with the demand) of those metals and of other goods; and the injustice to the parties to all money contracts is just as great, whether the immediate cause of the change in *amount* of their engagement lies in circumstances affecting the production of the precious metals or of the mass of other goods.

Now let us endeavour to ascertain what has been the gross variation in the value of money of late years. If we were to resort for this purpose to the ordinary mercantile price-currents, we might be suspected of an unfair selection of data for the purpose of proving our case. We will take, therefore, the most authentic document of the kind that is before the public—the comparative statement of the prices of the principal articles of general consumption in the years between 1819 and 1832, drawn up by the Board of Trade, and printed for Parliament in the Appendix to the Report of the late Committee on the Bank Charter. We extract from these tables the average prices of the first and last years of this term.

APPENDIX, No. 92.

Years.	English Wheat per qr.	Meat at Smithfield.		Coals, New-castle, per ch.	Iron.		Cheese.	
		Beef per st.	Mutton per st.		Bar per ton.	Pig per ton.	Cheshire per cwt.	Glocester per cwt.
1819	73*s.*	4*s.* 6*d.*	5*s.* 8*d.*	43*s.*	12*l.* 15*s.*	8*l.* 10*s.*	89*s.*	84*s.*
1832	61*s.*	3*s* 8*d.*	3*s.* 8*d.*	28*s.*	6*l.* 5*s.*	4*l.* 12*s.*	52*s.*	52*s.*
Fall in Price per cent.	17	19	35	35	51	48	38	38

APPENDIX, No. 93.

Years.	Muscov. Sugar per cwt.		Coffee per cwt.		Cotton per lb.		Hemp per ton.	
	Jamaica	Havannah	Jamaica	Java.	Georgia.	Bengal.	Riga.	Petersburg.
1819	87*s*. 6*d*	64*s*	144*s*.	158*s*.	1*s*. 7*d*	7¾*d*.	50*l*.	46*l*.
1832	56*s*.	34*s*. 6*d*.	85*s*.	47*s*.	6½*d*.	4¾*d*.	40*l*.	35*l*.
Fall in Price per cent.	35	47	41	70	66	39	20	24

	Tallow per cwt.		Whale Oil per ton.		Deals per hund Memel Yellow.	Timber. Memel per load	Tobacco per lb. Virginia Fine Blk.
	Yellow Soap.	Petersburg.	New Greenld	Spermaceti			
1819	78*s*.	74*s*.	36*l*. 10*s*.	93*l*.	22*l*. 10*s*	6*l*. 16*s*.	12*s*. 6*d*.
1832	42*s*. 6*d*	41*s*.	30*l*.	66*l*.	17*l*. 10*s*.	5*l*. 5*s*.	4*s*. 0¾*d*
Fall in Price per cent.	46	45	18	30	22	23	62

The first of these returns exhibits an average fall in the prices of necessaries of home production to the extent of more than thirty-five per cent.; the last a fall in the prices of imported raw produce (being articles likewise of the first necessity) of near forty per cent. Combining the two, we ascertain, beyond dispute, that, since the return to cash payments, which took place in 1819, the prices of these principal articles of general consumption have fallen on the average about thirty-seven and a half per cent., or very considerably more than one-third. But these tables consist exclusively of *raw produce*. The reduction in price of *manufactured* articles, prepared for consumption, has been much more considerable. In Mr. Babbage's work on the Economy of Manufactures, tables are given from the best authority, exhibiting the comparative prices of two long lists of hardware articles, in 1818 and 1830, and in 1812 and 1832. The first shows an average reduction in price of fifty-four per cent., the latter of sixty-one. The fall in cotton manufactures is undoubtedly much greater,—certainly not less than a hundred and fifty per cent. on the prices of 1818; that in woollens and linens may be about equal to the fall in hardware. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the reduction in manufactured articles is so much greater than that in raw produce as to make the gross average fall in price, if calculated from tables including the principal articles of consumption of both kinds, not less than *fifty per cent.* since 1819. In other words, the exchangeable value of gold (in which our prices are measured) has, within this short period, been *doubled!*

In the same proportion, therefore, has the value of all money engagements throughout the British empire been contemporaneously augmented; —to the unlooked-for benefit of their owners, and the equally unexpected detriment of those who stand pledged to their payment. In order to form some idea of the extent to which wealth (for the power of commanding all saleable articles is emphatically wealth) has been thus

unjustly transferred from one party to another, we must endeavour to estimate the amount of monied obligations at all times outstanding in this country.

Now the first item in this account will be something considerable, namely, the annual estimates, or the sum to be raised within the year by taxation—at present somewhere about fifty millions. If to this we add the immense mass of private liabilities, in the shape of mortgages, annuities, bond and judgment debts, and other engagements bearing interest, we shall see good reason for believing that the entire sum of existing monied obligations of a fixed amount and *permanent* character, reaches considerably above one hundred millions per annum, or at an average of *only twenty years'* purchase, *two thousand millions* in its total amount! We must add again to this at least a thousand millions as the probable amount of the constantly outstanding engagements of a temporary character, consisting of commercial bills and book-debts. This total sum, then, of three thousand millions has been gradually doubled in value during the last fourteen years by the treacherous enhancement of the legal standard of value!

But since no variation in the value of gold was contemplated by the parties to this immense mass of money engagements at the time of their being contracted; but, on the contrary, the invariability of the standard of value was tacitly and virtually assumed by them when they employed it as a measure—the increased command which has been conferred upon the owners of these vast claims over the property and labour of the other members of society who are responsible for them, represented by one-half of their total amount, or not less than *fifteen hundred millions*, is "to that extent a boon, a godsend, an unlooked-for, chance-allotted gain to the former parties; and, consequently, an unmerited, uncontemplated, and unjust loss to the latter." We do not employ the terms fraud, robbery, or spoliation in characterizing the injury sustained by the debtor party in this great revolution of property;—only because we will not believe it to have been intentionally brought about for the purposes of gain by any of its contrivers—(however greatly some of them have since profited by it, through the doubling in value of their enormous monied incomes). In all else but the *animus furandi* it has been, to all intents and purposes, as complete an act of legal robbery (for it is the law, be it remembered, that has tied down the common measure of value —the pound sterling—to a variable, chance-depending standard) as any sentence of direct confiscation that revolutionary or despotic power ever pronounced.

What renders the prodigious injustice here denounced more offensive is, that the transfer has been chiefly made from the industrious to the idle, from the producing to the non-producing classes. The vast proportion of all these monied engagements are due from the active employers of labour, land, and capital, to those persons whose income consists neither of wages, rent, nor profit, but of fixed sums of money—in a word, *the monied interest.* Need we wonder any longer at the universal and continued depression in wages, in rents, and in profits, which has accompanied this gradual appreciation of the burdens their receivers are subject to? The labourer, the land-owner, and the capitalist, only share between them what is left from the prices they obtain for their joint produce, *after* the fixed money-payments to which they are liable have been deducted. The fall of prices—which the owners of fixed money-incomes

have found so agreeable—has naturally brought ruin and beggary upon those who have to pay these same monies out of the prices they can realize for the produce of their property and industry. *High taxes*, for example, (to take but one item of the fixed charges to which the industry of the country is liable,) could be, and were, easily paid out of *high prices*, and left *high wages*, *high rents* and *high profits* to the classes whose labour and property are engaged in production. But when *high* taxes are (as now) to be paid out of *low* prices, the case is altered materially, and wages, rent, and profits are necessarily sunk far below the proportion of the fall in prices.

Hence the complaints which echo around us from all the classes directly or indirectly concerned in production,—

> "Hence credit,
> And public trust 'twixt man and man, is broken;
> The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
> Which fed the wants of hinds and artisans,
> Who, therefore, curse the great, and threat rebellion."

In the estimate we have now given of the injury sustained by the productive classes of this country through the late appreciation of its standard of value, we have confined our attention to the effect produced by the difference between the prices of the present day, and those of the period preceding the return to cash payments. This difference, however, was not brought about by a gradual and uniform decline. On the contrary, the price-currents of the last fourteen years exhibit a series of extraordinary oscillations in the value of money, whose deranging effect upon all pecuniary engagements must be added to that of the general depression of prices in which they have terminated, if it is desired to obtain a just conception of the monetary revolutions of that period.

The general appreciation of gold is to be accounted for, as we have said, only by a relative decrease of its supply to meet the demand, as compared with the contemporaneous supply of the average of other goods. The *secondary* or cross fluctuations (which have been, on the whole, productive perhaps of as large an amount of mischief as even the general decline) may be clearly traced to two sets of circumstances, viz. 1st the local and temporary fluctuations peculiarly incidental to that metal (gold) which we have most unwisely chosen as our standard of value in preference to that which is employed by every other commercial state—silver. 2dly. The fluctuations caused through the injudicious management of our paper circulation by those on whom the law has unwittingly conferred a supreme power over its amount, and who have consequently been enabled to raise or lower the prices of our markets, for a time, to almost any extent that, for their own private purposes, or what they might choose to imagine the interests of the public, they thought advisable. The consideration of these two points, involving as they do the character both of our present standard and paper circulation, must be referred to a future occasion. A. B. C.

Note.—Our readers will not so far misunderstand this paper as to suppose that we desire any measure which should lower the legal standard of value. It is one thing to acknowledge and expose the changes which *have* undeniably taken place in the value of the standard, with a view to providing for its greater stability in future, —and quite another—indeed, the very reverse, to advocate a change in the law which shall add another sweeping derangement in the value of all pecuniary contracts to those which have already been productive of so much mischief.

FOUR VIEWS OF LONDON.

A MAN—and a man of observation too—may live all his life in London, and yet not have seen one-half of what is to be seen in it. It has perhaps never struck many persons—but it is a truth which he who doubts may verify for himself—that the four ends of this mighty metropolis present to the eye of a student of mankind four as distinct classes of towns-people, with habits and manners as different from each other as though they were of so many various races of men. Enter Spitalfields, and you will find yourself among thronging thousands of human beings, varying as much in size and appearance from the thousands living on the north side of London, as the stunted Laplander from the lofty-statured American aborigine. The young men of this dismal region of distress and excessive labour have at the age of twenty the look and apparent wear of thirty; the men of forty show as if sixty winters had withered them; the men of sixty are few indeed, unnaturally old, and horribly bowed and bent into all attitudes of deformity: -crooked spines, round shoulders, and heads drooping unusually forward, being the most common marks of labour pursued beyond the strength of that ill-paid and ill-fed class of artizans, the silk-weavers of that industrious neighbourhood. But what strikes you with melancholy wonder, is the shortness of stature of all: five feet two is the common height of these decrepit beings; a man of six feet, if you meet with such a resident, is not "native and to the manner born," and follows not the staple business of the district. Three or four years since, a procession of some hundreds of these weavers passed through the city to watch some question on silk manufactures, then before the House of Commons: it was the most wretched sight ever beheld in this mighty metropolis. The diminutiveness of these hard-fated men first met your eyes; then their starved and emaciated looks; and lastly, their "looped and windowed raggedness."

One-half of London, as I have said, is so much a *terra incognita* to many who have lived all their days in the other half of it, that I felt curious to see these unfortunate beings in their own quarter, and took the first leisure day I had to wander amongst them. I had not been in that neighbourhood for thirty years, and was not surprised to find that everything seemed as new to me as if I had dropt into an alien city, and among men and things new and strange. It was the season of one of our holiday festivals, and afforded me an opportunity to trace them to their haunts for such poor amusements and enjoyments as they could find time to take and pence to purchase. Nothing could be more melancholy: the wretched tea-garden, (or rather a place so called, where, at two-pence a head, hot water and crockery are supplied to such parties as bring their own tea, sugar, &c.,) with its soot-black grass-plat and a swing for the children, the public-house and its covered skittle-ground, were the alpha and the omega of their amusements. At one place an attempt was made at a soaped pole and a leg of mutton, as a lure to draw company; but no one that I could see was inclined to try "how hard it was to climb." At another part a sickly-looking lad was engaged by a publican, as a Whitsuntide attraction, to pick up a hundred stones in a given time. A few gathered together, porter and pipes were indulged in, but there was an entire absence of all mirth and enjoyment. One day, though a holiday, was not sufficient to make them forget all their privations and poverty. See them, again, straggling from church or chapel on the Sunday: cleanly rags are their raiment, and squalor still saddens their faces, which even "the light from heaven" cannot brighten into cheerfulness. Enter their homes, or content yourself with merely looking at them or into them: wretchedness is there, and is the hard landlord of their hearths. If there is one portion of this metro-

polis which more than another requires a thorough investigation into the comforts and wants of its working classes, it is Spitalfields*.

Turning away from this unhappy spot, direct your steps towards that Bœotia of thriving blackguardism, Whitechapel. This wart on the "great wen" is as distinct and seems as excrescentitious as if cut off from another city, and somehow added to this. And yet its peculiarities are thoroughly English. Its blackguards seem as proper to the spot as they are unlike any other genus of that abundant class. Here you lose sight of the dwarfish and dwindled weavers, and are moving among men of might—fellows of thews and sinews, genuine specimens of the stuff of which common men are made—no porcelain and brittle ware, but unqualified English clay and flint-stone, roughly annealed, but strong, solid, and serviceable. The minds of these men are not the minds of those of other quarters of London: their idioms are their own; their very oaths are peculiar to themselves and themselves alone; and of course their manners are as unique and wholly local. "A Whitechapel bird" was once a well-known designation of a thorough-paced rascal—one versed in all the accomplishments of bull-baiting, dog fancying and stealing, Sunday-morning boxing-matches, larcenies great and small, duffing, chaffering, and all other kinds and degrees of low and high villany. Thirty years ago, no Smithfield market-day passed over without what was called a "bull-hank," which consisted in selecting a likely beast to afford sport from any drove entering Whitechapel, and hunting him through the streets till he became infuriated:—when they had had their fun out, and enough fright and alarm had spread around to satisfy them, the poor beast was then knocked on the head, and delivered over to his owner, if they could find him. If opposed in their amusement, knives were drawn in a moment, and used, too, as quickly. These atrocities are now beaten out of them by the strong arm of the law. The "natives" are still great pigeon-fanciers. This is an expensive hobby, when much indulged, for the collection of a connoisseur is nothing if not large, and containing specimens of the choicest birds. It is not uncommon for an amateur, looking at whose rags you would think him pennyless, to be possessed of property of this kind worth from forty to fifty pounds. Every thing is sacrificed to this taste—clothes, comfort, and even his own and his children's bread, where the fancy reigns paramount. Parties of these men are sometimes seen in summer on the hills about Highgate, each man with his couple of bags of tumblers, blue-rocks, &c. Taking their stand on these eminent spots, a bird at a time is thrown up, and after making a few circles in the air, as if to reconnoitre objects at a distance with which its eyes are familiar, it mounts still higher, and dwindling into a speck, takes its unerring road home. The bags emptied, the fanciers then descend and wind their way also to Whitechapel, discussing the merits of their birds as they wander along. This, however, is a very harmless taste, for the beauty of shape and feather, and the graceful flight of this bird, are certainly not unworthy of admiration: it is only to be regretted, perhaps, that a creature which can soar so high, and delights so much to

* A friend, who had occasion to meet a committee of these wretched men during the agitation of the question of Free Trade, describes his interview as of the most painful nature. There were present nearly two hundred of these deplorable beings: the place of consultation was a tavern, but all the refreshment they could afford themselves during the business of the evening was *water*—cans of it being placed on the table, and small mugs beside them, to be filled as wanted. Several of these men rose at various times to address him, but, after a few sentences, broke down from mere physical exhaustion; and no wonder,—for their earnings at this time amounted to something less than five shillings per week, the labour demanded for it being from fourteen to sixteen hours per day;—and even this ill paid labour failed them every fourth or fifth week, thus reducing their income to a still lower average. My informant was so shocked by the misery he had witnessed, that he himself raised by subscription among his friends somewhat more than a hundred pounds, and transmitted the amount to their committee.

tumble itself through half miles of air, should at last tumble on its back into a pie-dish, with its legs thrust through the crust.

Whitechapel and vulgarity have long been synonymes, and the professors of "that ilk" are, one would think, guardedly jealous to preserve its character for coarseness, and keep it intact. And yet, strange as it may appear, at the theatre of its neighbourhood, the Pavilion, Shakspeare's plays are performed more frequently, and to fuller and more absorbed audiences, than the patent theatres can boast. "The poetry of earth is never dead!"—if it fades where it flourished, "grows dim and dies," in the west, it shifts its soil, takes root, and lifts up its head again in the east. A Garrick was given to the stage by this people; that is something to their honour, and makes them classical.

A Whitechapel butcher is the beau ideal of a butcher. One of the same trade from an opposite quarter is no more to be compared with him than I with Hercules. Pick out a specimen from the west, and he cannot compete a moment with him of the east. Not he: the one is sophisticate and "affects an air:" he is part tradesman, part gentleman; doffs the steel, blue apron, and dirty top-boots, wrinkling down to the heels, and assumes the white apron, sporting-cut coat, fashionable trowsers and Wellingtons understrapped: in short, he is a butcher with modern improvements. Not so his type of Whitechapel: he is unsophisticate: what he is now, his fathers were before him, and his sons will perhaps be after him: he scorns the march of mind, and sticks to his fresh mutton and old manners. As it is with the butcher, so is it with the rest of the population. Their total habits, tastes, their language, idioms, houses, streets, &c. &c., are at least forty years behind those of any other part of "the wen;"—not even Nash himself could improve the *locale*, nor a forty-Johnson-power lexicographer push their lagging language up in time to join the march to improvement of that of the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Leaving the thousands which make populous such places as Wapping and Ratcliff Highway, as, though peculiar, and having some distinguishing traits, unworthy of more curious notice, let us at once pass to St. George's Fields and its "thereabout." Here you are among another race and other manners. In this little locality there are more boys and "young fellows" living heaven and Union-hall only know how, than in all London put together. Observe that group idling at the corner of the London-road. The oldest of the party is sixteen or seventeen, and in dress might be taken for an honest and respectable lad; but look again at his companions. There are five of them, from ten to fourteen years old, ragged, dirty, shoeless, and hatless. What is he, and what are they? They are, or will be, thieves, and he either is, or will be, their leader to the gaol or the gallows, as it happens. Such groups are to be found in all parts of this vicinity, apparently unnoticed by the police;—it is only when bands of them amounting to a handsome number, and taking the title of "the Forty Thieves," are discovered to be the perpetual petty despoilers of a neighbourhood, that magistrates shake their powdered heads, and marvel at the depravity of the rising generation; when, if they did their duty, these nests of incubating gaol-birds might be taken in the egg, and their superabundance kept under. The eyes of a magistrate, if he would use them out of his office-walls, would do as much good to this district, as the addition of a hundred men to the police force. Indeed, an ambulating magistracy, daily visiting the most notorious haunts of crime, and in disguise spying into the comers and goers therein, those who house and those who are housed, and acting as surveyors of the moral condition of their districts, would further the main intentions of the law, which were meant to prevent as well as to punish derelictions from its highways into its byeways and crooked and intricate alleys. They should be as much as possible personally unknown to the class of persons over whom they are appointed to watch; and to secure this non-recognition, if they were moved about over the various districts of London, taking the

places of each other in regular rotation, their usefulness as secret officers of what I would call a moral police would be secured and made effectual. Investigation into the haunts of depravity should be their sole duty; what they observe should be duly reported and acted upon by the sitting magistrates only, these ambulatory magistrates never being seen either on the bench or in the office, though held strictly responsible for their public conduct. Their reports should, of course, be transmitted at stated times to the Home Secretary, and preserved as documents to be appealed to as to the character of particular places, houses, and persons. It may be objected, that such an office would approach too near to the obnoxious character of a spy of the inquisition; and that such powers might lead to great abuse:—but there is little real danger of the last;—men of education, responsible for their official conduct, and living in a country where public opinion is at all times a check upon wrong-doing, are not likely to become enthusiasts and intemperate in such matters;—and as to the mere name and nature of such an office, its being called inquisitorial would not make it so: besides, there are many officers connected with the government to which the same opprobrium might just as reasonably apply—such as commissioners of Excise, &c., whose duties are indeed more inquisitorial. It may be thought, too, that such powers would be better placed in the hands of inferior persons—such as the superintendents of police; but to such men I must think that such a commission could not so safely be entrusted: my principal objection is, that they are already personally known to the suspected, and their usefulness would consequently be defeated; and secondly, they are in that condition of life which renders them liable to such temptations as those who live by injuring society are always ready and capable of throwing in their way to hoodwink their eyes, padlock their lips, and baffle their very intention as a controlling check upon the increasing population of criminals.

But growing crime is nothing with these ministers of the law until it darkens all the land. Some ill-weed is now and then brought before them, to show how the noxious growth threatens to choke the serviceable wheat, and they curiously examine it, ask a few questions as to its nature and habits, and then order it to be returned to the spot from which it was taken, and if it does not conduct itself like a well-behaved weed, it is to be brought before them again, and similarly tended and toyed with, instead of being, as it should be, nipped itself, and the whole genus, of which it is but a selected specimen, extirpated, root, and shoot, and seed. But this would save much after trouble; and if there were no weeds there would be no occasion for weeding, and the weeders might lose their occupation: therefore they permit their growth, and when they are so tall that blind Justice runs her nose against them, then, and not till then, is it thought proper to root them up. St. George's Fields is the Surrey College of Crime. If the dispensers of justice doubt it, let them drop into the public-houses surrounding the Obelisk. They will there find rooms full of women of a certain sort, and fancy-men who live on them. The usual gallantry is here reversed; for the "ladies" treat the "gemmen," and the courting, if you may call it such, comes from the same fair quarter. Pulling of caps and destroying of bonnets are as common in these houses as gin and beer. Miss A. suspects Miss B. of a design to "circumvent" her in the manly bosom of Sam Simpson, who is her "dear friend,"—that is, he shares two-thirds of all she obtains in her vocation, as lawful compliment or lawless booty, besides other perquisites. Sam is out of place, and no wonder: his last employer marked some money put into his till, which Sam was somehow detected in taking. He was not prosecuted, because he had respectable friends, a heart-broken mother, and a benevolent master. As Sam stole this and other monies to supply the necessities of Miss A., the least she can do is to support him till he can find another master, not so particular in marking his half-sovereigns. Such men are not met with

every day; and in the mean time Sam is in no hurry: idleness is not so unpleasant as moralists have said it is. He becomes her dependent; her means failing, he meets with Jones and Johnson, dashing young fellows, spending freely, swearing the newest oaths, and keeping their gigs and girls "quite respectable;" who, some night, when the brandy and water is potent, unbosom themselves, and they are—burglars,—in the language of their craft, cracksmen. Sam is at first a little startled, but is at last partly tempted and partly taunted into joining them in "cracking a crib," and consents, his previous education as a pilferer and after depravity as a hanger-on upon a strumpet having prepared him for any card which may turn up in the course of the new deal. His first enterprise is successful—the booty is something "not to be sneezed at;" and he can now afford, instead of being kept by Miss A., to keep a Miss B. of his own. Miss A. had latterly become "decidedly low," drank gin and water, and indulged other commonplace tastes—perhaps, too, was a little squeamish in matters of robbery, and he therefore cuts her. She was always a girl of no particular spirit, and consequently quite unfit for a man of his present kidney; Miss B., on the contrary, "knows what's what," and is a handsome hand at a "fence." And now he smokes cigars and drinks his "mixed" like a *gemman*, and is the envy where he was the despised of his former associates. They make shrewd guesses at his new resources, but have no insurmountable objections to them, for Sam is liberal: "lightly come, lightly go," is his maxim; and they are not the persons to be scrupulous as to the means, so that they participate in the ends: who but an over-fastidious fellow would interrogate the shillings in his purse, to know whether they had circulated through none but cleanly and honest hands! And so he goes on "till his offence smells rank to" Union-hall; and, at the worst, Sam Simpson sounds as well in a Horsemonger lane dying-speech as any better name. This is really Tom Smith's history, but it will be, with no very material variations, Sam Simpson's; for having started in the same way, and running the same road, he is likely to arrive at the same goal or gaol, just as the Fates shall direct these diphthongs to be hereafter placed.

While this is going on in the parlour, there is another Simpson playing the same part, but in a minor theatre, in the tap-room. He makes his way to notoriety for petty crime, by somewhat similar but inferior means, but means which pester society as summer vermin annoy individuals: their bite is not so bad as a dog's, but it is annoying and inimical to comfort notwithstanding. There are a thousand Simpsons on the Surrey side of the water, but it is nobody's business to know them till they make themselves notorious. They may not all pursue the same path to the same centre, nor would seven or seventy persons making for the middle ground of the Seven Dials take the same road to it, but they arrive there in the end. Other flash-houses in the same vicinity have their Simpsons too, but they are of a still lower grade. These are the young apes of greater rascals —boys of fourteen and fifteen, who have studied that Arabian Nights Entertainment of the willing to be vile and already half-depraved, the Newgate Calendar, till they are enamoured of its crimes and criminals, and long to revive some forgotten page of its corrupting history. These juvenile Jonathan Wilds and Dick Turpins assume the man, smoke their pipes indoors and out drink gin enough to poison a Dutchman, swear surprisingly well, and "keep their girls!!" The reader will perhaps be disinclined to believe this last fact: he knows nothing of London and its vicious if he doubts it. Every one of these boys is destined "to smell rue," as they call being put upon trial—that plant and others being commonly spread over the ledges of the prisoner's dock, the jury-box, and the tables of criminal courts, as disinfectants. The police know these haunts of young depravity well, and there their intelligence stops. The true use of such a service should be to shut up such houses, and disperse, if they cannot extirpate, their frequenters. But no—though they know them to be thieves, yet as

nothing can be brought home to them which would bring with it "its own reward," they refuse to touch them till what is technically called their "weight" is lumping, and would kick the judicial beam. The circumspect law will not treat a thief as a thief till it can prove him so: his reputation and his own undisguised confession of his calling go for nothing. He is watched—only when he is not at work, and consequently, if he is clever, and a neat artist, he may live from fifteen to fifty years, and never feel the hand of "old mother Antic" laid on his sacred head. There are men now moving about this city, reputed thieves for thirty or forty years, who have never got farther into the labyrinths of limbo than the bar of Bow-street, where some honest attorney, or their own cunning and ingenuity, stayed further progress, and returned them among society, admonished but not amended, only made more circumspect for the future. The liberty of the thief is sacred; the liberty of an honest man holds good till it is convenient to violate it: for in the country where this tenderness for the rights of the depraved members of society exists in force at all times, there, in time of war, a man known to have served at sea in any capacity may be violently taken from his house and family, sent abroad to serve his king, and sent home again with one sleeve of his jacket hanging to his button-hole, or one leg safely stowed away in Jones's sea-locker for such odd waifs and strays. "What would you recommend then?"—Simply this, that suspected criminals should not be more respected than known mariners. If magistrates can now send a reputed thief to the tread-mill for three months, let them stretch a point, and make it years, and Sam Simpsons would be scarce in London: three years of persevering punishment of them would extirpate the race. In the meantime some means of making them useful should be devised: as society has lost by them, let it gain something in return. Set to work, that most dreaded of all hardships to men of desperate courses, as soon as they show decided marks of amendment, give them their liberty, under certain rigid conditions; watch over their goings-on for a time; afford them the opportunity to be honest and industrious; treat them as wards of justice; let them never be lost sight of:—if they go on well, it is well; but if they relapse, not from necessity, but incurable dishonesty, away with them at once and for ever. White labourers will be wanted before many years in the West Indies: men black with crime could not, in that event, reasonably wonder if they should be thought of less value than black men, innocent of every crime but that of being unable to right themselves of the wrongs they have so long endured.

But this is perhaps too reasonable to be expected. Authority seems rather to prefer peddling with criminals to putting them down: their lease of crime is not out, and if it is, may be renewed for a life or lives. They are still, and no doubt will be, free to pass through the fifty villanies of their career, and it will not be till the fifty-first that they will be asked to give some account of themselves before a jury of their countrymen. At present, our police is a careful nurse, tenderly watching over the infancy of crime, patting its juvenile eccentricities on the head, and not controlling it in anything till it is uncontrollable itself: then, indeed, it is terribly irate, and makes use of all the bug-a-boo terrors of rope, Dr. Cotton, and scaffold, to snub the young rascality into decency of behaviour, when a pennyworth of punishment, properly applied in the first stage of delinquency, would have cured the vice in its earliest inclinations, and made of a man who is now only thought fit to be hanged a decent member of the state.

A visiter to London who has not seen what is called the New Cut has not looked upon one of the most characteristic bits of the metropolis. The place is unique, and only wants antique-looking houses with gable roofs, jutting stories, and dangling signs, to be the most picturesque of spots. It is almost one shop from its east end to its west end: nothing English reminds you so much of Vanity Fair; and it has as many booths, where you

will find all things needful and unneedful, laid out on the pathway-side to tempt you—books, prints, tools, instruments, knick-knacks of all kinds; portraits so numerous, and embracing so great a variety of faces, that any man might pick out a companion pair of his grandfather and grandmother; pocket-handkerchiefs which you could almost swear were once your property, and impulsively and innocently you look at the initial corners, but they are now illiterate: indeed, if you have lost any article lately, visit this spot, and ten to one but you can repurchase it at half the price you first gave for it. Here, too, are all sorts of eatables:—pickle-pork that *may be* pickled Perkins, it looks so like salted and soddened humanity; oysters gape at you with open mouths; and fish that have long forgotten all maritime matters—it is so long since they have left the sea, stare on you with glazed eyes. The New Cut-ians seem abandoned to such sensualities as plum-pudding—the plums so "few and far between" that they are indeed "like angels' visits;" and "baked potatoes, all hot:" at every corner you meet with a Smith or Jones blowing this baked delicacy "with bated breath and whispered" wishes that it would cool down to the eating point; another is seen shifting the smoking viand from hand to hand, partly to reduce its heat, and partly to warm his fingers. Sausages frying and frizzing; trotters, pickled and fresh; stewed eels and pickled ditto; herrings, red and soused; black puddings and tawny polonies; pigs' ears and pettitoes; cakes infinite, bulls' eyes, lollipops, hardbake, comfits, roast apples, baked pears, and Buonaparte's ribs, salute your nose and eyes at every step. One would think the entire population were wholly employed in eating, drinking, and sucking sweetmeats from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; but there is plenty of business going on besides: gin-shops abound; the bye-streets are all alive with the hangers-on upon society—for here, too, are hundreds of loungers against wall and post, in sea-jackets, never yet wetted with the salt spray—all with idle hands in their pockets, waiting only for the opportunity to be more industriously employed in the pockets of others. This entire neighbourhood needs a moral scouring; but who will handle the scrubbing brush? Not the magistrates of London as now constituted.

We will now pass to Paddington: an omnibus will trundle and rumble and jerk and jar your bones there "for the small charge of sixpence;" and you never yet was in one. Do you not hear? You are asked by that mongrel-military man with a dragoon cap, he who hangs by the door-handle, "If you are going down?" Yes, you are; then go like a gentleman: there are only thirty insides, all decent clerks, fagged and harmless, and going home to their tea: what have you to fear? Never mind Islington and its natives and settlers; they are but commonplace people, very wealthy, very healthy, pseudo-pious, and prone to indulge in the pharisaical parading of gilt prayer-books in the streets on Sundays. There is a great deal of beauty and comeliness to be seen among the women of that lively town on "the seventh day"—finer complexions, and brighter eyes, and lighter steps, nowhere round London. Its inhabitants are the most church-and-chapel-going people I wot of; and its booksellers, who are numerous and respectable, and make a good literary show, have their shop-windows crammed with works of a religious character. Islington has much of the look of a country town, with its trees here and there, and its green, which is so, and its shops, showy, small, but genteel. The arrival of the several northern mails in the evening gives its high-street an especial bustle and picturesqueness: it is besides the grand outlet and inlet of all the north-going and coming coaches; and here are first dropped, on their arrival at the margin of the metropolis, all sorts of English foreigners—Sandies in plaid cloaks; Dandy Dinmonts from Yorkshire, on graziering expeditions; and Manchester Nicol Jarvies in woollen waistcoats, and worsted stockings an inch thick of web.

Never mind Pentonville: it is not now what it was,—a place of some rural beauty;—the fields behind it *were*, in my time, as wild and picturesque,—with their deep green lanes, richly hedged and studded with flowers which have taken fright, and moved off miles away—their stately "elms and hillocks green," as they are now melancholy and cut up with unfinished and of course unoccupied rows of houses, run up during the paroxysm of the brick and mortar mania of times past, and now tumbling in ruin, with the foolish fortunes of the speculators. The march of town-innovation upon the suburbs has driven before it all that was green, silent, and fitted for meditation. Here, too, is that Paradise of apprentice boys, White *Cundick Couse*, as it is cacophoniously pronounced by its visiters, which has done much to expel the decencies of the district. Thirty years ago this place was better frequented—that is, there was a larger number of respectable adults—fathers and mothers, with their children, and a smaller moiety of shop-lads and such like Sunday bucks, who were awed into decency by their elders. The manners, perhaps, are much upon a *par* with what they were. The ball-room gentlemen then went through country-dances with their hats on and their coats off;—hats are now taken off, but coats are still unfashionable on these gala nights. The belles of that day wore long trains to their gowns: it was a favourite mode of introduction to a lady there, to tread on it, and then apologising handsomely, acquaintance was begun, and soon ripened into an invitation to tea and the hot loaves for which these gardens were once celebrated. Being now a popular haunt, those who hang on the rear of the march of human nature, the suttlers, camp-followers, and plunderers, know that where large numbers of men or boys are in pursuit of pleasure, there is a sprinkling of the number to whom vice and debauchery are ever welcome: they have, therefore, supplied what these wanted: and Pentonville may now hold up its head, and boast of its depravities before any other part of London. Get in, then, and descending the hill, you will find yourself at Battle-bridge, among a people as characteristic and looking as local as if the spot had been made for them, and they for the spot. At a glance you will perceive what are the distinctions which make the difference between them and the population you have just passed through. It is the grand centre of dustmen, scavengers, horse and dog dealers, knackermen, brickmakers, and other low but necessary professionalists. The neighbourhood is, however, improving, and its poorer dwellers are getting gradually pushed farther into the background—out of sight, but not out of reach of another faculty, if you have a nose with its sense unimpaired.

Bump—thump—thump—bump! Well, this may, by latitude of expression, be called riding, but I should call it omnibus ill-usage,—the apothecary's direction with variations—"when taken" to Paddington "to be well shaken." Mr. Shillibeer might very properly be charged with "pitching and tossing in the public streets." I never heartily liked the French, and now I like them less for inventing these Leviathans of the highway. But how should Frenchmen know anything about creature and especially carriage comforts!—Here we are, in all six and twenty sweating citizens, jammed, crammed, and squeezed into each other like too many peas in one pod, or an African's toes in the shoe of a Chinese. I feel that I shall bear the impression of the six brass buttons of the blue coat with a plethoric somebody in it for a month to come. Phew! pish! pooh!—how hot it is. Mr. Conductor, do let me out, for if this is "the way" all the way to Paddington, why then farewell for ever to that Ultima Thule of sprawling London, for I shall never reach it.....Thank heaven! we are on the firm earth again!......No, yes—oh Shakspeare and the Nine! what have we here?—The Royal Clarence Theatre, and Shakspeare's noblest play, "Hamlet," and the part of the melancholy Prince by a "star" from the east.—Here be refinements for you!—Where, ten years since—"nay,

not so much"—stood that sublime, sifted wonder of cockneys, the cloud-kissing dust-heap, which sold for twenty thousand pounds, stands now a little structure, large enough for the mighty mind of Shakspeare to speak within its walls, and where no doubt you may, if you have no vulgar prejudice against what is good because it is humbly placed, hear him discourse "most eloquent music." Come, this is better than bumping one's way to Paddington! I'll enter.....The interior is somewhat fantastic, but light, and pretty too; and respectably filled with Battle-bridge beaux and belles, and not a dustman that I can see. I shall be very comfortable. "A bill of the play, Ma'am—thank you—a penny?"—The curtain rises—"FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO."....A very respectable performance throughout, and the *Hamlet* Shakspearian and excellent. So much for a day's ramble in London.

W.

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

THE beautiful art of which we are about to speak has now become so universal in England, that there is scarcely a house in which some musical instrument is not to be found. Choral societies abound, not only in the cities and great towns, but in country villages, where, also, bands of wind instruments are becoming frequent. To show how generally the pianoforte is cultivated, we shall cite two very opposite facts. Not many years ago, the annual balance-sheet of one great metropolitan manufactory is said to have exhibited, upon one stock-taking, a profit of something more than ninety thousand pounds! and about that time the writer was informed by a workwoman engaged in his family, that, in *the yard* (a provincial synonyme for court) in which she lived, and which was inhabited entirely by the working class, there were twelve pianofortes, and a young person opposite taught the instrument at sixpence a lesson. Here are the two extremities; and the slightest casual observation must have taught every one that the intermediate spaces of society exhibit a consentaneous pursuit of musical taste and acquirement. The vast catalogues put forth by the music-sellers; the extraordinary number of plates they possess, amounting, in the aggregate, to hundreds of thousands; the daily additions they make to their copyright, (for almost every performer, certainly every great performer, is now a composer,) to say nothing of the arrangements, which are perhaps even more numerous; and the introduction of improved and of new instruments, all together create a commerce that laughs to scorn Dr. Colquhoun's computation of the income raised from the Fine Arts. We most potently believe that more than the sum he estimates for the production of them all (fourteen hundred thousand pounds per annum) is returned by music-vending and music-teaching alone. The aggregate income of the London profession, instrumentalists and singers, for performance only, amounts to a sum that would seem positively incredible to those unaccustomed to such calculations; and, in spite of the complaints of such persons, that talent is insufficiently rewarded, the receipts for concerts during the London

seasons are enormously vast. During the period between the third week in April and the first week in July, not a day passes without one or more public concerts; in May there are more frequently two and three than one. These are independent of the private parties, which are also to the amount of one, two, and three upon the same evening, during the season, at the houses of persons of quality. The singers of the highest estimation are actually worn to the bone by the fatigue they undergo, although they evade the toil of getting up new songs by repeating the same (not more than from six to twelve at the very extent) from concert to concert, and from house to house. About five years ago, the rage for festivals, upon a scale of grandeur unequalled in any other country in the world, had risen to such a height, that there were no less than ten in the same year (1828) in provincial towns, viz.—at Cambridge, Salisbury, Hereford, Derby, York, Manchester, Bury, Exeter, Brighton, and Denbigh (the Eisteddvod). The aggregate receipts fell little, if at all, short of fifty thousand pounds. This is strictly the art and commerce of Music. But to these accounts are to be added the Italian Opera, the Oratorios, the musical proportions of the English theatres;—Covent Garden and Drury Lane probably give two operas a week, upon an average, during the season; Vauxhall, and other less prominent entertainments,—such as Musical Societies, the Madrigal, Catch, and Glee Clubs, &c. &c., which meet constantly. Lastly comes the establishment of the Royal Academy, and closes the items that make up the account. When we couple with these external demonstrations, so to speak, the music of the provinces, and the domestic cultivation they afford, it might be thought a sufficient proof that England has a clear title to be called a musical nation.

But the world at large allows to England no such distinction. And why? The reasons are many; and honest candour compels us to confess there is but too much justice in the charge. We may, perhaps, be pardoned a short digression to this topic.

"The English enjoy music," say foreigners, "by purchase, not by inheritance. They have no original music; they have no real, no passionate sense of its beauties or its perfections;—they are musical only because they are dull and are rich: hence they must be diverted; and they can afford to pay for the highest species of diversion and the noblest examples. But they are incapable alike of feeling or appreciating the excellence they pay for."

Our claims to original composition are founded chiefly upon our early church music and on glees. The latter, of which we so especially boast ourselves, were described by the liveliest French writer who has ever treated of music as "*quelque chose bien triste*," this being the nearest definition he could come to. Our early church music possesses originality, as well as vigour and fine expression. But are the oratorios of Handel English or not? They are the work of a German; but it is very questionable whether they would have been produced in any other country than England, for the plain reason, that in no other country, all great and glorious as they are, would they have strongly assimilated with the national feeling. *There was once* a certain depth and intensity of the affections in England which belonged to no other people, and which were displayed even in their amusements. We shall hereafter have occasion to note the change and its effects; but such *was* the character of the national sentiment. This grave and solemn, but latent and silently

rapturous intelligence of art was made sensible in Handel's sacred works; yet still, whilst our countrymen idolize the musical giant "with his hundred hands," and contend vehemently and passionately for his naturalization amongst us, the bare, naked facts that he was a foreigner, that he received his musical temperament from German parents, and his musical education from foreign instruction and from study abroad, are not to be contradicted. In the existing state of science we have little or nothing that is permanent but Handel. Of Purcell, a very small portion survives; more, perhaps, of Arne; and so ends our catalogue of ancient English masters, if authors so near our own time may be so called. Of the modern hereafter. See, then, to what narrow limits our pretensions are reduced!

The second and worser accusation, that the English are incapable of estimating the charms of composition or performance, stands mainly upon the ground of our reserved temper. The Germans in some degree, the French in a greater, nay, all nations but the Italians, share it, and are inculpated with us. M. Beyle, who has written under the several names of Stendthal and Bombet, in his lives of Haydn and Mozart, has the following passage:—"You will be disappointed, my dear Louis, if ever you visit Italy, to find the orchestras so inferior to that of the Odeon, and perhaps not more than one or two good voices in a company. You will think that I have been telling you travellers' tales. Nowhere will you meet with an assemblage like that of Paris, when you had at the Opera Madame Barilli, Mesdames Neri and Festa; and for men, Crivelli, Tachinardi, and Porto. But do not despair of your evening: the singers, whom you will think indifferent, will be electrified by a sensible and enthusiastic audience; and the fire spreading from the boxes to the theatre, and from the theatre to the boxes, you will hear them sing with an unity, a warmth and spirit, of which you have not even an idea; you will witness moments of delirium, when both performers and auditors will be lost in the beauty of a *finale* of Cimarosa. It signifies nothing giving Crivelli thirty thousand francs at Paris; you must purchase also a public fitted to hear him, and to cherish the love which he has for his art. He gives a simple and sublime trait; it passes unnoticed. He gives a common and easily distinguished embellishment; and forthwith every one, delighted to show that he is a connoisseur, deafens his neighbours by clapping as if he were mad. But these applauses are without any real warmth: his feelings are unmoved; it is only his judgment which approves. An Italian gives himself up without fear to the enjoyment of a fine air the first time he hears it; a Frenchman applauds with a sort of anxiety,—he is afraid of having approved of what is but indifferent. It is not till after the third or fourth representation, when it is fully determined that the air is delicious, that he will dare to cry *Bravo!* accenting strongly the first syllable to show that he understands Italian. Observe how he says to his friend, whom he meets in the green-room at a first representation, 'How divine that is!' He affirms with his lips, but with his eye he interrogates. If his friend does not reply with another superlative, he is ready to dethrone his divinity. The musical enthusiasm of Paris admits of no discussion; everything is either *délicieux* or execrable. On the other side the Alps, every man is sure of what he feels, and the discussions about music are endless."

We are afraid there is but too much truth in this relation; and it

applies eminently to the pride, self-love, and immobile manners of our own countrymen. Thus it happens that warmth and energy of character are the distinctions of the more southern nations, and give them the ascendancy over our cold, hesitating indecision; we lose not only the predominance which a bold and decided expression of feeling bestows, but all title to pronounce upon the productions of art and their execution; in a word, it is thus we are reduced to take the tone from, instead of giving it to, others. The judgment, therefore, resides with them. There are other facts connected with the state of our manners which have their effect in lowering the standard of musical taste; but this will be developed by our relation of the progress of musical incidents.

The period we have taken as the point from which to mark the course and degree of our musical elevation or depression is selected because a new era, not only of taste, but perhaps of science, was just commencing; and when the object is to demonstrate differences, there must always be a rule of reference. A long time necessarily elapses before improvements in art, however striking, are universally known and acknowledged. Thus we cannot date the general reception of the works of Haydn and Mozart, the grand improvers, till the close of their lives, which accorded nearly with the conclusion of the last century.

We have said, then, there commenced a new era of science. By this we mean to refer to the enlargement of those limits to which the strict harmonists of a former age had confined composers, not less than to the extension of the powers of instrumentation and the varieties of melody. Dividing musical composition into two great heads—the church and the theatre—which will suffice for our present purpose, it is a remarkable proof of genius that these two extraordinary men should have given a new tone and direction to both, as well as to the music of the orchestra and the chamber. Till the age of Haydn, the music for the church was solemn and severe. "By *musica di chiesa*," (church music, properly so called,) says Dr. Burney, "I mean grave and scientific compositions *for voices only*, of which the excellence consists more in good harmony, learned modulation, and fugues upon ingenious and sober subjects, than in light airs or turbulent accompaniments." Such a definition implies that the service of God should be advanced only by an appeal to one class of perceptions and affections; and the learned Doctor drew his philosophy, not only from an ideal moral, but an equally contracted musical theory. He was guided and governed, however, by the examples which existed,—by the music which, up to that time, had been considered the finest and the fittest. But Haydn, whether from temperament or from a more profound conception of the powers of his art, added beauty to strength. The music of the Catholic choirs had always been more florid than that of the Protestant service, in spite of the many prohibitions forced upon the Church from the time of Gregory the Great. This is, indeed, a necessary consequence of the introduction of instrumental accompaniments, as well as of the natural progress of composition, which, like all other arts, is varied, if not strengthened, by the additions of invention and ornament. Simplicity exhausted, such a change must follow. Thus Haydn's masses are more figurate than those of his predecessors; in a word, they demonstrate the characteristics of his genius and his age. He effected a similar change in another species of composition, which, if not the most pure and austere, must certainly

be considered to employ, in the most sublime and imposing manner, the most profound and powerful resources of the art,—we mean the Oratorio.

If he have not reached the sublimity in his "Creation" that Handel attained in "The Messiah," he has excited sensations of a more enthusiastic and scarcely less pure a cast. We have here, for the first time in a composition of this class, (for the distinction which has been taken between Handel's Oratorios and Haydn's Sacred Opera is of little importance,) a free and beautiful, though somewhat florid, style of melody, enchanting the hearer, and filling his soul with tender, rather than awful emotions. Devotion and love are held to be of the same class. Thus Haydn has mixed the two, (perhaps unconsciously,) and has informed the one with a much larger portion of the other than his graver precursor. It is not from the strictly amatory parts of his work that we draw this conclusion. The same passion pervades the whole: when Adam and Eve are hymning their Creator, and the bliss with which "the Heaven and Earth are stored," it is perfectly natural and consistent that a characteristic expression, combining their primary sensations towards each other, as well as towards their Maker, should display itself. This cannot but be observed throughout the third act. Take, for instance, the interspersed melody beginning "Of stars the fairest." Every one expects a totally different object of adoration, till the word "Sun" decides the musical and rhetorical phrase; and there are few who do not anticipate another monosyllable and another idol; namely, Eve. Such a construction belongs, however, to the entire piece.—The "soft purling" of "the limpid brook" is described by music essentially amatory: so are "the fields with verdure clad," and even the procession of the sun is commingled with the same expression; and this it is that makes "The Creation" so generally fascinating and so popular. The emotions raised are more delightful, because, if not less intense, they are less awful than the ideas of death and judgment,—the themes of Handel's immortal and inspired work.

Nor was this all. Haydn applied to accompaniments the discoveries he had made in the construction of symphony. Even singers, Mara herself amongst others, have given their supreme admiration to the instrumental parts. If the melody mark the strong and lovely outlines of the subject, the instrumentation supplies the colouring, and nothing more beautiful can well be imagined. Not only are the original ideas all enforced, but accessories are added, and effects produced which were scarcely thought of or attempted from the limited powers of the means, till his improvements. It is not to melody and accentuation alone,—it is not the construction of passages contrived to imitate the language or the objects in a single part,—but the enforcement given by the most appropriate instruments. In the description of "The Leviathan," sporting on the foaming waves, "the lashing of the tail of the monster, and the dashing of the spray," says a critic of authority, "are admirably given by the sonorous flourishes which start from the double basses." And a still more complete analogy is traced by the same ingenious mind between the rays of light and the sounds of the representing instruments accompanying the splendid recitative which describes the rising of the sun. The less imaginative hearer will, perhaps, consider these similitudes to be ingenious, but fanciful: the degree matters little; it is sufficient for our argument that they are new, that they are in-

ventions, and open new principles and new trains of both mechanical and ideal beauty.

Perhaps these improvements, though more easily apprehended and admired by the many, were not superior in truth to those auxiliary to, and connected with, that greater combination, the symphony. The very masterpiece of instrumental perfection was almost unknown at the commencement of the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth, it can scarcely be carried farther, unless it should hereafter be aided by the invention of absolutely new instruments. Haydn was the contriver of that " melodious conversation." The germs are to be found in his quartetts,—the complete developement in his symphonies. While former writers had not allowed themselves to wander beyond the confines of strict science, while the fugue was to them the *ne plus ultra*, Haydn gave to each instrument its peculiar character; he enlarged the boundaries of execution to a degree unthought of, by inventing passages, and thus encouraging musicians to new attempts; and, in fine, he demonstrated how much more could be done than had been thought practicable. The simplicity of his life, his uninterrupted addiction to his art, his daily habit of composition, all tended to the regularity and beauty of his writings; and, if poverty and privation at first chilled his fancy, and froze the genial current of his soul, they probably superinduced that method which lends a brighter charm to his works. He made instrumental music descriptive not only of natural objects, but expressive of definite emotions. He first framed a tale in his imagination, and worked upon it in his music. Another of his peculiar characteristics is the power so to vary a single trait of melody as to give a constant air of novelty, yet consisting with taste and simplicity. His contrasts, " fine by degrees and beautifully less," steal upon the ear. An unity of design pervades all his contrivances, and just at the moment when the mind is ravished by the multiplicity of change, he returns to his subject, and displays its beauties with a smoothness and delicacy that belongs to himself alone.

Mozart completed what Haydn began. There was in his temperament a more deep and intense feeling, mingling, however, passion and sentiment with a dissolving and voluptuous tenderness. He had more of the inspiration of nature, less of method and habit; and if less of study, his genius assimilated and his intellectual alchemy projected the materials which the delight as much as the pursuit of music enabled him to accumulate with a precocious rapidity surpassing that of any other. The pleasure of his boyhood was music, of which he grasped the elements intuitively; and with the power of early invention and combination which seems peculiar to composers, he rose nearly to the zenith of his fame while he might be said to be almost a child. He astonished the professors of Germany in his seventh, those of England in his eighth, of Holland in his ninth year. In his twelfth, his first opera was produced; but, though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, it was not performed. " Mithridates," written at fourteen, was acted twenty nights at Milan, and from this hour he composed regularly for the theatres of Italy and Germany. His greatest dramatic works were produced between the twenty-first and twenty-sixth years of his life. But we are not about to give a biography of this consummate artist, but to notice the aid he gave to the progress of music. " The

distinguishing trait," says an anonymous writer, manifestly of great taste, "the distinguishing trait in Mozart's style is warmth and richness of imagination; inasmuch as he possesses this quality in a greater degree than Haydn, so he was able to shadow out his musical pictures with more glowing colours, and to invest them with a greater degree of interest. Thus, in his use of the wind instruments, he has shown a more vivid perception of the beautiful than Haydn, and in this it is that his grand improvement lies. He has made nicer distinctions between their several qualities; has allotted to each a more decided character; he has, in fact, treated them as the singers of the orchestra, from their analogy to the human voice. In other respects, what he has done for the symphony has been to enrich it by a more vivid, and to elevate it by a loftier vein of fancy. At the same time, the very ardour which has guided him so rightly in one sense, has misled him in another, by sometimes carrying him beyond the limits of that pure and delicate taste which Haydn never overstepped, and by causing him to lose sight of the clearness and unity of design which constituted one of the greatest perfections of his illustrious predecessor." The excellence of his vocal style lay in the same warmth and richness attempering the beauty of his melodies, which have little or nothing of the florid character, yet investing them with a luxurious softness that is instantly felt in the melting emotions such pieces as "Voi che sapete" and "Ah perdona" never fail to produce. His deep and sublime tenderness was incapable of that lightness (however mixed with sensibility) which constitutes, as we shall show, the chiefest characteristic of the dramatic music of the present day. He never was able to write an *aria buffa*. "Non più andrai" itself is an *aria heroica*.

It is, perhaps, a not less accurate distinction that his *musica di chiesa* is more figurate (with the sole exception of the "Requiem") than his music for the stage. Graceful and splendid as are his masses, they all sink before that work "tremendæ majestatis." Still its character is that of a new age compared with Handel, and even with Haydn. There is a striking relation in sentiment between the quartett "When the ear heard him" of Handel, and the "Benedictus*" of the "Requiem." They are both solemn, both graceful. But who can compare them without perceiving the superior simplicity of the one, the more elaborate polished elegance of the other? Both are intensely pathetic; but how much more of mere human passion is felt in the latter than in the former? What is the difference between "The trumpet shall sound" and "The tuba mirum spargens sonum?" The theme is the same,—the dread summons of the last trumpet: yet how different are the sensations these powerful compositions awaken! The one is awe—the other elevation.

Music, in its popular and prevailing sense, is far more generally taken to be vocal than instrumental; but, when we are considering all its phases, the latter must receive its due share of estimation. For this reason we must cite the name of Beethoven, as completing the discoveries of Haydn and Mozart, as well as for the beauty, strength, and originality

* It is not much known, and will scarcely be believed, that this thrilling composition is exceeded by the "Benedictus" of the twelfth mass; but it is far exceeded by the solos and accompaniments, both in variety and beauty.

of his works. He possessed, in a high degree, the first element of power—simplicity; he dared the boldest experiments in harmony; his originality was inexhaustible, and thus, in the language of the writer we have just quoted, will stand the summary of their powers and improvements. "A happy concurrence of three minds more perfectly formed for the establishment of this magnificent invention (the symphony) could not have succeeded each other, than those of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first gave it form and substance, and ordained the laws by which it should move, adorning it at the same time by fine taste, perspicuity of design, and beautiful melody. The second added to the fine creations of his fancy by richness, warmth, and variety; and the last has endowed it with sublimity of description and power."

Here ended the musical era we have taken as our starting point from which to measure the subsequent progression. For a time the art seemed stationary. We must recall, that we have very briefly and discursively, but summarily, shown the effects of the improvement of melody, the extension of harmonic science, the vast additions to instrumental perfection, and the union of all these in the performances of the church, the theatre, and the orchestra. Chamber-music had also, in the interim, almost entirely changed its character from the hitherto unthought-of execution introduced by Clementi, and the writers already named; and next by the invention of the pianoforte, which succeeded the harpsichord, and gave tone, contrast, and expression, together with a more exalted means of accompaniment to the voice. The canzonets of Haydn and Mozart, by no means the least exquisite of their productions, added decoration, and a more voluptuous sensibility to the simple, and, in some sort, bold manner of song writing, which belonged to the preceding age.

We shall hereafter perceive how greatly even our own times have been affected by this important addition to the means of social happiness, which music of this class lends to domestic life.

But the theatre in all countries, and in England, especially, the Italian Opera is the most powerful and universal source of musical illumination. We must not, therefore, pass wholly without regard the operas of Sacchini, Paesiello, Guglielmi, Zingarelli, Cimarosa, Winter, and some others. To these authors the world is indebted for the lighter and livelier style of the comic opera, founded also on more beautiful melody, and more varied and vivid accompaniment*, which has since been carried so far, and given *the* new and most prevailing character to the vocal music of all nations properly to be called musical, or who set up any pretensions to that title.

But what were the musical transactions and rank of England during this period? We have purposely separated this from the directing influence, that we may give them unbroken and entire when we shall have completed the history of that influence.

For some years after the death of Mozart, the Italian opera was rather judged by its singers than its composers, till at length arose that genius which has usurped the empire, and to a certain extent, remodelled the style. We speak, of course, of Rossini,—the man who has raised

* Take, for example, the entire "Il Matrimonio Segreto," the comic bass songs and duets of Cimarosa and Guglielmi, "Sei Morelli," "Vedete, la vedete," &c. &c.

throughout Europe that "furore" which had before belonged to Italy alone. It has been said that "Mozart was never gay above two or three times in his life, and Rossini was never more often melancholy." Hence the essential difference in the character of their compositions. This may be true; for it is true that the distinction of Mozart lies in the deep and luxurious pensiveness his music inspires; while that of Rossini derives its charm from the sparkling brilliancy, as well as the feeling with which his more serious pieces are invested. If it be corruption, he has corrupted even our classical hearers: the experiment has, in the last few years, been fairly tried. No music, strictly speaking, has been heard with the admiration and applause that Rossini's operas have inspired: even the "Matrimonio Segreto" seemed heavy when lately brought out for Donzelli and Lablache; and Pasta alone sustained the "Medea" of Mayer, and the "Romeo e Giulietta" of Zingarelli. Velluti upheld the "Crociato." But "Tancredi," "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," "Pietro L' Eremita," "La Cenerentola," "Il Turco in Italia," and "Semiramide," have held their sway with whatever performers. Again: not many years ago the committee of the Royal Academy tried an entire concert of what was esteemed classical music, but without Rossini. It was endured, rather than enjoyed. We were present; we conversed, after the evening, with persons of most distinguished judgment; they universally declared it was heavy beyond belief, and attributed the change of feeling to ears seduced by the sparkling and brilliant traits of Rossini.

The fascination of Rossini's writings unquestionably resides in the animal spirit which inspired the composer and infuses itself into the hearer. He revels in melody; his powerful accentuation, the rhythm, the airy traits fix themselves in the fancy. He is also the inventor of a new musical phraseology. He has been the first, perhaps the only composer to adapt divisions to expression, and to give to arpeggios, volatas, and passages, a clear and decided meaning. "Il Barbiere" presents instances without number not alone of gentle emotion and elevation of mind, but of the rapturous hurry of thought and feeling. Take, for examples, the passages upon the words "Ah tu solo amor tu sei," in the duet between Rosina and Figaro, "Ah che d' amore," or that between Almaviva and Figaro, together with those passages in the introduction ("Ah qual colpo") to "Zitti zitti." Nor is this employment of musical language confined in its use to light or lively impressions. In "Semiramide" and "Tancredi" it is applied to the darkest and loftiest feelings *. There is scarcely any quality of voice, from the bass to the soprano, that would have thought such divisions as are now adopted into the regular vocabulary of composition, practicable, much less full of the meaning he has contrived to give them, before he ventured to write thus. The cause of this multiplicity of notes is related in the following anecdote:—"Rossini arrived at Milan, in 1814, then twenty-two years of age, to compose the 'Aureliano in Palmira.' There he became acquainted with Velluti, then in the flower of his youth and talents, and one of the handsomest men of his time. The soprano had no small share of vanity, and was fond of displaying and abusing the

* The duet "Ebben per mia memoria" in "La Gazza Ladra," though not in a serious opera, is a specimen of much pure beauty.

powers of voice with which nature had gifted him. Before Rossini had an opportunity of hearing this great singer, he had written a cavatina for the character he was to perform. At the first rehearsal, Velluti began to sing, and Rossini was struck with admiration; at the second rehearsal, Velluti began to show his powers in *fioriture*—Rossini found the effect produced just and admirable, and highly applauded the performance; at the third, the simplicity of the cantilena was entirely lost amidst the luxuriancy of the ornaments. At last, the great day of the first performance arrives; the cavatina and the whole character sustained by Velluti was received with furor; but scarcely did Rossini know what Velluti was singing—it was no longer the music he had composed; still, the song of Velluti was full of beauties, and succeeded with the public to admiration. The pride of the young composer was not a little wounded; his opera fell, and it was the soprano alone who had any success. The ardent mind of Rossini at once perceived all the advantages that might be taken of such an event; not a single suggestion was lost upon him.

"It was by a lucky chance," we may suppose him to have said to himself, "that Velluti discovered he had a taste of his own; but who will say that, in the next theatre for which I compose, I may not find some other singer who, with as great a flexibility of voice, and an equal rage for ornaments, may so spoil my music as not only to render it contemptible to myself but tiresome to the public? The danger to which my poor music is exposed is still more imminent, when I reflect upon the great number of different schools for song that exist in Italy. The theatres are filled with performers who have learned music from some poor provincial professor. This mode of singing violin concertos, and variations without end, tends to destroy not only the talent of the singer, but also to vitiate the taste of the public. Every singer will make a point of imitating Velluti, without calculating upon the relative compass of his voice. We shall see no more simple cantilenas; they would appear cold and tasteless. Everything is about to undergo a change, even to the nature of the voice. Once accustomed to embellish, to overload the cantilena with high-wrought ornaments, and to stifle the work of the composer, they will soon discover that they have lost the habit of sustaining the voice and expanding the tones, and consequently the power of executing largo movements; and I must therefore lose no time in changing the system I have heretofore followed.

"I am myself not ignorant of singing; all the world allows me a talent this way; my embellishments shall be in good taste; for I shall at once be able to discover where my singers are strong and where defective; and I will write nothing for them but what they can execute. My mind is made up; I will not leave them room for a single *appogiatura*. These ornaments, this method of charming every ear, shall form an *integral* part of my song, and shall be all written down in my score."

This was the rise of what has been called his second manner. There is, however, strong internal evidence to prove that whatever effects the interpolations of singers in general, or of Velluti in particular, might have upon his mind, his figurative mannerism arose out of the exuberant fertility of his fancy, and that his multiplication of notes increased with the knowledge that enriched his imagination. It is quite manifest from the way in

which he availed himself of the resources of harmony, *alla Tedesca*, of instrumentation, and of the various powers of his art, that his grasp was as extensive as his spirits were high and his fancy volatile and excursive. Whatever be the cause, whether from temperament, from the stimulus constantly exhibited by change of place and of objects, from applause or from acquirement, Rossini, with a degree of rapidity assisted by the more facile communications of this our age, seized at once the pre-eminence over all other composers—has kept, and still continues to keep, the position of which he possessed himself. If Meyerbeer and Bellini have had a hearing (they have scarcely obtained more), it is because Rossini has ceased to write, and there must be novelty; not that we mean to deprive either of those composers of their due credit, or to degrade the "Crociato" by a comparison with "Il Pirata."

One single name can be said to have divided the applause of Europe with the musician of Pesaro. That name belongs not to Italy, but to Germany. We need scarcely say it is that of Carl Maria Von Weber. But it is no less curious that his fame rests upon a single work —"Der Freischutz;" his preceding compositions, and his "Oberon" itself is scarcely known beyond the confined region of the British metropolis, where it was written.

The mystical music, like the sentimental drama, of Germany was harbingered by rumour, and its merits were consequently magnified. The overture to "Der Freischutz" was first heard, and it is impossible to exaggerate its merits or its effects. So poetical, so descriptive, so captivating, so forceful a composition in this species was never before produced. The moment the entire opera was brought out it became universal. The English Opera House, seven of the minor theatres, and, immediately after, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, gave it with all the splendour their means afforded. The provinces, of course, followed the example: the public mind was concentrated upon it by the same deception that the conjuror uses when he shows only the card which is to be thought of by his whole company. The result was what might be expected; "Der Freischutz" reigned exclusively for its period. It has, however, great and singular excellencies;--much of delightful melody; more of quaint and felicitous adaptation, (the drinking song, for example;) harmonies and passages applied to the expression, not only of passion, but of the mystical and the picturesque; and a style curiously original, when the age is considered. These set out prominently by the romance of the story, fixed, and perhaps a little exaggerated, even its intrinsic worth and beauty. The consequence was, a division of opinion between the Italian and German schools, and it came to be thought that the strength and originality lay with the last. The arrival of Sontag and Stockhausen fortified the growing belief that Germany was hereafter to give both music and singers (for instrumentalists it had already been celebrated) to Europe. The introduction of Swiss and other national airs, the novelty of the *Jodlin*, and their adoption by Malibran and other eminent singers, completed the rage. It has, however, been since a little cooled, though it was at first exalted by the introduction of the German opera in its natural range to contend upon its own stage with the Italian; its general merits will not yet stand that test. But these circumstances have certainly given a new turn to composition. Harmony and violent contrast,

melody constructed upon unvocal intervals, have taken place of the more natural, easy, and flowing, as well as of the more florid manner. Rossini himself, in his "Zelmira," bent to the fashion; Bellini has been thus bewildered by it; while Spohr and Marschner, "born to the manner," have shown it in all its extravagance and force. Pianoforte music has also usurped and is infected by this mysticism. Czerny and Hertz have superseded all writers but Moscheles; and we have been condemned to listen to compositions of Hertz that raise no emotions, remind us of nothing but Haydn's adventure with Curtz.*

Such is the state of composition amongst those nations which give the tone to Europe. France has, indeed, of late, through a musical drama or two from the hand of Auber, added a little variety; but the effect will not be of any force or duration.

The reader will have gathered that the symmetrical beauty of Haydn, the voluptuous and deep-felt tenderness of Mozart, the animated and sparkling brilliancy of Rossini, the poetical and mystical strength of Weber, have all enjoyed their day of triumph, and have still, and must continue to have, their votaries. Thus the science has been enlarged, and a far more extended diversity of means established. The sources of the emotions now raised by music are changed. The more austere affections were first lulled into silence, and charmed away by softer and more touching sensations; sensibility, in its turn, was chased by the higher excitement of animal spirits; mysticism succeeded; and all these stimulants of pleasurable emotion now lie before the amateur for his choice, or are mixed in a confused and uninteresting jargon by the mere imitators. What have been the consequences upon English taste and English composition we shall endeavour to explain (if permitted) in a second essay.

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* Curtz was the pantomimist of Vienna. He was led to apply to Haydn, during his early poverty, to compose for such an exhibition, and particularly for some descriptive music during a storm-scene Their interview is thus narrated :—

"Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room where the composer was seated at the pianoforte. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain, and then another valley, follow one after the other with rapidity, and at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other.' This fine description was of no avail. In vain did Harlequin add the thunder and lightning. 'Come, describe for me all these horrors,' he repeated incessantly; 'but particularly represent distinctly these mountains and valleys.'

"Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key-board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of sevenths, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, 'The devil take the tempest!' 'That's it, that's it!' cried the Harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him."

A better description of Hertz's Polonoise and Variations cannot be given than is contained in this anecdote.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Drama and the Court—The Progress of Don Pedro—Court of Honour—Sunday Legislation—Oxford-street, Regent-street, and Bond-street—Public Life—The Dregs of London—The Slavery Scheme—Aristocracy—The Luxury of Self-Accusation—Nicknames—Love-Letters—Kean is Dead.

The Drama and the Court.—*May* 23.—The Queen is going to the play: good—the drama wants aid, and a royal visit may save some of the kings and queens of the night from starvation; but it is to the German play! Ah! that alters the case. The court will never cheerfully patronize the popular theatre; the contact is too close—there is danger of collision; and, besides, when the King appears in presence of the people, it becomes an affair of state, and more fuss is imperative than is consistent with a matter of amusement. Neither King nor Queen can ever go to Drury Lane or Covent Garden but to be seen and not to see. The theatre that suits majesty is a nice, elegant, little place in the purlieus of the palace, to which the Lord Chamberlain alone should have the privilege of giving admission. Here the court could repair after dinner, when the drawing-rooms grew dull; and if our good monarch felt sleepy, he might as easily indulge there, at the back of his box, as at the end of his own sofa. Many philosophical reasons have been given for the decay of the drama; but the root of the matter is this, that the court has abandoned it. We are not quite so republican a people as some of us fancy, and we should be much less so, if any body was listened to at court beyond a few booby lords.

The drama is now grovelling in the lowest pit of darkness. In three years it might be restored to a greater share of prosperity than it ever enjoyed, and with vast advantage to literature, morality, and art. Throw open the drama, leaving it under certain regulations of police only—build an elegant court theatre in Pall-Mall—select a small company of first-rate actors—appoint a few dramatic authors on the court staff—and let it stand as a sort of model-theatre. The Chamberlain having the selection of the audience, the theatre would soon be the rage, and we should have actors and actresses worthy of a fashionable mania. Numerous writers would be stimulated to produce who now despise the ordeal of trafficking managers and rival stars, and we should again have a drama. Three nights a week, and one drama each night, between the hours of nine and eleven, would afford ample entertainment, and interfere with nothing else. And here would be the reward of the finished actor; it would be presenting him with the golden rod; he would have arrived at the last honours of his profession. It need not interfere with his profits; he might still be permitted to form other engagements not inconsistent with his court nights. The dramatic author, too, would share equal advantages. So far from interfering with the national drama, it would make it a thousand times more national. It may be predicted, that the drama will never flourish in England until a Sailor King can walk into his own box with his hands in his pocket, and take amusement without going to it in state.

It may be added, that this is but returning to a modification of that system under which the drama flourished as it may never do again. It was then the "Queen's," or the "Duke's," theatre—"his Majesty's

servants," is a term now merely farcical. It was for such a theatre that Molière, Schiller, Goethe, and we may add Lope de Vega, as well as Shakspeare, wrote their plays. The last name with a difference.

THE PROGRESS OF DON PEDRO.—There are advices in town from Paris, which announce the success of a loan for the service of Don Pedro, and part of the money is on the way to Oporto. Don Pedro has borrowed money—borrowed soldiers—borrowed sailors—borrowed a title—and has made a forcible loan of Oporto; the only thing he cannot borrow is success. He fights for his kingdom "inch by inch;" the proverb, however, of "give an inch and he will take an ell," does not apply to him. The only thing he has as yet taken is Oporto; the next thing he will take—is his departure.

COURT OF HONOUR.—The fatal duel at Exeter has excited a good deal interest. In the history of such of these cases as come to light, the most striking thing about them is their gross mismanagement. Every district ought to have its court of honour, where all such matters would be placed upon their proper footing. The duel just alluded to, for instance, never could have happened had such court existed; it would not have been permitted a man to go out after having solemnly denied the offence attributed to him. If so, any person would be at the mercy of a vindictive duellist; he has only to attribute offensive words, recriminate, and refuse to retract or accept apology. But in the case of the Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, still more legitimate objection against fighting existed. People ought to meet at least on equal terms. Now a man who is volunteering to Sierra Leone is evidently possessed of a life of no value, and should never be allowed to set it against that of a respectable citizen at home. Who would fight a duel with a person just snatched from suicide? The case is precisely similar. The Britomart was waiting to take Sir John Jeffcott to "the white man's grave." He had not sailed, because the wind was not fair. This is just as if a man, attempting to jump from Westminster Bridge into the Thames, was caught by the skirts by the watchman. Is such a one qualified for the duello? It is said the Colonial Office are determined to bring the fugitive back. What folly! What worse punishment can they devise than the coast of Africa, among the condemned regiments? They would not, surely, exchange Sierra Leone for Australia! This would be rewarding the man!

SUNDAY LEGISLATION.—All that the legislature has to do in this matter is to constitute Sunday an illegal day of business. Any ordinances foreign to the national spirit will be evaded or defied—any in unison with it will be kept without enactment. But what right have any set of men to come forward and say, you must spend your day of rest in this or that fashion? Like other hypocrites, they pretend God's will, when it is only their own fancy. "Sunday,"—said Mr. Wilberforce, their patriarch, in the hearing of an unimpeachable witness,—"is not of Divine ordination: it is a temporal arrangement;" and the attempt of any set of men to enforce their particular tastes as to the manner in which we shall spend our every seventh day, is about as reasonable as if another set of men were to enforce their particular notions in the dressing of our food, or the fashion of our attire.

It is very proper that one day should be fixed upon at convenient intervals for the suspension of work and the enjoyment of rest, and for the ceremonies of public worship. The seventh day was the Jewish interval; a similar space has been adopted by the Christian church, and there is no reason why it should be altered. But that it should all be passed in an austere observance of certain forms or not, depends entirely upon a man's conviction of the importance of this mode of spending his time, and no one yet ever produced conviction in an affair of conscience by the passing of an Act of Parliament.

If persons are religiously disposed, they will spend all such time as they can spare from the business of life in some religious observance, or at least all such time as their conscience dictates to them ought to be spent. The Methodists, for instance, are not content with three or four meetings on a Sunday; they have many in the course of the week. It would be as fair for a legislator to say to them, you shall only meet once a week, as it would be for another to turn to a different sect and say, you shall meet as often as the Methodists—you shall go no journey on Wednesday evening—you shall buy no fish on a Saturday morning—no baker shall bake on a Monday—all which times are or ought to be sacred to prayer.

The way to make the Sabbath holy is not through the House of Commons.

The religious tracts, and similar publications, dwell on no point so strongly as the danger of Sabbath-breaking. No wonder—a poor fellow must either go to church, or to sleep, to be safe. If he is not impressed with the importance of church-going—if he finds the parson drowsy, or incomprehensible, the congregation smart and proud, and, on the whole, decides upon staying away—what is he to do? Every thing is dull—shut up—no sport allowed—restraint upon every movement—solemnity upon every face. Eaten up with ennui, he creeps into some corner with a few fellows similarly situated, and resorts to gambling for amusement; or he collects his companions in some out-of-the-way beer shop; or, perhaps, he and they loiter by dozens at the "town-end," lounging on walls and posts, corrupting each other with loose conversation, and insulting the passengers by indecent remarks; and all this because the ordinary channels of amusement are blocked up, in the vain hope of driving him, and such as him, without trouble, into the arms of mother Church. Vain hope! The fervor of the dissenter who "persuades" has done more to prevent Sabbath-breaking than all the laws that were ever made. The poor criminal, when reduced in prison to reflect upon the circumstances that have contributed to his fall, always has Sabbath-breaking put into his mouth, and he confesses the justice of the charge. No doubt: forbidden to work, forbidden to play, uninduced to go to church, he was driven to clandestine amusement and riotous companionship in secret. No one in France ever talks of Sabbath-breaking as the cause of crime: no, for though the day is a day of worship, it is also a day of pleasure; there is mass in the morning, but there is a dance at night; and thus youth and nature find a safety-valve: injudicious duties always lead to contraband trade.

Oxford-street, Regent-street, and Bond-street.—London is this month at high-water; what is called gaiety is at the full; the flow

of population, the roll of equipages, and the glare of luxury, could hardly be greater. The tide roars along Oxford-street, rushes down Regent-street, and eddies in Piccadilly and Bond-street. This is pretty much the same quarter of town, and yet how different to the close observer is the aspect of these streets! buildings, shops, frequenters, horse and foot,—all have their grand distinctions. The character of Regent-street is given to it by its breadth and its holiday look; to Oxford-street, by its thoroughfare, its admixture of people who want to pass on, to cross over, to stay. Bond-street has no longer its former fame; it is a great aristocratic market; its eminence arises from its tradesmen, and those whom their skill or their stores compel to resort to them. Regent-street is the Western Exchange; here come foreigners, countrymen, citymen, men about town—it is the lounge where all go; where all move slowly, where all meet; and, as a necessary consequence, here is the most glaring exhibition of marketable beauty: it is the British female slave-market. For this reason, joined too, perhaps, to the hungry look of the exiled foreigner, for ever treading its *pavé*, and also a somewhat pretending and hollow attempt at show in the shops, Regent-street has ever an air of the painful to us. The poor, the vicious, and the fine, seem all going hand-in-hand; it is a street for Mephistopheles to smoke his cigar in. Not so Oxford-street; there is something wholesome about its bustle. The cart and the stage-coach mix becomingly with the equipage of state, and the gig and the cab and the coach, speaking of business and middle life taking its ease, wriggle in and out with a proper independence among the chariots and barouches of the great. The *trottoirs* have the same character: Holborn pushes up a little into the regions of Oxford-street; country folks crowd the shop-windows with no reckless Palais Royal air, as if waiting for the opening of a gambling-house as in Regent-street, but with the honest intention of buying some present to take home to their families Men of all ranks meet in Oxford-street, but all seem as if they had some object. Bond-street, on the other hand, is a street that nobody seems to pass through; it appears tenanted, not way-worn. Every man has the air of coming out or going into a shop, an hotel, or his lodgings, or as if he had only that instant stepped out of them. The carriages do not hurry through it as through Regent-street; they drive up to a door, as if they would cast anchor; and in the fair and fashionable occupants there is an air of the utomst quiet, but the quiet of a settled purpose; it seems as if they said to themselves, "Now then is to commence the business of the day—let us proceed with method." The character of the men in Bond-street is fixed decided. Who ever saw a pale, thread-bare foreigner wandering about its precincts? Who ever caught a country attorney lounging in the neighbourhood of Jarrin's? The city man who has business every where never has business in Bond-street. The men of Bond-street only belong to Bond-street; they just step into it, or are stepping out of it; they are going to their horses, or they have just dismounted; they are interrupting the business of a carriage, or they are dropping into a club or an hotel, to order a perfect little dinner for six. Yet all these streets lead into each other, and in the nature of things there seems no difference. Wherein consists the philosophy of streets, and how does it operate? Its results, as they have appeared to us, have been put down.

Public Life.—By public life we presume is meant some share in the government, whether as a member of Parliament or a minister of the crown. Up till very lately, the causes which made it an object of ambition were pretty obvious. Public life was synonymous with patronage, and commonly with wealth. Under a good government, place is bestowed only on the most fit, and salary is strictly measured, as in other professions, by labour and desert. What, then, are the motives left which induce men to covet the honours of public life? None but a love of fame, a love of power, and the passion of benevolence; and any one of these motives must be coupled with great acquirements, great talents, and competent wealth. These are high motives, and not slender endowments. Such being the qualifications, what, then, are the duties and the drawbacks? The duties are a continual watchfulness kept upon the condition of the country or a department of it; a ready ear for all its wants and a ready remedy; a ready tongue to proclaim the desires of the party interested, or a ready mind to invent a scheme for its satisfaction, and a persuasive oratory by which to make it acceptable in the council. What does all this imply?—an utter devotion of brain and limb, late sitting up at nights in foul air, a perpetual correspondence, a never-ceasing perusal of publications, a perpetual attention to suggestion, and the courteous treatment of applicants without number and without reason. Domestic happiness is sacrificed; the public man scarcely knows his own son, and would forget that he had any other wife than the world, if he did not now and then see a lady opposite to him at those dinners—sacrifices also to the god Public, which he is compelled to give—whom his guests call by his name, and whom he remembers to have worshipped before he was sworn in a Priest of Public Life.

What are the drawbacks, or rewards as they are called?—a station in society which brings no enjoyments, but imposes additional burthens. Your name becomes public property—that is to say, anybody may tear it in pieces; that which to others would be the grossest personal and punishable offence is against you pardonable, nay praiseworthy—for is it not the dirt done on public grounds? The newspapers claim you as their *peculium*; as long as you are content to be their puppet, they dress you up in all fantastic colours; but the instant you offend by proceeding in your own way, they treat the puppet as Punch does his wife, and this amidst the plaudits of the rabble. It is allowable to attribute to a public man such motives as people would hesitate to assign to a pickpocket; but as this is done on public grounds, the indelicacy is altogether in those who question the justice of the proceeding. Popularity is said to be one of the rewards of public life: it is very questionable whether popularity is any reward at all, except to the mere vulgar and vain. But reward or not, it is never yielded according to desert, and is as fluctuating as the wind—a comparison which holds at every point of the compass, since it happens that a man's best public action may be worst thought of, and, on the contrary, popularity can only be considered a noisy accompaniment of public life, oftener out than in tune with the harmony existing in the breast of a conscientious statesman.

The true rewards of public life are the consciousness of benefiting large masses of fellowmen, almost in spite of themselves. This would be the feeling of a Penn, were he to steal into the grounds of a half-

savage community, and sow their fields with corn, without their knowledge, and in opposition to their ignorance. The public man must teach himself to sympathise with general good and to be careless of small evil; he must rejoice at the prosperity of his country, though his wife may have gone off with his secretary, and his son be a dandy about town.

But there is reason in all this: we are in a transition-age: hitherto men have ruled for themselves, for their party, or other sinister motives. The man of public life has so long used the public as the farmer does his sheep, that it may be pardoned if the public and its organs should suspect that the old system of fleecing is not altogether abandoned. Neither is it. The motives of public men are as yet mixed, and the people, like a long ill-used person, give most credit to the worst interpretation. When opportunities of corruption become still fewer, when public men are still more thoroughly public servants, a grand secession will take place from the ranks of statesmen. The vain, the benevolent, the ambitious of power will remain: the service will be still harder; but the usage will be better, and the life far more satisfactory.

The Dregs of London.—The "Morning Chronicle" should take away its old motto about holding up a mirror of fashion, and exhibiting the "body of the time, its form and pressure," from the top of the Court Circular, and place it over the Police Reports. There is no such exact records of the true state of our population as the moving drama of Bow-street. Sir Frederick Roe's theatre is a more accurate mirror of the age than the patent one hard by. Foreigners who are just now coming over in shoals, all intent upon circulating in the higher regions of society, would learn far more of England from the police-offices than Almack's or the Duke of Devonshire's. The view is certainly not quite so flattering; on the contrary, it exhibits our masses in a very painful state of degradation. But to know the truth is the first step to a cure, and to attempt to hide the fact is the folly which Horace condemns—that of concealing a cancerous shame. We are speaking not merely of the crime of the metropolis, but its vice: it is not merely robbery and violence which come before the magistrate, but domestic broils, quarrels, drunkenness, &c. &c., in the course of which is displayed incidentally the moral condition of the party concerned. Poverty has much to do with the aggravation of the evil, but it is scarcely at the bottom of it. Immorality of every description makes even competency miserable. We observe that among the lower classes of the town—the inhabitants of those quarters where what are called respectable people never set foot, but by the merest accident—parties living together are very commonly not married, and have no shame on the subject;—that both sexes indulge in porter and gin to the very extent of their means, usually spending the greater part of their casual earnings in one long debauch,—out of this state arises quarrels, bruises, and fights, not a tithe of which ever appear at the offices. While such scenes are going on in one apartment of the house, perhaps the cellar, the rest of the building, is occupied with the thief and the prostitute, a domestic pair, or the old hag of a receiver of stolen goods, and perhaps opposite to her some dealer in flash paper or counterfeit coin. Mixed up with these is probably the hard-working lady's shoemaker, or the poor man's cobbler with his wife, and perhaps a family of eight or ten children playing up

and down the stairs with the promiscuous progeny of the neighbourhood. The street itself—and of such there are many hundreds—is one rag fair. The receivers of stolen goods expose bottles and old clothes; the rubbish shop placards "Dripping bought here," as a trap to cookmaids; the cobbler protrudes from his cellar huge draymen's shoes; the greengrocer exhibits his cabbages and potatoes; the middle of the street is occupied with ragged brats at play, pregnant women with arms a-kimbo, and in high disputation, with, perhaps, some half-a-dozen fellows in their shirt-sleeves and pipes in their mouths, gazing listlessly from the various glassless windows above them. The corner of this precious retreat is sure to have a substantial gin-shop at its corner; and its well-worn swinging doors betray the constancy of its custom. Lower down in the street is the flash-house - the snug public where crimes are concocted and concealed. In such holes as these, also, are the academies of theft, where burglary is taught on scientific principles - where effigies, hung with wires and bells, are put up to exemplify the practice of pocket-picking.

Before the Committee of the House of Commons, a convict was examined; among other questions (and the whole evidence is very curious) he was asked -

"'Did you ever hear the prisoners at the Hulks speak of the places of resort in London—their flash-houses?'—'Yes, I have heard them speak of the Cross-Keys, in Belton street. There is a terrible flash-house in our neighbourhood.'

"'Where is that?'—'That is the Cock, in the corner of Cock court: and the worst house going is the Shades, for thieves. I have heard them talk on board the Hulks, and in Newgate too, about the Shades, dividing their spoils there of a night.'

"'Where is the Shades?'—'In the Strand, against Waterloo Bridge. You can go down there at twelve o'clock at night, and stay there all the next day, if you like. There are men and women and girls and all down there, and they go out thieving. I have heard them say, "We went out some days, and made 9*l*. or 10*l*., and then went down there, and called for pints of gin, and regulated our money there."'

"'The Shades you say is in the Strand, against Waterloo Bridge?'—'Yes; you can see Waterloo Bridge as you stand at the Shades; it is like a bar that you go in at—something like the front of the Adelphi, and you go down stairs;—there is a cellar under ground,—a very large place, I have heard some of them say,—and there is dancing, and singing, and dominoes, and cards played there.'"

It may surprise many that places of this description are found to exist in the very centre of our wealth, and comfort, and respectability; but the fact is people are blind to that which has long existed before their eyes. The streets, courts, alleys, lanes— such as we have given a general description of above—are at the back doors of the best houses in town; they crowd the neighbourhood of streets of the greatest thoroughfare. Many who may read what has been said above will fancy that we are speaking of some modern Alsatia—the Petticoat-lane of Whitechapel, the Rosemary-lane of the Minories, or the Seven Dials of sevenfold infamy: if we had done so, it would have been bad enough, for all these places, St. Giles's to boot, are in the heart of London; but more unsuspected places than these are worse—both the north and south sides of the Strand and Fleet-street, for instance, are doubly lined with infamy.

But there is something still more shocking than the existence of the mere

holes and corners of thieves and prostitutes in the heart of London. It is this—that the abodes of the industrious and the quasi-honest are mixed up with them, and that without pain to either party. On the same staircase dwells the drayman and the burglar; their children play together, and their quasi-wives interchange their hospitalities and their conversation. In such quarters it is as little a disgrace to be a robber as it was in the time of Homer. When a man is apprehended, he "gets into trouble," and a sympathy for him spreads. The drayman, the waterman, the cab-driver, the shoemaker, is not a robber, because he is in work. The boundaries of morality amongst this large class are utterly confounded: at this present moment the only moral distinction they make is that of rich and poor. Perhaps this great and overgrown city contains within its bosom a quarter of a million of such *doctrinaires*. As long as all is quiet, they go on sprawling in their own mud; if, however, times of a hot turbulence were to break out, the sections of St. Antoine never poured forth such a race of monsters—monsters, we mean, of a bad education. Is nothing to be done for the suppression of crime—for the separation of the habitual honest and the habitual dishonest—for the moral education of the people?

THE SLAVERY SCHEME.—The bill for the abolition of slavery is a piece of closet legislation. It is a nice morsel of graduation: a fine specimen of the art of trimming or balancing. Here is a little for you, and a little for the other: here a knock, and there a plaster. That neither party should be pleased by such a measure, is a proverb: that both will be injured, and no good done, is equally certain. If any thing was clear, it was that the measure should be a simple one: complication implies failure, ruin. The slaves are to be freed;—but by a process more complicated than that which goes to make a doctor of laws. Institutions may be intricate and understood,—but they must be old, must have grown up gradually, and be acquired slowly: to impose new and intricate institutions, upon even a tolerably enlightened people, is impracticable, much less upon a nation of ignorant and stupid slaves, mixed up with a body of masters bent upon throwing every obstacle possible in the way of their establishment. No law can suddenly enforce intelligence: that intelligence is required for the comprehension of Mr. Stanley's measure is evident enough, by the variety of interpretations that have been put upon it, even in this country. In slavery there are no half measures to be pursued: either the man must be a slave or a freeman; but Mr. Stanley has discovered a *tertium quid*;—an apprentice,—with a family too, which is to be composed of half free and half slave children.

The slave is an injured person: it is granted in the act of endeavouring to relieve him: but he is to pay for his relief; he is to buy his freedom gradually. The liberality of this is extreme,—it is not, however, new.

Now, what is it that the planter wants of the slave? His labour; and that at what he considers a fair price—his food and clothing. If perfect emancipation were to take place to-morrow, the labour would be there still, and for sale: the only question is, whether it would cost much more than at present? It would probably cost less: for much more would be done.

The change of the conditions on which labour was engaged would, at first, create some little confusion, and certain police regulations would be required,—such as a system of passports, or something of the kind: but this is a mere affair of police. Let only the police be a doubly strong one, to which men of all colours shall be eligible. As much confusion will be made by the proposed change, with this difference, that the slaves will be disappointed, and imagine themselves ill-treated, and the planters will be irritated into still further intemperance.

If the measure had run thus, good would have resulted: it seems, however, that, from this reformed Parliament, we have got all there is any reason to expect. It has been pleasantly remarked, on a painful subject, that we have the bill, the whole bill, and *nothing but the bill.*

(1.) By the law of England, henceforward no British subject shall have a property in his fellow-man.

(2.) Every human being hitherto held in slavery is free, in the full sense of the word,—free according to the laws of England.

(3.) Every man hitherto held in slavery may settle in any part of the British dominions, including British colonial possessions, he chooses.

(4.) Every slave, now become free, in the occupation of a tenement, or cottage and garden, is entitled to the possession of it in perpetuity, in lieu of a labour rent of one day per week, or a fair composition for the same. To be forfeited by non-residence.

(5.) The government will pay to every slave-proprietor one quarter, or half-year's rental, or estimated rental; it being supposed that the change herein enacted may cause a temporary cessation of labour, or confusion in the ordinary routine of agricultural employment.

The ports of all such islands, or possessions, as may have been cultivated by slave-labour, shall be declared as unrestricted as any British port whatever, with this exception, that every vessel entering such ports shall pay a small tonnage, or otherwise measured duty, which shall go to form a fund for the maintenance of hospital farms, in which only shall be employed negroes above a certain age, or otherwise disqualified for hard labour.

This change to take place at the close of harvest. Other regulations would be required, but nothing which would interfere with the simplicity of a plan not only dear to humanity, but level to the meanest capacity.

ARISTOCRACY.—Aristocracy means that power or strength which is conferred by being, politically speaking, the best: it is the Force of the Best. It may be applied to other objects than rank; as the aristocracy of wealth, of beauty. To apply it to rank is a usurpation: it strictly belongs to citizenship; he who is of the number of the best citizens is an aristocrat, properly speaking: it need not be remarked how widely this sense of the term differs from the popular one. How the aristocracy proper—that is, of citizenship—was converted into the aristocracy of rank or blood, is pretty evident. The best citizens were naturally entrusted with power. A thing a man has long used as his own, soon becomes looked on as a family affair: the best citizens are weak on the subject of their children, and the people are also weak on the subject of their favourites. Thus it was easily agreed that the power, which was first conferred on merit, should be entailed on the sons of merit. More active citizens might interfere, and wrest the actual exercise of power

from the hands into which it had devolved: but still the honour remained, and the wealth oftentimes, which power is very apt to get about it.

We are living in a society where aristocracy has been very careful of its descendants, and very strictly entailed honour, power, and, as far as was possible, wealth. By a skilful command of the channels of public opinion, care has been taken to protect this strict descent of honours by establishing it as a popular article of faith, that this sort of aristocracy is essential to the well-being of the state, nay, to the administration of every department; and it is singular, that they who lose by this arrangement, are more firmly convinced of its wisdom than those who gain by it. The perpetual contention of countries and communities has originally made excellence in war the first claim of a citizen: thus the best citizens, or the original aristocracy of many countries, were warriors, and these have contrived to hand down their honours to their "lean and slippered" descendants.

The pugnaciousness of mankind has thus given to aristocracy its present form. As pugnaciousness is counteracted by reason and education, other necessities, other tastes arise, which considerably modify the ancient forms of aristocracy. Commerce breeds its heroes: wealth comes to be paramount: the educated worship talent, which supplies them with mental food. In the arts, the Gifted form an aristocracy apart Hitherto the old prejudice in favour of the feudal aristocracy has been preserved in so great a perfection, that any other kind of aristocracy is held inferior, and some are accounted altogether despicable. But, as we advance farther in civilization, great changes will take place. Things will be valued more nearly at their real value. The Gifted of Nature will especially rise in estimation; the man of genius will cease to care for the notice of the man of rank. They who can contribute to the wisdom, or entertainment of multitudes, will take place of persons who have no claim upon the attention of any one, except from their being sprung from a particular line.

The Luxury of Self-Accusation.—A droll instance of the illogical character of the reasoning of ignorant people occurs in the examination of the man who gave himself up as the murderer of Miss Elmes. He says now that he knows nothing of the crime, but what he got from the newspapers: it is the description in the newspapers that has brought him into his present scrape, and therefore he will never read newspapers again. He says nothing against excessive drinking,—he does not forswear porter or gin,—he beats and quarrels with his pseudo-wife,—lives a loose life and gets the reputation of a bad character,—but he makes no resolution to reform his habits, and live decently. All these vices are too dear to be blamed; but the reading of newspapers, the only thing, as Cicero says of speech, that distinguishes him from the brutes, he will give up, because it furnished his perturbed brain with the materials of imposture—"He damns the sin he has no mind to."

"Mr. Gregorie.—So, by your own admission, when you get tipsy, you are apt to accuse your acquaintances of being murderers?"

"Prisoner.—All I know about the murder is the accounts I read in the newspapers; it has brought me into a very awkward situation, and I will take care never to read a newspaper again as long as I live."

The case is a curious one; and, should it turn out that his story was a

fabrication, and that he had no hand in the murder, it will be another illustration of the influence which topics of general interest and conversation have in shaping the forms in which monomania shows itself. When the intensity of public opinion rises above a certain point, it brings forward all the undecided cases of monomania. In the time of the fires, there were several instances of maniac incendiaries; some, too, accused themselves of arson without grounds: when there was an outcry against the King, as turning his back on reform, the brutal, half-witted sailor Collins was driven into an act of desperation against his person. At the time of the murder of the Mars and the Williamsons, there was a sort of passion for assassination, or, as if it were the next best thing, self-accusation of the crime. There is an infectious or sympathetic property in general agitation, which increases as it spreads in a rapid ratio: weak heads it upsets, and the absurdity they consequently exhibit is sure to take some form of the popular excitement.

This case, however, is not altogether clear: the man may only have repented of his confession. Drink and domestic disturbance, joined with some remorse, may have put him altogether out of love with existence. The sober and orderly life of a prison cell may have given him quite a different taste for life. The confusion of his intellect having subsided, the near prospect of the gallows becomes disagreeable.

NICKNAMES.—Peter Macculloch! growls the "Political Register;" Matthew Macullock! sneers the "Times." "What's in a name?" Why, everything, according to Cobbett and the Leading Journal: they make everything turn upon it. The trick is, however, a very stale one. The "bloody old Times," and the "bone-grubber Cobbett," to use their own phraseology, are here but imitators of those second-rate exclusives, who strive after a momentary superiority over their acquaintance, by showing that they hold the person in so little esteem, that they really do not recollect the name by which he goes. The affectation is not worthy the reputation and the ability of the Great Journal.

While the "Times" is thus exposing itself, the "Chronicle" composes itself into the position of a grave defence:—"We do not call on our contemporary to subscribe to Mr. M'Culloch's opinions; but we are entitled to claim for a worthy as well as a very able individual a more respectful treatment than he has of late received from that quarter." This, though generously meant, is a piece of solemn superfluity. M'Culloch is wise, and it is therefore his natural destiny to be abused! Every superior, energetic mind, that lays its whole strength upon improving the condition of its age, or, indeed, in any way proceeds in advance of the knowledge of its age, becomes the foul scorn of the dictators of the day. It has ever been so: it is easier to jeer or to abuse than to refute. The intellectual faculties are rarely educated, and consequently slow to exertion; the animal ones, *ex necessitate*, are always in prime order. Thus it is that men in grievous want of argument are ever ready of fist. Writers, who feel it pain and trouble to reason, can still malign by insinuation, or by direct assertion, or, more adroitly still, by misnomer. What must be the condition of that country—what the force of its public opinion, its private knowledge,—if questions of the most vital importance are to be decided by the mis-christianizing of a surname?

The name of M'Culloch, which, if for no other reason respectable, is so because it belongs to an upright, an independent, and energetic man of genius, who has given his whole life up to the ungainful science of "Public Wealth," has already been dishonoured by the name of two apostles—one, at least, of unequivocal faith. What, now, if it should go the whole round of apostolic denominations, is there a single question that would be altered one iota? What if Newton had, instead of Isaac, been called Abraham, or Bacon Fanny, instead of Francis,—what then?—the "Principia" and the "Novum Organum" would have remained the same. But the Cokes and the Hooks of their days had different modes of exhaling their spite. Mr. M'Culloch needs no apology on our parts. They who cannot judge of his writings may not be informed by a few sentences. Those who are capable of following him in his various useful and able works do not require to be cautioned against the nick-names of either the "Times" or the "Political Register."

Love-Letters.—It is surprising that none of those booksellers who love to publish collections of epitaphs, epigrams, bon-mots, and modern editions of Joe Miller, the John Duntons of the day, have not hitherto published the love-letters of the courts of law and the police-offices: they are often amusing; but, what is more, they lift up the veil of society, — they disclose the secrets of half-civilized life,— they are laughable to the general reader—to the philosopher they are pregnant with instruction. The letters found on thieves and forgers when they are searched are often a great prize to one who wishes to gauge the spirit of the great crime-population of the metropolis. This month has produced more than one. The following is the composition of a bigamist, who wishes to resume his connexion with the second partner of his nuptial couch. He writes this on quitting the prison where he had expiated his crime:—

"Dear beller,—my mind as bin in a compleat state of anksitity ever since I cum out of Newgit, as i cant have your cumperny as we used to have. I have been hobligated to pervade the street were you live all day, Becos wen I nocks nobody cums and lets me in. I can't live with my piece of mind till I hear from your sweat lips as you wont have nothing to do no more with me. my luv, i can't liv withhout your sweat cumperny. I mite as well be kick'd out of the walls of the creation. my luv, if you will cum back and enjoy wonce more with your hown John the sweats of connubible matrimony, and I will make you a cumfortable home. I will promise you on the Bible never to hide you no more, my luv. I only hided you to make you the fonder on me; but as you hopjeck to sitch, I shall never undertake that transacktion. If you don't cum and se me now, you shall repent it, for I carry somethin allays about me.—Your own true luv,

"John Farrell."

Our readers will admire the splendid figure of being kicked out of the "walls of the creation:" it is copied from Lucretius's "flammantia mœnia mundi." We fear, however, that some reporter of a Swiftian ingenuity has been practising upon the less happy attempts of the unlettered bigamist.

Here, however, is a genuine epistle; its truth is impressed on every line. The writer is said to be a fashionable-looking young man: he had made love to a Miss Alger; for reasons of state or scandal, she had of late discountenanced his addresses; but the lover would not take his rejection from the janitor. Having detected the weak places of the

parental abode, he writes this most passionate appeal to the more fragile parts of the mansion:—

"Mr. Alger here handed to Mr. Walker a note which the prisoner had a few days before sent to his daughter, and of which the following is a copy:—

"'*Louisa, if you value your happiness as well as mine—and to prevent every window in the house being broken—meet me instantly, or I will play the devil back and front.*'

"Mr. Walker.—What is he?

"Mr. Alger.—I really don't know, Sir; but he professes to be a gentleman, and has been too much indulged at my house.

"The prisoner did not deny that the note was written by him, but said he was under strong excitement of feeling at the time he wrote it."

If you value your happiness, meet me—but perhaps you think happiness all humbug;—if, then, you value your windows, meet me—and not merely your windows in front; I am general enough to take you in rear. You will be attacked back and front, unless you consent to a truce or surrender. Here is a summons! In all the love-letters that appear in newspapers we observe a worldly feeling. They pretend to passion, and in words disdain the practical; but in some little parenthesis or postscript they all let out the spirit of the age, which is one intimately connected with the currency question. One love-letter ends with "How are you off for potatoes?" another appeals to the heart with all the force of a glazier's bill.

Kean is Dead! May 25. Kean's death seems to be the signal for the fall of the curtain on the drama. Surely the tragi-comedy is at an end: the stage is strewn with the fallen. Covent-Garden and Drury Lane are in the hands of Bunn! The only performances tolerated at the national theatres are foreign ones—German and Italian singing, French dancing. The standard company of Covent-Garden is driven from the stage by a Parisian lessee, who alleges want of patronage He crushes the "Wife" under his iron ordonnance, which the newspapers tell us was the finest and most flourishing drama that has been for years on the boards. The company an army—has been driven to seek for shelter under the slender walls of Vestris's poor little theatre. Every man that of late has had to do with the stage is understood to have been "victimized." At the very crisis of fate, the troubled spirit of poor Kean flits away: the banshee of the drama has shrieked: there is an end. *Exeunt omnes.*

It is said that one hundred comedians attend the body of Kean to the grave. There is a fancy in the Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin which we remember being touched with. The Hermit visits the Catacombs of Paris, in company with some young people: when they left those dark, subterranean passages, the young folks tripped lightly into the open air. The old man stayed behind. Emilie returned, and taking him by the hand, said, "Why do you loiter?" "I was thinking," said he, "whether it was worth the while to come out!"

The tragedians who loiter behind in Kean's vault, when they have once deposited the dead, may well be excused if they stay a moment or two thinking whether it is worth the while to come out.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

Dresden.

DEAR SIR,—Were I to relate all the adventures we have had since quitting London to the present moment, I should require a folio of paper; I shall therefore content myself with giving you an idea of the more savage part of the world, which I flatter myself we know a little of. Our journey, though not quite as full of adventures as Gil Blas, yet, for two unassuming travellers, I think we have had enough. Our difficulties first made their appearance on the strands between Königsburg and Memel. We were from three o'clock one morning until the same hour the next, traversing a desert, with nothing human save ourselves to be seen. A few withered trees, to indicate the safest way, was all that told the hand of man had been there. The sea on one side, and immense sandbanks on the other, alone greeted the eye. Sometimes we were travelling up to the axle-trees in the water, at others three or four feet deep in sand, and no prospect of going beyond a walk with six horses and a willing postilion. We passed the day at this rate, till the sun, sinking into the sea, told us he had finished his course;—no brilliant colours surrounded his setting: he sunk, looking pale and weary like us, after his long day's journey. Our horses stopped from fatigue every moment, till Manuel pelted them with stones. The courier seated on a trunk whipping from behind: the postilion swearing and urging the poor beasts on, gave rise to an immoderate fit of laughter, though we were shivering with cold, and had eaten nothing all day. This scene, however, excited our risibility to such a degree, that we laugh to this day at Manuel urging the beasts on with his "Dat is good, dat is good." In this way we arrived at Memel at three o'clock, being just four-and-twenty hours from the time we left Königsburg. We crossed the river in a boat, and landed safe on the other side. After this fatigue we slept on the miserable beds given us, as sound as if they were beds of down.

The day following we arrived at Polongen, the Russian frontier, where our luggage was ransacked by a dirty set of Russian *employés*, who regarded certain private articles we had in the carriage as if they anticipated a gunpowder plot from their appearance. They took all our books and maps from us, and turned us into Courland at the mercy of a ragamuffin postboy, who drove six horses at their fiercest speed down perpendicular hills, and up them at the same rate—such is the usual travelling in Russia. The hair-breadth escapes we had are enough to make us wonder we were not a hundred times sent to that bourn from whence no traveller returns. The country in Russia is generally ugly. Immense forests of pine, large barren plains, the villages not deserving the name, and very filthy: the houses built of pine wood in its natural form, the road one common dunghill, always up to the peasants' ancles in mud, &c., the women with little more covering than our first parent, and particularly ugly. Men, one and all, wear the same long coat of sheep skin, or coarse cloth, down to their ancles, loose trousers hitched into a large boot, a gaudy sash round their waist, a low-crowned hat, and under it a face that would disgrace a satyr: shaggy hair, long whiskers, moustache, a very long beard, the neck bare and red, sometimes a shirt of blue check and sometimes not—all this you must picture to yourself filthy to the last degree, a comb or towel being unknown to them. There are but two classes in Russia, high and low. The latter are in their unsophisticated state, more resembling the brutes than civilized man. Nothing can equal their cool indifference to humanity. We saw occasions in which their brutality was displayed. Women, who do all the laborious work, go in a small sort of cart which they use in Russia, immense distances,

with parcels for a rouble or two: one of these broke down, and a very old woman stood looking at her accident, while twenty young men passed and not one would assist her. We broke down, and the same thing occurred. In St. Petersburg it is just the same. They are all slaves, in the proper sense of the word. Each family reckons its importance by the number of its slaves, who are taught, while young, different trades, the produce of which they sell, and is generally the fortune of those who possess them. The army when in undress is most pitiable: black bread, the colour of ink, and *guass*, flour and water fermented, is their drink. An officer's pay is twenty pounds a year; so judge of the poor soldiers. The way they sleep is worse than pigs in England: my heart ached more than once to see these poor fellows without shoes or stockings, marching to their different destinations, looking the picture of misery; but they are so ignorant and so uncivilized, I doubt if they themselves lament their condition.

St. Petersburg is really a most beautiful city—the palaces, the quays, the streets, and though last, not least, the beautiful Neva, whose colour and surface is like a polished mirror. The living is the most expensive you can imagine, and the worst; the climate most unhealthy and oppressive to the spirits; the people, cold, proud, and intriguing to the last degree. There are no *agrémens* to induce any one to take up their residence in St. Petersburg. While we were there, there was no night;—this at least was novelty for us.

Our journey (though full of uncomfortable adventures, travelling over sand nearly all the way) to Moscow delighted us. Nothing can be more *éclatant* than the view of Moscow, seen from the walls of the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, the only building respected by the burning element. From here you have sixteen hundred churches in view, each one with five or six domes and cupolas, rising one above the other in majestic grandeur, some green, gold and silver, and in the most beautiful forms, interspersed with trees, fine buildings, and convents in the distance, whose bells chime the hour of prayer, which, but indistinctly heard, gives this scene, that I have attempted to describe, an appearance of romance that one reads, but never expects to see realized. When we first looked at it, we could scarcely breathe from excess of admiration. *Within the walls* of the Kremlin are nine churches, the palace of the emperor, the governor's palace, the treasury, (enormously rich in jewels,) the senate, and the guardhouse, all fine architecture. We remained in Moscow three weeks, and did not regret it, I assure you. They have an excellent French play there, that would not disgrace Paris.

Our journey to Warsaw was worse than any: no hotels, filthy post-houses, no beds, mattresses devoured with fleas, and in the day time wading through mud and ruts, that endangered our necks every moment, to say nothing of sticking in a hole on a marsh, where all was under water, and being obliged to return on a raft over the river, in a pitch dark night, the postilions crying, and with six horses to guide down a perpendicular place, to get to the river. The Jews in Poland amused us very much; we found them much more honest than the Christians; they would not sometimes give us knives and forks to eat with, and always broke the plates we had eaten off: this was their way of treating us: but in comparison with what we had suffered, we greeted them as in some way our fellow-creatures, which feeling the Russians completely deprived us of. We found Warsaw not as we expected to find it. All there seemed dull and broken-hearted, but with a spirit of revenge deeply graven on their hearts against the Russians. We made acquaintance with a family, and heard *true statements* of the noble manner in which the Poles treated the Russians, in allowing them to leave unmolested a place they never had a right to enter. I doubt much if the Poles do not revenge themselves, as they fought most unequally. The Russians had fifty to one, yet the Poles kept them out seven days. You may judge of a Russian's humanity, by their making two servants to stand outside in the cold on a portmanteau, all the way from Moscow to Warsaw!

We were, I assure you, most delighted to find ourselves once more in a civilized country, and hailed it as gladly as the mariner hails the land after a tempest. All our enjoyments seem fresher; we are not so *blasé* as before—a trifling pleasure appears to me quite delightful. Whoever has spoilt his *gout*, I advise him to go to Russia, not knowing the customs, and he will return to revel in the enjoyment of a moderated existence.

I was, I can assure you, most anxious to write to you from Russia, but such a letter as would have been entertaining, and where the mind of an *English-born* should speak, could never have reached England; an *auto-da-fé* for the letter, a "surveillance de police" for the writer, being the only results to be anticipated where you attempt anything above a mere puerile epistle, without any details, except all favourable ones, false, but flattering the patriotic conceit of the Postmaster-General of all the Russias.

Dresden is delightful, and the living dirt cheap places in the dress circle at the Italian or German opera, where the performances are first-rate, only cost *two shillings*; a most excellent dinner the same price; a bottle of the best old Burgundy, *five shillings*; apartments, making up four rooms, very comfortably furnished, at the first hotel, *five shillings* a day in winter, and *four* in summer. After this statement you will perceive that one can live luxuriously here, without care or trouble, for the same amount yearly as a cheating and rascally London tailor will make you pay for two or three suits of clothes, &c. Adieu, my dear Sir,

I am, &c.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine—Sir,—The oyster season has terminated—scarce a shell remains to mark where the "natives" have been—and yet no adequate commemoration has appeared of an individual who was fully entitled to have received such a tribute at the commencement of that season—I mean the late Mr Dando. That extraordinary character was more intimately connected with the oyster-market (in the quality of a consumer) than any man breathing. He discussed, indeed, the pretensions of the whole testaceous tribe with the most astonishing capacity—but in oysters he was pre-eminent: and his very life and being may be said to have been, in a great degree, *ostreaceous*. Thus identified with a curious and highly-admired class of the animal kingdom, is it not marvellous that his memory should not, by some one of the numerous degustators of oysters with whom our capital abounds, have been honoured with a suitable record? Nay, when we pass from this particular accomplishment, and consider his general powers when we remember his range of appetite through the whole cibarious system his unfailing faculty of digestion, (or *assimilation*, as I believe it is dietetically called,) and his incalculable resources of non-payment our surprise at the cold oblivion which has been suffered to swallow up such a man becomes destitute of a limit. Certainly no man ever ate *more*, yet none ever ate *more cheaply*. Can these two grounds of distinction be utterly lost on a public who are, on most occasions, so generously forward to lavish their attention upon everything that partakes of singularity? But, Sir, without more speculation—for that were as endless as Mr Dando's infinite esuriency—I beg leave to submit to you the following humble attempt) made some months since, but diffidently withheld) to supply the shameful omission of which I complain—in order that it may no longer be said that a man, who could eat half his weight in oysters, and drink the other half in brandy-and-water, has departed from among us unnoticed and unsung:—

LINES ON THE LATE MR. DANDO.

"Harpæis gula digna rapacibus!"—*Hor.*

DANDO, devouring terrorist, is dead,
And to the "Diet of Worms" below hath sped,
Whose hungry members, on his corpse supine,
On *his own principle* shall *gratis* dine.

Esurient hero! o'er his shrunk remains
The muse to drop a tearlet not disdains.
Ambition swayed his stomach, and his sense
Of things was lost in appetite immense*.
He, of the *palate's* sphere true potentate,
Looked on the world as his *Palatinate!*
London by him as one great *carte* was scanned,
The country *flats* to him were "table-land,"
And Nature's own expanse "a glorious spread,"
Where his all-grasping stomach might be fed.
Willing to instruct, and resolute to live,
He taught *Vendition's* self perforce to *give!*
But life tow'rds death continually is curved,
And Dando, *stuffed*, could yet not be *preserved.*
To envious plagues himself a plague had grown,
So angry Cholera marked him for her own.
See, at the call of Death, Dando become
(Soon as Death said, "*Dan, die, Dan! Do, Dan!*") *dumb!*†
Much, much he mourned to die, and leave behind‡
A world where yet so oft he might have dined!
But most he grieved to go, against all reason,
Just at the opening of the oyster-season!

G. D.

The Theatrical Critic in the Observer, (Mr. Payne Collier, we believe,) after first declaring Mr. Bulwer's Bill for the better regulation of Theatres ought not to pass at any time—now blames him for not having passed it before. If the Critic knew the difficulty and labour that attend the stages of any bill not introduced by a Member of the Government, he would neither censure, nor wonder at, the delay. The second reading of a bill becomes "an order of the day"—it comes on after the other business—rarely before one or two o'clock in the morning—the House is usually very thin—it is in the power of any member who opposes the bill "to count the House out." Three times, after waiting the whole night to bring on the Bill, has Mr. Bulwer been prevented doing so, by an opponent declaring his intention to count the House out if he made the attempt. Mr. Bulwer is as zealous now as ever for the passing of the Bill, and as convinced as ever of its expediency.

N.B.—The other Bill for securing to Dramatic Authors their Copyright *has been carried* by Mr. Bulwer through the House of Commons, and is now safely lodged at the House of Lords. To whom, by-the-by, the Dramatic Authors might as well address a Petition.

* . . . . Cibus omnis in illo
Causa cibi est; semperque locus fit inanis edendo.—*Ovid.*

† These words may appear like an accidental illustration of the three gerunds, (or, as they may here be styled, *jeer-rounds*,) in di, do, and dum. I have no intention that their occurrence should be thought otherwise than fortuitous; but it gives me an opportunity of observing, by the way, and as a curious coincidence, that Dando himself was very nicely conversant with the *Eaten Grammar*, and thoroughly grounded in the *accidents*, which indeed had been well *beaten into him*. On these occasions of discipline, it may be further remarked, he afforded a living example of what is termed, by Cockney scholars, the *supine in hum!*

‡ The distressing possibility there was, that this great original should "die and leave the world no copy," has happily not been extended into fact. A female disciple, as the newspapers have informed us, has started up with competent powers for the exercise of the same large and gratuitous vocation. If I were inclined to compliment this lady, I might speak of her in the stirring words of Byron, as "The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-*belle!*" Of her movements nothing recently has been heard; but, with the accomplishments she possesses, she *must* ere long (like many a clever lawyer) *eat her way to the bar.*

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR HENRY HOTHAM, K.C.B.

Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Hotham, K.C B , Commander-in-Chief of the British Squadron in the Mediterranean, died in the 57th year of his age. Sir Henry was the youngest son of the second Lord Hotham, and in the early part of the revolutionary war commanded the Flêche sloop of war; he was posted, in 1795, into the Mignone, and was constantly in active service in that ship, and in the Dido, Blanche, and Immortalité frigates, until the peace of Amiens, being particularly successful in the capture and destruction of several large French privateers. On the renewal of hostilities in 1803, he was appointed to the Impérieuse, and then to the Révolutionnaire, in which latter frigate he assisted at the capture of Admiral Dumanoir's squadron of four sail of the line, by Sir Richard Strachan's squadron. In 1809, in the Defiance, he assisted in the destruction of three French frigates in the Sable d'Olonne; and, subsequently, on the north coast of Spain, greatly aided the guerrillas and Spanish patriots in resisting the usurpation of the French army, furnishing them with advice, supplies of provisions, and ammunition, and the constant assistance of his ship. In 1812, in the Northumberland, Sir Henry, in a neat and gallant manner, drove on shore and destroyed, near the entrance of L'Orient, two French frigates of 44 guns each, and an 18-gun brig; and during the American war he was Captain of the Fleet to Admiral Sir J. B. Warren. In 1813, he was nominated Colonel of Marines, and in the following year became Flag-Officer, and, on Buonaparte's return from Elba, served as such in the Channel Fleet. Sir Henry officiated as one of the Lords of the Admiralty from 1818 to 1822; and was appointed to the command which he held, until his death, in March, 1831.—Sir Henry married, in 1816, Lady Frances Rous, by whom he had three children.

EDMUND KEAN,

The most celebrated tragedian of our time, died at Richmond, on May 15th. He was born, we believe, on the 17th of March, 1788; and, nearly as soon as he could walk, he appeared as a boy-actor on the stage, and went through all the difficulties and dangers of a young player's life. At Drury-lane Theatre, when Kemble was in the height of his glory, the obscure child, the unknown heir-apparent to the tragic throne, was used in processions, &c. Subsequently, at the Haymarket, he delivered messages, and performed in small parts, with no advantage to himself, the company, or the audience; and he was remarkable for the silence and shyness with which he took his seat in the green-room,—his eye alone " discoursing most eloquent music." Through various country theatres he passed with varied success, until he joined the Exeter company. Here he attracted the admiration of Dr. Drury, a gentleman of taste and influence; and through his interference, Mr. Arnold, on the part of the Committee of Drury-lane Theatre, went to Dorchester, for the express purpose of seeing Kean act. The result of the interview was an engagement; and, in January, 1814, he appeared on the boards of Drury. Of all his provincial audiences, we believe that the good people of Exeter were most alive to his transcendant merit; while the inhabitants of Guernsey have distinguished themselves by disrelishing his acting, and literally driving him from their stage. Guernsey should have had a Claremont or a Creswell made on a scale low enough for its intellect. Kean's first appearance at Drury-lane, on the 26th of January, 1814, in Shylock, in the disastrous—we were almost about to say, the most disastrous days of Drury—we shall not easily forget! The house was empty of nearly all but critics, and those who came in with oranges or orders; and the listlessness of the small spiritless audience, at the first night of a new Shylock, was the " languor which is not repose." There came on a small man, with an Italian face and fatal eye, which struck all. Attention soon ripened into enthusiasm; and never, perhaps, did Kean play with such startling effect as on this night to the surprised few! His voice was harsh, his style new, his action abrupt and angular; but there was the decision,—the inspiration of genius, in the look, the tone, the bearing,—the hard unbending Jew was before us in the full vigour of his malignity—the injuries upon him and upon his tribe saddened in his eyes, but through them you could trace the dark spirit of revenge, glaring in fearful, imperishable fury. That night

was the starting-post on the great course upon which he was destined to run his splendid race!

"No one as an actor," says an eloquent writer in the Athenæum, "ever had the ball so completely at his foot as Kean had; nay, the ball at *his* foot waited not for the impelling touch—like the fairy clue which ran before the steps of Fortunatus, leading him to happiness and fame,—it speeded before him; but the inveterate whims of genius lured him into every bye-path of passion and pleasure, and hurried him on,—

> '——— from flower to flower,
> A wearied chace—a wasted hour!'

Frank in his nature—impetuous in his soul, he knew no calmness of object or enjoyment: "aut Cæsar aut nullus" was his motto—He must either fly or *burrow!* and he never disguised his vices or his virtues. With the genius to have been more than a Garrick in his art, he had the follies and passions at times to reduce him almost beneath a Cooke in his habits. He could, at Drury-lane, electrify a Byron, and chill the blood at his heart with the fearful energies of his wondrous genius; and, quitting the peers, he could, on the same evening, delight the *spirits* of the *lower* house with his brilliant, dashing gaieties and *acted* songs. Those who have seen his third act of 'Othello,' must ever tremble in their memories; and those who have heard him *recite* 'Black Eyed Susan' to the pathos of his own music, sadden still: such passion and such pathos are not easily borne at the moment, or unremembered afterwards."

CAPTAIN RICHBELL.

T. Richbell, Esq., the resident magistrate of the Thames Police, died at his residence, the Thames Police Office, in High Street, Wapping, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. He entered the navy, in a humble capacity, at a very early age, and served with his present Majesty in the West Indies. For the gallantry and bravery he displayed in several actions and hazardous engagements, he was successively promoted to the rank of midshipman, lieutenant, and post captain. He served for ten years as first lieutenant of the Centaur man-of-war, commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Markham, during which time he saw much active service. He was afterwards placed in command of the Prince William armed ship, on the Shields station, for the protection of the neighbouring coast; and his services in this capacity proved highly beneficial to his country, and were duly appreciated by the Admiralty. In the year 1792 or 1793, he was appointed regulating captain of the volunteer and impressment department in the metropolis, and to the charge of the Enterprise tender-ship off the Tower; and until the close of the war he performed the arduous duties of his office to the satisfaction of the government, to whom he was not only a zealous but a very useful servant. He continued in this situation—which it was well known was anything but a pleasant one—until the beginning of the year 1817, when he was appointed by Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, to the office of a Thames Police Magistrate, with the privilege of retaining his half-pay. Though Captain Richbell's knowledge of the law, and of the law of evidence, was very limited, he made up for the deficiency by his shrewdness, and the patient hearing he gave to all cases brought before him. His good humour, though sometimes inclining to coarseness, and tinctured with the rough manners of an old sailor, was proverbial; and the strict impartiality which always guided his decisions, whatever the rank or station of the party, was not exceeded by any judicial authority in the kingdom, and deserves its due meed of praise. His long naval experience proved of great service in the adjudication of cases connected with maritime affairs and offences at sea, which are daily heard at the Thames Police Office; and his loss in this respect will not be easily supplied. To Captain Richbell belongs the praise of bringing the Thames Police to its present state of efficiency, for the prevention of crime and the detection of offenders. It may with truth be spoken, that this establishment is not exceeded by any police in Europe. The officers were much attached to Captain Richbell, and have lost a very kind benefactor. A neglect of duty he never forgave; but in case of sickness of an officer, or of any of his family, his purse was always open. Captain Richbell possessed great abilities as a marine painter, and several of his productions in this way have graced the walls of the exhibition-room at Somerset House.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Observations on Professions, &c., and Emigration in the United States and Canada. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler.

THE gentleman who has produced this work has attempted to supply us with information relative to the United States and to Canada, that is very much required. Unlike Mrs. Trollope, he has not contented himself with ridicule, but in its stead has supplied us with an abundance of facts; and strange to say, this is the fault of the book. Facts are doubtless very stubborn things and very useful; but when they are heaped upon us with such rapidity that we are scarcely allowed time to think of their tendencies—when they are thrust upon our observation without any introductory comment, and detailed without any inference being drawn, we feel, in spite of the instruction we have received, that we suffer under the effects of fatigue. Mr. Fidler is sincere,—we think impartial,—and displays at times a very considerable share of discrimination. He has written a book of great utility, but he has not made it sufficiently amusing. He left England with strong prejudices in favour of America, but, like most others who venture to that land of promise, he met with no inconsiderable share of disappointment. But we conceive it was disappointment that altered his opinion, and that he would have written a book in a more happy vein if he had found sufficient encouragement to induce him to remain at New York; clergymen are not there in request, and schoolmasters are badly paid, so from New York our author was induced to migrate and explore other parts of America, where he met with as little success. This circumstance seems to have operated powerfully on his opinions; and although we must in candour confess his scenes are never highly coloured, yet we think they are generally thrown too much into shadow—we are sure he has stated the truth, but has he stated all the truth? If he has, the Americans are, without exception, the people of all others in the universe that have least redeeming parts in their character; they must be insufferably vain, and constitutionally unamiable. When Mrs. Trollope victimized America, the English public read, enjoyed the book, and laughed at the joke. Many of her scenes were beyond a doubt correctly drawn, but the majority were tinged with the pencil of prejudice, and dipped in the gall of ridicule. No rational being ever formed an estimate of American character from reading Mrs. Trollope's book; and those most inclined from early imbibed notions to believe all they could, made a very considerable deduction from any account of that unfair writer. Her book is much too merrily written to be true—it is a lively satire—a pleasing comic drama—but not a book for reference where information is required Mr. Fidler, on the contrary, has written a work that may well be referred to for facts, but must not be searched for opinions correctly formed of the moral and social character of the Americans. Facts he never appears to distort; but as those he mentions are all against the Americans, the commonest charity must lead us to suppose that everything is not stated. To so great an extent does Mr. Fidler carry his matter-of-fact sort of style, that we find him saying, in p. 43, "If I am asked whether, in the churches I attended, a greater number of males or females were present, I should feel great hesitation in deciding." Now, this may doubtless be a fact of paramount importance to a man like our author, who wishes curiously to investigate all matters relating to the manners and literature of the Americans, but we believe the public in general will find little instruction and less gratification from the detail of such, and will consider that the author might have been less elaborately veracious with regard to insignificant matters, and more amusing if he had altogether omitted to treat on such puerile statistics. The state of religion in the United States is well discussed, and its universal diffusion is evident, although it is clearly alloyed with a prodigious mixture of cant and enthusiasm. The dogmatism and pugnacity of an American Methodist preacher, with whom our author travels, are most amusingly described, as a specimen of accommodating hypocrisy, equally willing to enter into religious disputation or to strike up uncalled-for a specimen of his psalmody, or to volunteer with similar readiness the edifying song of "Yankee doodle." To those foolish enthusiasts who seek the new hemisphere with a view of enjoying the necessaries and luxuries of life at a cheaper rate than they do in the mother country, the book will prove the most useful they could possibly read. The exorbitant sums that are received for house-rent, the expenses of their hotels, and the large increase in price on every

article of clothing, and on almost everything necessary for existence, is truly astonishing to those who have heard of America only through the partial accounts of interested friends or ignorant book-makers.

Sunday in London.

Cruikshank is one of those artists whose works have delighted the public so much, that, if he pleased, he might presume on his already acquired fame, and if he sent forth only what his caprice prompted, it would still be received as good, and welcomed with laughter. His success has been so great, that it would be deemed a heresy in taste to conceive that he could do anything indifferently. This circumstance, however, the artist has never presumed upon—he has never, as many of his fellows have, worked rapidly and slovenly for the purpose of extraordinary gain, and sacrificed his art to fill his pocket. On the contrary, he has gone on improving, and his latest effort is generally his best. It must have been a mournful day for Sir Andrew Agnew when, the satirist of the burin undertook to explain the ten dencies of his bill—a bill which, if passed, would have formed a most novel feature in legislation, and would have brought us back to the times of the Puritans, and the vagaries of religious fanatics. It is true that the exposition of George Cruikshank was not necessary to show to the sensible part of the community the manifest absurdity of Sir Andrew Agnew's attempt; but although not necessary, it is impossible to say how much real benefit the artist may have effected by rendering some portions of its absurdities palpable to the more common eye. There are a numerous class of people who would never have thought upon the matter at all, and who would have been obedient to the regulations of the intended enactments had they become law, and others who would have been refractory, and in either case from the mere obstinacy of will, and not from the dictates of conviction. But now the case stands differently; and all that has ever been spoken in the House of Commons, and all that has been written out of it—all our previously formed associations of pleasure and pastime arising from the remembrance of the day of quiet and recreation, will not offer one argument so strong, or support one feeling so effective, in inducing opposition to the measure, as will one plate of George Cruikshank. He has presented the whole subject before the eye of the most astute observer, and done it in a way that ridicule and truth combined at once glare upon him. The higher classes, the middle, and the lower, are each exposed, and each defended from legislative interference—the first of course the least so; for their follies more often assume the shape of vices than the two latter, and some portions of them but too often openly and infamously violate what the latter only infringe. The miserable and squalid artisan is depicted receiving the gains of his hard labour on the Saturday from the sordid and jobbing foreman, who pays him at the neighbouring public-house, that he may receive a per centage for the advances he has made during the past week for procuring the liquid poison, and thus render his workman his slave. The same abject wretch of vice is seen in his Sunday morning conviviality, pursuing the same career with a detestable fervour that no enactment can reach, though the artist-satirist may lash it. The man of the same grade, but of a more sober and industrious habit, is represented in his wanderings on the Sunday afternoon, with his wife and his "pretty ones," invading the mountainous district of Primrose-hill, and quaffing the invigorating air of Highgate. The more distant jaunt of the more wealthy middle-class man is suggested by the "one-horse chay," that bears the burthen of a lady, fat as she is good, and her liege lord, who is the picture of rude health, and that mediocre pride which arises from an independence he seems fully sensible of having achieved. But it is to ye, ye livers in palaces! that the bite of the satire must be most poignant. The "*soirée musicale*," where the venerable Peer elbows the more venerable Bishop, and where ladies listen to anything but homilies, must be the print of all others that must attract your attention. The attempted monopoly of vice and irreligion by some of the higher classes, while they express themselves horrified at the indulgence of the poor, does not escape unsatirized; and in the particular print we allude to, the saloons of the titled are laid bare to vulgar gaze, and they see a true Sunday scene depicted that well displays the sincerity of some of those who have lately felt such squeamishness for the morality of the lower orders. The church dignitary, also, stepping from his splendid carriage, surrounded by all the appurtenants of a magnificent equipage, and pacing in solemn but genteel dignity through the crowd, some of whom are ragged and

wonderstruck, is a complete specimen of the beautiful in ridicule. His look of gravity is excellent; it was originally assumed, but it has become habitual; and he evidently looks, as he walks, by a prescribed rule that has taught him what is decorous, and what is expected from the preacher of humility. The whole of the prints are, in short, excellent, and tended to do, we believe, more real good than half the serious matters that have been published during the last twelve months. Cruikshank is himself; and the pith and the marrow of the ridiculous is extracted by him and embodied in a form so truly comic, and so graphic and correct, that we envy the man who has yet to see and to enjoy.

A Compendious German Grammar, with a Dictionary of the principal Prefixes and Affixes, alphabetically arranged. The German Reader, a selection from the most popular writers. By Adolphus Bernays, Ph. Doctor, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London.

It does not often happen that, in respect of elementary works, we can offer praise so unequivocal as in the instance of these publications of Dr. Bernays. The limits which we are compelled to prescribe to ourselves in these notices, preclude minute analysis, or we could dwell with peculiar pleasure, easily explained, on the various merits of these three works. Those who have had the trouble, the wearisome trouble, of wading through the imperfect grammars of former days, and blundering through the mazy labyrinth of a full-sized German period, with no other aid than such a grammar as alluded to, and a common dictionary, will, with us, be sensible to a feeling of real pleasure, at the sight of the Professor's "German Grammar," "Exercises," and "Reader,"—works by means of which the roughness of the old path is made smooth, and its crookedness straight. With sincerity and earnestness we congratulate the public on their appearance. There is one part of the "Grammar" which deserves particular notice, and establishes its superiority over every rival: we refer to the "Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes," which appears at the end of the book. The multitude of compound words in German is innumerable: the dictionaries do not contain a tenth part of them; this list, then, defining the signification and assigning the value of the initial and terminal elements of compound words, is a very important aid—a treasure of great value—to the learner. The extent of its value will be best understood by those who have felt the inconveniences attending the want of it For the other parts of the "Grammar." we do not say that they are incapable of improvement, but we candidly think that by the arrangement of its parts, the comprehensive character of its rules, and the fulness of illustration with which those rules are exemplified, it facilitates the progress of the student more than any with which we are acquainted.—The "Exercises" are correspondingly excellent. They are carefully accommodated to the "Grammar;" and if the plan, recommended in the preface, of learning them by heart, or rather of committing to memory the corrected German, and making a rapid oral double translation, be put in practice, it is evident that the learner will soon acquire the art of expressing his thoughts in German,—that is, he will soon be able to converse. The "Reader" claims from us the same degree of praise. It is, in every part, judiciously adapted to the state to which the pupil is supposed to have arrived; easy, at first, as a thorough-going "literal translation" can make it; then, in the next stage, the learner is compelled to use more exertion, consistently with his increased power; at last, assistance is withheld, and he is left to his own resources. To the beginner all shadow of difficulty is removed by numerous grammatical references; and notes, illustrative of idiom or etymology, run through the whole book.—The "Grammar," we observe, has the additional advantage of being so constructed as to be equally useful to those who have begun with, or been accustomed to any other,

Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.

Everything that has lately been written relative to America appears to have been undertaken by the authors under a conviction that the market of literature was drugged with truth, and that it would be necessary for them to write something *founded* on fact, but which they must adorn with the glowing colours of exaggeration, or expose and sneer at with all the venomous poignancy of the satirist. The public has doubtless been oppressed with literary dulness; but we do not, on that account, feel inclined to allow that those persons who have the ambition to become

authors, but who have not the industry and determination to search deeply and carefully before they compile a book of travels—who have the desire to write a work of imagination and fancy, yet have not power to sustain those qualities through an entire undertaking—should be suffered to palm books on our common sense that display nothing but a medley of misplaced capacities,—here a bit of exaggeration—now a little bitterly-expressed spleen—then an invention—now a slander—and then a lie. Such, however, is the character of many of the Observations, Travels, &c. that have latterly appeared. The authors, not having the industry and judgment necessary for compiling a book of travel fit to be made a standard of reference, have interspersed their pages with sentiments, tales, and representations, that, however well they may show the capability of the authors for writing a novel, clearly prove that they are historians who are not to be trusted when they write their accounts of the countries they traversed. The work of Mr. Rush now before us, and who was the envoy-extraordinary, from 1817 to 1825, at the court of London, is one of a description altogether at variance with the "got up," tale-telling sort of works we so much condemn. Moreover, it is written in a kindly, yet candid spirit. The observations are made with great discrimination, and he details, with evident accuracy, scenes where the proudest of princes would have been honoured by being allowed to be present; and relates, with great delicacy, many trivial, gossipping, but interesting bits of information, such as the ear of the greatest man listens to with a curious wonder—cabinet comments, and those insignificant incidents that appertain to the great, and the little are so fond of listening to—all the transactions of a court—levees, reviews, balls, audiences, and dinners. The observations on the state of English society are all given with evident conscientiousness, and in general with truth. The state of the country in its commercial relations, its manufactures, and its internal trade and arrangements, are all occasionally cursorily touched upon, assisted by information, and guided by discretion.

The Parliamentary Companion.

We are here presented with an admirable compendium of agreeable and instructive information. In this country, where everybody is, or fancies himself, a politician, every one must, of course, be anxious to know something of the members of the two Houses of Parliament, and of the men who compose what is popularly termed "the Administration." Up to a recent period there was no knowledge among the people of the persons by whom they were governed, beyond that which was attained either in consequence of their votes, or from local reputation now and then whispered through the country, or conveyed by a stray traveller to London. When, after the close of the war, the increasing difficulties of the country raised a cry for reform, chiefly from the lower classes, who were the first to feel the pressure, an attempt was made to enlighten the people as to the amount and nature of unmerited sinecures and pensions which it was truly thought ought to be the first sacrifice to the public necessities. This attempt was made by Lord Cochrane, who, as Member for Westminster, moved for and obtained a return of sinecure places and pensions, which, though ordered to be printed only for the use of the House, did, in reality, soon find its way into general circulation; it was, in fact, reprinted, or nearly so, from a member's copy; but it gained little weight with the people, from the circumstance of there being mixed up with its authentic statements many observations of a party and personal nature. It was extensively circulated; but its great use as an authoritative book of reference was almost at an end. About the same period appeared a little pamphlet, got up, we believe, by the late excellent Mr. Rushton, of Liverpool, and either printed originally or reprinted by Mr. Hone. The gross amount of sums lavished in the shape of sinecure places and pensions being but small, as compared with the whole expenditure of the country, any observation upon them was adroitly evaded by the reply, that, if the payment of the whole of these sums should be stopped, the country could reap little benefit; and the then mystified state of the Civil List enabled the defenders of the Government to answer, with perfect impunity from the chance of detection, that a great portion of these sums was actually paid out of the Civil List. The celebrated motion of Sir James Graham, and its consequences in the House of Commons, have dispelled this convenient obscurity; and the object of the two publications we have mentioned may now be considered as fully attained. We have given this short sketch of the matter, not because it is of necessity connected with the little book now before us, but by way of showing that, independently of all matters of taste upon the point, any reference in it to the subjects of the former publications would have

been quite superfluous. The visiter to the two Houses of Parliament, and the reader of debates, required a short, sketchy, but authentic and (in the inoffensive meaning of the word) personal account of the men composing both branches of the Legislature, and this the compilers have neatly accomplished for him; it is, in fact, a set of brief memoranda, easy of reference when the possessor of this little book is listening to the full soundings of an earnest (for reasons that must be obvious to all the world we say nothing of a well-supported) debate, or sufficient to give him, when reading the report of the debate in the newspapers, some knowledge of the individuality and connexions of a particular speaker, or to refer him to other and more copious sources of information. All these advantages he may find in so compressed a form that might almost make him wonder how

"One small book could carry all it held."

One slight addition to its present contents we should like to suggest. There are lists of the officers of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and there is a list of the members of the Privy Council; another, containing the names of their officers, might be usefully appended. It would be highly acceptable to many as a matter of curiosity, and to many more for the purposes of business. No doubt it will be printed with another edition. In the mean time we can safely recommend this epitome of Parliamentary Biography to the patronage of all who are not able of themselves to give a biographical sketch of every member of both Houses of the Legislature, and we apprehend that their number is very small.

The Annual Historian for 1833; a Sketch of the chief Historical Events of the World during the preceding Year. Principally designed for young persons. By Ingram Cobbin, A.M.

Mr. Cobbin's labours for the instruction of youth are entitled to our highest commendation. He ought to be a great favourite with parents and those who have the care of children, for he has furnished the former with the very best elementary works on the best principles, and has afforded facilities to the latter which must considerably lighten their task. The second volume of his "Annual Historian" is fully equal to the first, while its plan is somewhat extended, and various important additions made to its subjects and materials. Besides the passing events of the last year—which are "invested with so great an importance, that it were better, if necessary, totally to forget the history of the past, than suffer them to escape our most careful observation,"—the appendages are peculiarly valuable,—the chronology furnishes a ready reference,—and the general remarks exhibit the state of the arts, the progress of knowledge, the statistics of important places and countries,—and "other matters which, though not exactly adapted for incorporation in the continuous history, yet will tend much to show the age and body of the time, his form and pressure." Mr. Cobbin's views are liberal; his observations on the political occurrences which pass under his notice are not dictated by party spirit, but are intended to lead his readers to the exercise of sober and candid reflections. The volume is adorned with a well-executed engraving of the Princess Victoria, and altogether forms an excellent present, and is especially adapted as a class-book for schools. We give it our unqualified recommendation.

1. An Inquiry into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, from the earliest Period till the Establishment of the Lombards in Italy. By Wm. Blair, Esq.
2. Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, in his Majesty's ship Dryad; and of the Service on that Station for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, in the Years 1830, 1831, and 1832. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon in the Royal Navy. 12mo.

The first of these works is valuable, as it traces the origin, progress, changes, and final extinction of slavery in the ancient world. Whatever industry could gather from all available sources of information is here supplied, and it furnishes more than "an outline of the most important chapter in the great History of Servitude." To those whose business it is to legislate on this momentous subject, as it affects the British colonies, and the happiness of millions of slaves and their masters, Mr. Blair's Dissertations may be consulted with advantage; for though colonial slavery differs in some striking points from that which so long disgraced

the Roman world, wherever the "bitter draught is mingled, many of the ingredients must ever be the same." Europe has been long, thanks to Christianity, well rid of it; and we trust that the same beneficent religion will break the chains of the African. The Planters and the Church Unionists of Jamaica have made it a religious question, and we trust to the religious spirit now in such active operation to set it for ever at rest.

Mr. Leonard's book is valuable in another point of view; it shows that liberated slaves are industrious and may be confided in, and that free has a great advantage over slave labour. This work may be carefully consulted by our statesmen and legislators, and especially in reference to the absolute necessity of keeping to their engagements all the nations who have pledged themselves against the slave trade, and of forming one grand European compact to put it down effectually and without reserve.

It is an appalling fact, that the benevolent acts of the British Legislature in abolishing this nefarious traffic, instead of preventing the evil, have greatly increased it in amount, and deplorably aggravated its horrors. And Mr. Leonard expresses it as his decided opinion—"that until the slave trade shall be held, by a law of nations, to be piracy, and until all vessels found fitted for the purpose of carrying it on shall be held to have actually engaged in it, all our efforts to put a stop to the evil traffic must be entirely fruitless."

To the disgrace of France, she is the chief power that, in defiance of the treaty, has made herself the merchant of slaves wherever she could obtain a market. The flag of liberty is the only one that waves over a cargo of slaves! So much for consistency. We fear the trade will never stop till the whole system of slavery be swept away.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mary of Burgundy, by the author of "Darnley," &c. &c., 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d*

Montgomery's (James) Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Characteristics of Women, by Mrs. Jameson, second edition, 2 vols. post 8vo., 28*s.*

Lives of English Female Worthies, by Mrs. John Sandford, 12mo, Vol. I., 6*s.* 6*d.*

An Introduction to Geology, by Rob. Bakewell, a new edition, greatly enlarged, 1 vol. 8vo., 21*s.*

Lucien Greville, a Novel, by a Cornet, with Etchings by George Cruikshank, 3 vols. crown 8vo., 24*s.*

The Field-Book; or, Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom, 1 vol. 8vo, 25*s.*

Blakey's History of Moral Science, 2 vols. 8vo., 21*s.*

The Life of Dr. A. Clarke, Vol. II., 8vo., 9*s.*

The Bondman; being the Fifth Volume of the Library of Romance, 12mo, 6*s.*

Prometheus Bound, translated from the Greek, royal 12mo, 5*s.*

Principles of Geology, by C. Lyell, Vol. III., 8vo., 20*s.*

Godolphin, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Manufactures in Iron and Steel, Vol. II., fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

Bibliotheca Classica; or, a Classical Dictionary, on a plan entirely new, by John Dymock, LL.D., and Thomas Dymock, M.A., 8vo, 16*s.*

The Analysis of Inorganic Bodies, by J. J. Berzelius translated from the French edition by G. O. Rees, 12mo, 5*s.*

The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings, by John Abercrombie, 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*

Captain Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, third series, 3 vols. 18mo., 15*s.*

Flaxman's Anatomical Studies of the Bones and Muscles, folio, 24*s.*

Parkinson's Organic Remains of a former World, 54 coloured plates, 3 vols. 4to., new edition, 5*l.* 5*s.*

Service Afloat, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21*s.*

Memoirs of Silvio Pellico da Saluzzo, translated from the Italian, by Thomas Roscoe, royal 18mo., 6*s.*

A Vindication of Ecclesiastical Establishments, by John Inglis, D.D., 8vo., 6*s* 6*d.*

Ayre's Lectures on the Liturgy, 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

History of the East India Company, from their first Charter to the present Time, by Captain Thornton, R.N., 8vo., 7*s.*

The Fossil Flora of Great Britain, by Professor Lindley and W. Hutton, Part II. of Vol I., 8vo, 22*s.*

Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London, from 1817 to 1825, by R. Rush, Esq., American Envoy, 8vo., 14*s.*

The Americans, by an American in London 12mo., 6*s.*

Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, Vol. V., 8vo., 14*s.*

Eben Erskine; or, the Traveller, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY REPORT.

"Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, from the Norman Conquest to the Nineteenth Century," by J. H. Wiffen.

"The Repealers," a Novel, by the Countess of Blessington.

A new and cheaper edition of "Wild Sports of the West."

The Fifth Volume of the Translation of "Madame Junot's Memoirs," comprising the ninth and tenth vols. of the Paris edition.

A new work by the author of "Pelham," to be called "England and the English"

"The Taxation of the Empire, its unequal Pressure, &c., and the necessity for a Revision of our Fiscal and Commercial Policy," by Montgomery Martin.

A work from the pen of Mr. Urquhart, entitled "Turkey and its Resources."

Mr. Atkinson, of Glasgow, has, we understand, prepared a complete series of the works of the Scottish Poets, with Biographical Notices, after the manner of Southey and Aikin's British Poets.

Mr. Robert Scott, jurisconsult in Lisbon during several years, and author of a "Digest of the Military Law of England," "Translation of Frontinus," &c. &c., has issued a proposition for publishing by subscription a "Retrospective and Present Account, Political, Statistical, and Characteristic, of Portugal."

Expedition under Captain Owen, with the title of "Service Afloat;" being the journal of an officer engaged in the late Survey on the Western Coast of Africa.

A new edition of the "Private Correspondence of Dr. Franklin."

The Third Part of Mr. Burke's "History of the Commons of Great Britain."

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Cenerentola has been performed in fine style. Zuchelli was not in the voice he used to be; we fear that his rich tones are feeling the effects of time; but still he was beautiful and effective. Madame Cinti Damoreau has delighted us; but the treat of the season—the great treat of all—is Pasta in *Anna Bolena* and in the *Medea*. In the latter, particularly, she is absolutely awful. Her amazing voice is insignificant when compared with her grand and heroic style of acting; her classical and commanding attitudes—her look of intellect, and power, and grandeur combined, is absolutely startling. She is called the Siddons of the Italian stage, and well she deserves the title. The Opera is, in fact, at the present time, the most attractive of any description of public amusements; and exceeds, in talent and in the beauty and variety of its entertainments, any previous season. It is absolutely delicious, after being petrified by the acting of Pasta, to have gay dreams of life and beauty brought to our view by the elastic, gentle movements of Taglioni—activity without effort—ease, all nature—grace, positively divine. Madame de Méric, as *Lady Jane Seymour* in *Anna Bolena*, must not escape mention, for in her style she was every thing that was excellent—so were Tamburini and Rubini. But as for pretty Miss H. Cawse, if it were not for being very ungallant, we should be inclined to say, that if she shines, it is but as a star of very inferior magnitude in the sphere of the Italian opera. But we do not like to say any thing unpleasant of a lady. The company, during the month, has been of the most brilliant kind; the dazzling of gems and of beauty is the best compliment Laporte can receive for his active and judicious exertions.

DRURY-LANE.

The delightful Malibran has been doing for this theatre what Pasta and Taglioni have done for the Italian Opera, viz., filling it. Bellini's Opera of the *Somnambula* was selected for her *début*, and her representation of the walking dreamer was all a cultivated imagination could conceive: tender, pathetic, and simple in the extreme, she won all hearts. She was a perfect poetical picture of rustic offended innocence and beauty—impassioned, winning, and lovely. Her distinct articulation and delicacy of pronunciation of a foreign language may be also mentioned as a pleasing merit, though an inferior one; she is altogether a woman of great feeling and intellect, and whatever character she undertakes, she displays these qualities in a novel form. Miss Betts sung well, as did Miss Cawse; but it has been remarked, as a ridiculous anomaly, that the latter young lady should personate a character of fifty years of age and dress for one of eighteen; but to be pretty, and be praised, sometimes turns the head.

The company of German operatics have likewise been performing at this theatre, and made a most successful commencement. Her Majesty honoured this company

by her presence last week, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester and a distinguished party. Both Mesdames Malibran and Schroeder, as well as the rest of the corps, appeared to exert themselves to the full stretch of their ability. Her Majesty seemed highly delighted.

COVENT GARDEN AND OLYMPIC.

At Covent-Garden, Mr. Knowles's five-act play of *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua*, was produced; but as no amicable arrangement could be made between the actors and M. Laporte for the renting, or other managing of the theatre, the company, in a body, have adjourned to the Olympic, which theatre Madame Vestris has allowed them the use of at the exceeding moderate rent of 40*l.* a week. The Duke of Devonshire, immediately on their opening, engaged a box for the season; and the Duchess of Kent, with a liberality and kindness that she always displays, and which does honour to her distinguished rank, has also signified her wish that a box should be appropriated to her. All this looks well for the little theatre, particularly when taken in conjunction with the well-filled houses that nightly greet the eyes of the actors. We doubt, however, whether the scheme will be successful, the salaries of the actors being so high, and the receipts of the house, when filled, being so low, that they can be barely adequate to pay the nightly expenditure. The *Wife* fills the house; but the company may not always have an equally attractive play bill. To give any detailed account of Mr. Knowles's drama would be superfluous, for every journal, daily and weekly, has indulged so much in extract and in praise. To the praise we can add our mite, but we have no room for extract. We scarcely can approve of the dicta of that portion of the press which pronounces Mr. Knowles's play as the best production of his pen. Unquestionably it possesses power and pathos of no ordinary degree; its poetic beauty is, perhaps, its least merit, although it is full of poetic passages, but, very correctly, they are made incidental and not prominent. Its dramatic consistency—the knowledge it displays of true and natural effects—its simplicity, and not its sublimity—are its recommendations. In the performance of the character he has allotted to himself in his drama, Mr. Knowles is not remarkable; but though he does not equal the best order of tragedians, he is far above mediocrity. Miss E. Tree, in the part of *Mariana*, the wife, was almost every thing we could wish—she successfully represented that lovely personification of the beautiful. The poetic passages that are a portion of her character to express, are given in a strain of devoted tenderness and absorbing passion. Mr. Ward, as *Ferardo Gonzago*, played that precious villain tolerably; but he utters the Prologue with all the effect that can be given to it.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Hackett has been the principal attraction at this house. His *Rip Van Winkle* is a masterly performance; the character is highly ludicrous, and full of most outlandish, laughable, and Yankee-like jokes. He has filled the house with an overflowing and contented audience—at least contented, if unceasing laughter is any evidence of content. A piece too from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, entitled *Ellen Wareham*, in which Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Glover, and our old friend Dowton perform, has been produced with very considerable success.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. Mathews has been outdoing Momus. Many of his jokes are old, but his new way of telling them always makes them new—his mimicry is so different to the hackneyed grimace-makers that disgrace the stage by their mountebank blundering. His imitations are refined, and he is never vulgar—never resorts to clap-trap effect, but relies, as he well may, on his own natural ability. We are happy to add, that the public appear to think as we do, and that Charles Mathews is still in his zenith.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

This improving place of amusement has opened under a new management, and the French plays are again occasionally performed. The English and French company are both very good.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The exhibition of this year, if not more excellent in its attractions than its immediate predecessor, is at least equally good. There is a deficiency in great historical pictures, but we are pleased to observe a considerable increase in the landscapes and works of general composition and invention. There are two pictures of the King in styles as various as can be well conceived. The pictorial beauty of Wilkie's picture must strike all who view it with the impression at once that they are gazing on a kingly character—so much of regal dignity the artist has managed to impart to his canvass.—The portrait of Baron D'Humboldt, by Pickersgill, is a specimen of fine drawing, and is, like Wilkie's picture, a noble subject nobly treated. The last-named artist has this year the most extraordinary production, perhaps, that ever came from his pencil—we allude to the "Spanish Monks." Its treatment is extraordinary, and the subject a novel one. The intensity of interest with which the young monk addresses his impassioned grief to his calm and composed confessor is brought into most beautiful contrast; its *chiaroscuro* is Rembrandt-like, but unfortunately to detract from the grandeur of the picture, and prevent its taking its stand among the most perfect works of art, it is rather deficient in brilliancy of colour; it is, however, a wonderful production. "Britomart redeemes faire Amoret," by W. Etty, is a wondrous and rare piece of colour.—"Hylas and the Nymphs," by the same artist, is poetically conceived, well drawn, original, well grouped, and sweetly harmonious—it is a most beautiful picture.—"Hasty Strides," and "Le Joueur du Vioon à Calais," are bold, beautiful, and peculiar pictures, by E. V. Rippingille. His attention to all the minutiæ of Nature is characteristic of this artist; but he must raise his tone of colour if he wishes to have his excellencies properly appreciated. The last named picture, in being too low in tone, appears absolutely buried in the wall in consequence of the mass of colour in the surrounding works. Few but the connoisseur would seek out Mr. Rippingille's works, though all would admire them, even the most ignorant, when once pointed out—his works are entirely according to his own school.—W. Allen's "Murder of D. Rizzio." This artist has a sameness in the character of his heads, a dulness in the colour of his flesh; but for historical fidelity, vigorous drawing, and artist-like treatment, the picture is most superior.—With regard to the sunny Turner, the most remarkable thing is, that this year his pictures are gray and not yellow—a full refutation to many a dogma that has been uttered about him. His cold style is, if possible, more powerful than his warm. "Van Goyen looking out for a subject," is, perhaps, the most powerful instance of what we advance. "The Mouth of the Seine" is, however, a specimen of the old style of magical red and of magical yellow that have raised him to his present high and deserved fame.—"Godiva preparing to ride through Coventry" is not one of Mr. Jones's happiest efforts; but in 101, "Ghent," he has outdone his former doings, and in colour it is the perfection of richness.—Clint has several illustrations from Shakspeare, but his "Falstaff" is perhaps the best; the braggadocio, jolly, racy vagabond knight is himself.—"Miss Beswick," a portrait, by the same artist, is a beautiful picture, so beautiful, indeed, that we should be inclined to suspect that the imagination that suggested some of Shakspeare's illustrations may have assisted the artist here, it is "so very fair." —Calcott has a most surprising picture, a "Harvest-home in the Islands;" the landscape is full of air and distance miraculously conveyed; the figures are by Landseer. His other pictures will bear out his great name.—Constable has some pictures of true English scenery, fresh, sparkling, and full of interest —"Returning from the Haunts of the Sea-Fowl," by Collins, is beautiful and exquisite, as is everything by this artist. In the present picture the figures have the careful finish of a miniature; the scene has the extension of a vast and almost boundless horizon.—"All Hallow Eve in Ireland," by that young and striding artist, M'Clise, is a most varied and powerful work. Irish fun, festival hilarity, female beauty, and ludicrous faces, are bountifully supplied, and executed in a most masterly manner.—Sir M. A. Shee has several portraits; that of Lord Chief Justice Denman is, perhaps, the best—it is a fine likeness, and a noble picture. If it were not impertinent to say so, the President has made great improvement.—Stanfield has "Venice from the Dogana," and "Venice" from that spot we know it to be, though beautifully, yet graphically poetized. It is the finest picture this artist ever painted.—Hilton sends but one small historical picture, "Rebecca, and Abraham's Servant." It is full of sentiment, well drawn and classically composed; but we regret that one pic-

ture alone should be contributed by so great a man.—Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Robertson have some portraits as fine as any in the exhibition; and the miniatures of the latter are of an equally superior style.—John Hayter has portraits of the Duke and Duchess Cannizaro, and of Mrs. Jameson, that must contribute to increase his already well-earned reputation.—"First Voyage," by Mulready, is a picture full of that quiet sentiment this artist knows so well how to pourtray; it is in excellent drawing, but rather monotonous in colour.—Eastlake has several excellent pictures, purely and chastely coloured; his "Greek Fugitive" is his most attractive production.—Boxall, 290, "Girl with a Flower," is a pretty specimen of this artist's delicate pencil.—Middleton has portraits of a kind that show a vast improvement; he works well at his art, his touch is delicate, and the refinement of female beauty he conveys glowingly to the canvass.—There is one picture by Hart highly meritorious, but somewhat dingy in colour.—"View of London, from Blackheath," by J. Holland is aërial, clear, true to nature, and altogether beautiful. This artist ought to ascend, and occupy the highest step of the ladder of fame.—"Landscape and Cattle," by T. S. Cooper, lowly hung, but of the highest pretensions; exquisite finish and artist-like treatment are its pleasing and evident characteristics.—T. Von Holst has, as usual, offered us some of the embodyings of his extraordinary imagination. He has improved in his colouring, but his pictures lose much of the power with which they are conceived, from their deficiency in brilliancy.—J. Inskipp has sent but one picture full of his sketchy and effective originality.—"The Bacchante," and "Portrait of Paganini," by Patten, are very powerful. The former is a Bacchante in all its beauty and effect.—Most of the miniatures are excellent, but still the palm is carried away from many new aspirants by Robertson, Mrs. J. Robertson, Chalon, Ross, the two Rochards, and Denning.

In the pinched, cribbed, and confined Sculpture-room, among the most deserving works is the statue of the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone, and the bust of Princess Louisa of Saxe Weimar, by Chantrey; group of Venus and Cupid, by Gibson; Thomson the Poet, by Rossi; Caius Marius by Bailey; busts of Samuel Woodburne and the late Dr. Babington, by Behnes; busts of Sir J. Mackintosh, Dr. Lushington, and others, by Burlowe; a marble figure of the Redeemer, by Hogan; a bust of Sir J. P. Orde, by Joseph; a monumental bas-relief, by the Prussian artist, Rauch, and some others that we have no space for mentioning—a reason we may assign for omitting many pictures that we should have wished to notice; and which is also a salvo of mercy to many an unlucky wight who has obtruded his rubbish upon the Academy, and which they have kindly allowed to disfigure their walls.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Mr. Cullimore's "Memoir on the Periods of the Erection of the Theban Temple of Ammon, at Karnak," was read March 20th and April 17th. Among the various examples which might be selected for the purpose of directing attention to the utility of hieroglyphic discovery, in throwing light upon those ages of history which have hitherto been deemed fabulous, the writer considers the most clear and conclusive to be the progressive erection of this magnificent edifice, by a long line of monarchs anterior to the commencement of the Greek and Roman states. The data on which the present inquiry is founded, are the hieroglyphic successions of the Egyptian kings, whose names, or titles, are found on their respective sculptures and monuments; and the validity of which is, on all hands, admitted. The writer first examines the notices which we possess respecting the first erection of the temple of Ammon; in doing which he identifies Ammon, or Osiris, the Egyptian deity, with Ham, the son of Noah, who introduced the true patriarchal religion into Egypt about 2200 years before the Christian era. Two centuries later the civil institutions of Egypt were subverted, and the temples desecrated and overthrown, by the invasion of the Asiatic Shepherds. This was the epoch of the commencement of that degraded state of the religion of Egypt, in which it appears throughout all succeeding ages; for although the Shepherds were expelled by the native princes, after having exercised a tyranny of more than two centuries, the geniune religion of Ham seems never to have been revived. In the system of mythological

corruption which was now adopted, the restored temple of the patriarch, no longer dedicated to the pure worship of the God *of* Ammon, became the temple *of the god* Ammon. Contemporary with the revival of the native power by the expulsion of the Shepherds, viz., in the eighteenth century before the Christian era, was the origin of the restorations and idolatrous sculptures of the Pharaohs. Towards the conclusion of the same century, the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt took place, upon the territory recently occupied by the Shepherds. That the hypothesis adopted by Champollion and others, which makes this epoch coeval with the origin of the great Theban family founded by Amos, is erroneous, appears from the fact, that the monuments exhibit a succession of seven native monarchs immediately preceding Amos, whose hieroglyphic remains prove them to have reigned over the whole country—a circumstance incompatible with the co-existence of the Shepherd tyranny. M. Champollion therefore adopts the more ancient statement of the Jewish historian, founded on the text of Manetho, that an interval of 251 years occurred between the expulsion of the Shepherds and the rise of the house of Amos; and he shows that this arrangement brings down the age of Mœris, the acknowledged Thothmos III. of the monuments, to the place at which it is fixed by the joint evidence of Herodotus and Theon, viz., to the latter part of the fourteenth century B.C. The writer then anticipates, and replies to, various objections which may be adduced against the chronological depression of the whole Egyptian system, as developed in this memoir. Having thus prepared his readers, he now proceeds with a table, derived from the hieroglyphic records, detailing the successive restorations, repairs, and additions, to the Temple of Ammon at Karnak, by the principal Pharaohs, from the age of Joseph down to the Macedonian conquest; demonstrating how largely the bounds of authentic history have been extended in this field of inquiry. Mr. C. concludes with reflections upon, and proofs of, the utility of such a record as this temple supplies for rectifying the errors of historians.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

This Society has held its Tenth Annual Meeting in the Rooms of the Institution, Grafton-street. We subjoin as much of the report as our limits will allow, but not so fully as we could desire; however, it is substantially correct as far as it goes:—

It states, "that the other great associations for science and literature in the British realm have been founded to combine men of similar pursuits, who would thus be afforded an opportunity of mutual improvement, and, through the means of their published transactions, of bringing into existence, or saving from oblivion, valuable documents, which otherwise might be totally lost to the public. But this society, in addition to these high objects, offers a still nobler field for its exertions; though founded to make known the science, antiquities, and literature of the East generally, yet India, as the possession of this country, has its chief regards. It is the hope of the Council to call forth the great but almost dormant talents of the natives of that extensive country, by urging that very intellectual race to make known the results of their ancient and steady civilization; by this the Society hopes to manifest to the philosophical inquirers into human nature the true character of this remarkable and interesting people, who have not merely been the authors of their own ancient improvement, but who have steadily preserved, by the force of primeval institutions, their sacred language, literature, and laws, in despite of the anarchy and misrule that have sprung out of the invasions of many barbarous nations. The Council feels confident that by proposing objects of inquiry to the natives, it will obtain information of the highest value, and excite a spirit of inquiry amongst them, which, whilst it accustoms them to the English language and European nations, will, at the same time, prove instructive to ourselves. By such means it is that the Council hopes to inspire the natives of India with a confidence in their own intellectual strength, which shall move them to the proper level their natural endowments entitle them to attain. In this endeavour the Council is of opinion that the Society is promoting a wise and patriotic object, which is entitled to the cordial support of every well-wisher of his country.

"The period has now returned when the Legislature is to consider the best mode of maintaining and improving our relations with that empire, which has been acquired by a rare union of valour and prudence, and that the happiness of its inhabitants may be further ensured by the benevolent wisdom of those to whose hands its government shall be intrusted; and the Council prays that, under Divine Providence, that country to which so many members of this Society are attached by

the kindliest recollections, may be preserved as a dependency of the British empire, by legislative measures that shall at one promote the happiness of its inhabitants, and deserve the approbation of posterity."

KING'S COLLEGE.

The usual meeting of the proprietors has been held to receive the annual report. The Marquis of Bute and Lord Bexley were present. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the chair. The report adverted to the steady success which had marked the progress of the college, and to the increase of the students. The number was 934; last year, 764. The income from the students, from Michaelmas 1831 to 1832, had been nearly equal to the expenses for the same period. The principal topic of interest was the necessity of raising immediate funds for completing the river front; 6339*l.* had been already subscribed; but, according to the estimate of Sir R. Smirke, a further sum of 8000*l.* would be required. There were subscriptions unpaid to the extent of 13,000*l.* The committee had used every means to obtain payment, but only 685*l.* had been received. The report was adopted. The secretary then read the balance sheet. The principal items of expenditure were, college buildings, fittings, &c., 6658*l.*; expense on the river front, 3251*l.*; salaries to professors, masters, &c., 5000*l.*; total, 20,516*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*, leaving a cash balance of 976*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, independently of 7000*l.* in Exchequer bills. Thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting adjourned.

VARIETIES.

Metropolitan Police.—In 1831, the Police took up, on various charges, 72,824; in 1832, 77,543. In the former year there were committed for trial by magistrates, 2955; summarily convicted, 21,843; discharged, 24,239; drunken cases dismissed, when sober, by the superintendents, 23,787. In 1832, the magistrates committed for trial 3656; summarily convicted, 23,458; discharged, 24,727; and the drunken cases, as above, were 25,702. The increase in the year 1832 was, 4719 apprehensions, of which there were, drunken cases, 1915. It would appear that October was the most "droughty" month of the year (1832), the cases amounting to 2646, the average being about 2000; and the month in which the least were, April 1832. Of the drunken apprehensions the whole year, 15,411 were men, and 10,291 females—a proportion of 3 to 2. The summary convictions for 1832 were principally vagrants, 5859; for common assaults, 3842; drunkenness, 3505; prostitutes, 2505; disorderly characters, 2477; suspicious ditto, 1511; wilful damage doers, 1009; unlawful possession of goods, 933; and reputed thieves, 932. It is highly creditable to the peace of the metropolis, that notwithstanding all the penny trash circulated among the lower classes, there were throughout the year but two charges (in March, 1832) of unlawful assemblages.

Turnpike Roads.—The summary of an important return, which has been made to Parliament respecting the turnpike trusts of the kingdom, gives any thing but a "flourishing account." According to this summary, the aggregate amount of debt is nearly seven millions and a half; nor does it appear, under the present system, likely to become less, for while the aggregate expenditure is 1,499,568*l.*, the income only reaches 1,445,291*l.*, leaving an annual deficit of 44,276*l.* These returns have been referred to a Committee of the House of Lords, to examine them, and consider whether any alteration can be made in the law respecting turnpike trusts, so as to place their affairs on a better footing.

Return of the number of persons who received sentence of death in the year 1832, and the number thereof who were executed, for breaking into a dwelling-house and committing larceny therein, specifying the places where the trials and executions took place:—Number of persons who received sentence of death, 583; number thereof who were executed, 4. Places where the trials and executions took place;—In London, 1; in Reading, 3.

Gold and Silver Coin.—The returns of the operations at his Majesty's Mint, for the period of twenty years, closing with 1829, show, that during the latter ten years (1819 to 1829) the value of the gold coined was 23,893,783*l.* more than during the preceding ten years (1790 to 1800), and of the silver coined, 9,148,195*l.* more. It is indeed somewhat remarkable as to the latter metal, that where above nine mil-

lions were coined in the last period (1819 to 1829), only twelve hundred and sixteen pounds in value should have been coined in the same period of years antecedent. The largest amount of gold coined was in 1821, namely, 9,520,738*l.*, and the next largest was in 1826, when the whole country was suffering under the destruction of credit consequent upon the commercial and banking panic, which grew out of the follies of 1825. The gold coined in the succeeding year (1826) amounted to 5,896,461*l.*; and even in 1825, it was as much as 4,580,919*l.* The greatest value of silver coined was in the year 1817, when it reached 2,436,297*l.*; and next to this stands 1819, with 1,267,272*l.* During the six-and-twenty years preceding 1817, the whole value of silver coined did not exceed 1641*l.*, exclusively of bank tokens and Anglicised Spanish dollars.

The number of quarters of foreign corn and meal admitted into consumption in the United Kingdom, and the amount of duty received thereon, from the 15th of July, 1828, when the 9th Geo. IV. c. 60, came into operation, are as follow:—Foreign corn, 7,969,405 qrs.—duty, 2,501,713*l.*; foreign meal and flour, 1,880,549 cwt.—duty, 182,888*l.* The quantity imported from our colonies during the same period is thus set forth:—Colonial corn, 367,578 qrs.—duty, 60,378*l.*; colonial meal and flour, 274,219 cwt.—duty, 18,076*l.*

British Museum.—The north wing, about to be added to the British Museum, is for the purpose of containing the library, many of the books now being deposited in the basement story of the old house, and suffering great injury from the damp. The intended wing will be 350 feet in length, its breadth in the centre part 100 feet, and at the two ends 42 feet. Two large rooms will be fitted up for the accommodation of readers, which will contain tables, and afford room for about 250 persons. It is calculated that nearly 300,000 volumes may be conveniently placed in this additional building. The estimated expense is 70,000*l.*, Sir Robert Smirke having furnished the plans.

The estimates for miscellaneous services and civil contingencies for 1833-34, have been laid before the House of Commons, from which we extract the following items:—Expenses of special missions—Sir R. Adair, 5000*l.*; Sir Stratford Canning, 4500*l.*; Lord William Russell, 1000*l.*; Lord Durham, 5000*l.*—total, 15,500*l.* Expenses connected with cholera morbus, 7726*l.* 13*s.*; Mr. Telford, for survey relative to supplying the metropolis with pure water, 2000*l.*; Mr. Babbage, to assist him in constructing a machine for the calculation of various tables, 3557*l.* 16*s.* Among the miscellaneous services, the sum required for expenditure on public works is 198,104*l.*, showing a decrease of 71,809*l.* over the preceding year. We are glad to observe that Buckingham Palace is altogether omitted. The principal items are—maintenance of public buildings and palaces, 50,661*l.*; National Gallery, 10,000*l.*; Windsor Castle, 40,000*l*; Kingstown Harbour, 23,000*l.*; British Museum, building north wing, 24,000*l.*

The enormous quantity of 2,139,078 tons of coal were imported into the Port of London in 1832.

A very curious account has been laid before the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Baring, of the number of persons to whom a half-year's dividend was due on the 10th October, 1832, on capital vested in the public funds; distinguishing the number of those whose dividends for the half-year did not exceed 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 50*l.*, 100*l.*, 200*l.*, 300*l*, 500*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 2,000*l*, 3,000*l.* 5,000*l.*, and the number who exceed 5,000*l.* The totals are as follows:—Not exceeding 5*l.*, 87,176; 10*l.*, 44,648; 50*l.*, 98,305; 100*l*, 25,641; 200*l.*, 14,701; 300*l.*, 4,495; 500*l.*, 2,827; 1,000*l*, 1,367; 2,000*l.*, 417; 3,000*l*, 75; 4,000*l.*, 39; 5,000*l.*, 14; above 5,000*l.*, 46.

The total quantity of lead and lead ore exported from the United Kingdom in the year ending 5th January, 1833, was 13,898 tons, 3 cwt. 3 qrs. 61lbs. The quantity of foreign hops imported into Great Britain, during the same period, was 50,113 lbs.

The total quantity of silk imported into this country, from the 5th of January, 1832, to the 5th January, 1833, amounted to 4,224,897 lbs., and the duty received thereon to 66,300*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.*

The tobacco imported into the United Kingdom for the year 1832, and entered for home consumption, amounted to 20,313,615lbs., the duty to 3,090,270*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*

Two-Headed Snake.—A very fine specimen of this remarkable snake (the Am-

phisbæna) has just been presented to the Surrey Zoological Gardens by T. Wroughton, Esq. The tail of this animal is remarkably obtuse, and so nearly resembles the head that it requires a close inspection to distinguish one extremity from the other; this, and from their being enabled to crawl with almost equal ease and quickness backwards as they can forwards, gave rise to the popular error, which has been repeated by all the marvellous writers on natural history, that this snake really possesses two heads. It was brought from India; is nearly four feet long and five inches in circumference, destitute of scales; has a smooth cylindrical body, of nearly equal size throughout; it is of a light chestnut colour, and believed to be innoxious, as no poisonous fangs are found in the upper jaw.

A parliamentary return of the number of prisoners confined for debt in England and Wales in the year ending at Michaelmas, 1832, has just been published, together with a return of the number of commitments for offences against the game laws during the same period. We collect from this return that the total number of debtors imprisoned was 16,627, of whom not less than 10,880 were maintained principally by allowances from the counties and towns where they were confined. The number of debtors committed to the Fleet Prison between Sept. 29, 1831, and Sept. 29, 1832, was 615, and the number discharged 622; the number committed to the King's Bench within the same time was 947, and there were discharged 986. The number of debtors confined in Horsemonger-lane Gaol was 1,309; in White-cross-street Prison, 3,064; in Tothillfields Prison, 533; Southwark, 319; in Liverpool, 1,034; and in York Castle, 512. The number of prisoners committed for offences against the Game Laws amounted to 2,850; the greatest number committed to any one gaol was to that of Oxford, in which 151 offenders were confined during the year ending Michaelmas last.

A return of the population of the several provinces in Ireland, as enumerated in 1831, has been laid before the House of Commons, which gives the following summary:—

	Population.
Leinster	1,927,967
Munster	2,215,364
Ulster	2,293,128
Connaught	1,348,077
Total	7,784,536

The following statements, as connected with the Irish Church Bill, have been, by his Majesty's command, laid before the House of Commons, viz.:—An account of the gross amount and expenditure of all ecclesiastical corporations in Ireland, also an account of the economy estates belonging to the cathedral churches in Ireland:—

SUMMARY.

Ecclesiastical Composition.	Gross Income.	Expenditure.
Deans and Chapters	£4,266 17 7	£2,606 2 0
Vicars' Choral Estates	11,261 1 5¼	11,350 0 5¼
Minor Canonries	762 4 6½	17 15 4¼
Economy Estates	7,316 1 4	7,426 9 3¼
	£23,606. 4 11	£21,400 7 4¼

It appears that there are 1,456 benefices in all Ireland; of these 465 are of the yearly value of from 30*l.* to 200*l.*; there are 102 from 1000*l.* to 2,600*l.*, and one only in the county of Down of 2800*l.*

The number of British and foreign vessels, with their amount in tonnage, which cleared at the Custom-house, London, for ports in Holland, from the 1st of January, 1832, to the 6th of November, 1832, are as follow:—British, 218 ships; 25,319 tons. Foreign, 117 ships; 16,343 tons. A similar account from the 6th of November, 1832, to 25th April, 1833, during the continuance of the embargo, presents the following result:—British ships and tonnage, none. Foreign, 84 ships; 9,885 tons.

The quantity of foreign wine entered for home consumption in the year ending 5th January, 1833, was 6,178,328 imperial gallons, on which was paid duty amounting to 1,715,812*l.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A magnificent undertaking is in contemplation by the French government—the formation of a grand line of iron railways from Paris to Rouen, Havre, Lyons, and Marseilles. The government have, with this intent, already demanded a vote of twenty thousand pounds for the preliminary surveys. This is part of a vote of four millions sterling just taken for the completion of public edifices and monuments, canals and military roads, in La Vendée. Amongst the former are the finishing of the triumphal arch De l'Etoile, 88,000*l.*; the Church of the Magdalen, 112,000*l.*; the Pantheon, 60,000*l.*; the Museum of Natural History, 96,000*l.*; new buildings for the Grande Bibliothèque, 240,000*l.*; Royal School of the Fine Arts, 76,000*l.*; Cathedral of St. Denis, 60,000*l.*; and Deaf and Dumb Asylum, 8,000*l.*

A new mineral has recently been discovered in the island of Corsica; it contains particles of gold, and some vases that have been made of it, from the brilliancy of their polish and the beauty of their colours, resemble enamel.

From the "Mélanges sur les Langues, Dialectes, et Patois," lately published in Paris, it appears that the French is spoken by 29,000,000 of inhabitants, and in more than 70 dialects. Of the remaining population, 1,400,000 speak German, 1,050,000 Celtic, 188,000 the Basque, as many the Italian, and 177,000 the Flemish.

The foundation-stone of the first Protestant Episcopal church ever built in Paris was laid on Tuesday in the ground bought for that purpose in the rue d'Aguesseau, Faubourg St. Honoré, by the Right Reverend Bishop Luscombe. Several of the French Protestant pastors, and a large number from the departments, assembled in Paris to attend the anniversary of the French Protestant Bible Society, were present.

There has lately been discovered at Athens a very fine ancient statue, supposed to be that of Theseus. It is naked, of the same size as the Apollo Belvedere, of the purest marble, and of highly finished workmanship. The head had been severed, but was found at a short distance from the trunk. A temple, three columns of which are still standing, has been discovered on what is supposed to be the site of the ancient city.

Statistics.—The following is a table of the population of St. Petersburg in 1832:—

Males		294,468
Females		154,900
		449,368
Among them are—		
Ecclesiastics		2,188
Nobles		34,079
Soldiers		39,437
Merchants		10,828
Artisans		24,179
Citizens		36,732
Of the middle class		66,366
Foreigners of various conditions, with the exception of merchants and artisans		7,199
Domestic servants		94,000
Peasants		127,865
Inhabitants of Ochta		3,388
Births, Males	5,198	10,167
—— Females	4,969	
Deaths, by various diseases, Males	11,032	16,937
Females	5,230	
—— by accident	675	
Excess of deaths		6,758

This great excess of deaths is not to be ascribed to the insalubrity of the climate, but to the disproportion between the number of the sexes. The male population being nearly double that of the female, the number of families is, of course, not proportionate to the gross amount of the population; accordingly, the excess of deaths is found in the males, and ought to be deducted.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Management of Bees.—There is no branch of rural economy which might be attended with greater profits in the economical arrangements, or prove of more advantage in employing the leisure hours of our labouring rural population, than bee management. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to some most important results, developed in a system established by Mr. Nutt, a practical Apiarian of Lincolnshire, which are not the less interesting because the system is founded upon peculiarities in the habits and economy of this industrious insect, which had previously eluded the researches of the most indefatigable inquirers into its natural history.

Mr. Nutt's system is termed appropriately, "Humanity to Honey Bees," because one of the greatest improvements of his method of management is that of obtaining the contents of the hive without destroying the lives of its industrious occupants, whilst, by the ingenious plan which he has adopted of enlarging the capacity of the hive, and the depository of the labours of the bees, the parent stock is continually replenishing itself. Some idea may be formed of the superior productiveness of the present system, as it is stated by Mr. Nutt, that one year's product of one stock gave an amount of 295lbs. of honey of the purest quality.

The principal feature of the present system is to leave the parent stock, or, as Mr. Nutt calls it, the "seat of nature of the hive," untouched. When this is filled with its pure and treasured sweets, and the contents of which are to be preserved sacred for the use of the stock, to obviate the necessity of swarming, which is occasioned by want of space for continuing the labours of the bees, Mr. Nutt places fresh receptacles or collateral boxes against the sides of the hive, and a communication being established by connecting apertures, the bees, finding fresh room, increase their labours. To these hives are ingeniously adapted ventilators, for the purpose of securing a free ventilation and uniform temperature to the hive, the necessity of which is indicated by a thermometer. These ventilators are connected with a point, which eluded the attention of all other inquirers into the natural history of the bee, "the temperature of the working hive." Under ordinary circumstances this point is 80°; the rise of the thermometer to 90° indicates the necessity of recourse to ventilation. When the thermometer suddenly rises to 120° or 130°, this implies that the hive is full, and indicates the necessity of providing a fresh receptacle, and which is done by placing another box on the opposite side of the parent hive. In order to remove the bees back to their parent stock, further recourse must be had to the action of the ventilator, by which the internal heat of the hive may be reduced to the external temperature, when the bees, recoiling from this cooling point, the connexion between the two may be closed, and the box removed without endangering the existence of a single labourer. It will at once be seen by those conversant with the usual system of bee management, how far superior is the present to all other modes of piling, driving, &c., dictated by a humane desire of preserving the lives of the industrious labourers. The honey and wax thus obtained are of a most superior description.

Amongst various other interesting facts connected with the natural history of the bee, Mr. Nutt has discovered that it is not a young queen bee who emigrates with the colony from a hive during the swarm, but that it is the original sovereign of the hive, and when the labour of the bees who remain is directed to vivify a sovereign chrysalis, but which, when the necessity for swarming is removed, is ejected in that inanimate form from the hive.

Mr. Nutt has recently published a work illustrative of his system, under the title of "Humanity to Honey Bees," which is replete with the most valuable and varied practical information, and is well worthy the attention of all those interested in rural econony, or in promoting the comforts of our rural population. His hives, with specimens of the products, are, we understand, placed for exhibition in the Museum of National Manufactures.

On protecting the Blossoms of Wall Fruit Trees from Frost, bleak Winds, &c.—As soon as the blossoms show the least inclination to burst or unfold, poles are placed upright, five feet apart, and two feet from the bottom of the wall, sunk a little in the border, and the top fitting under the coping. Then having a quantity of hay or straw bands well twisted to any convenient length, commence nailing the first band to the top of every pole, the second band being ten inches from the first in the same parallel direction, and so proceed until within two feet of the ground.—Only two seasons' trial of this simple protection has convinced me, together with some

of my neighbours, that it is as effectual as any kind of netting, commonly used for the purpose; and should the green fly (Aphis) make its appearance, it is easily annihilated, by using a few gallons of tobacco-water with a common garden syringe. Two or three dressings are sufficient. About the second week in May, when the bands are thoroughly dry, take off every other of them, and in a few days after clear the whole of them away, and fold them up; if they are kept dry they will last for three seasons; the poles, put under the shed, will last for a great number of years. The nails used are garden nails, which when drawn may be used again for summer nailing.—*M. R. Hort. Register.*

New Process of extracting Cream.—It is considered a great object by the farmers to extract from milk the greatest quantity of cream in the least possible space of time. To effect the separation of cream from serum, which chemists suppose to be combined merely in a state of mechanical mixture, it is well known, by those conversant in dairy management, that some metallic substances more readily act than others, and it is notorious that, in almost all the great dairies, the milk is suffered to stand in lead, copper, or brass vessels, in which a larger quantity of cream is thrown up, than in either wooden or earthen pans. As the dairy-man obtains additional profit, in proportion to the quantity of cream which is thrown up, so it is to his interest to keep it in these vessels as long as he can until the whole of the cream is separated, by which additional standing it often acidifies, and will consequently dissolve the metal with greater facility. With respect to the lead taken up in solution in the cream, sufficient instances of its noxious effects have been pointed out by Mr. Parkes in his chemical essays. Mr. Booth, who has resumed the subject of inquiry, has proved that in a very great variety of cases, which have come before his notice, not only lead but even copper sometimes exists to a considerable extent in butter. May not the conflicting opinions of medical writers respecting the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of butter have been founded upon observations of its purity, or accidental or mischievous contaminations collected from vessels used in the process of making it? It would appear that, although new to this country, the practice has for some time been adopted in America, of introducing spelter into the milk for the purpose of facilitating the separation of the cream, and with much advantage and success; but more latterly the application of zinc vessels to the purpose of extracting cream has produced results to an extent hitherto unattainable, whilst none of the serious effects before described can arise from the use of this metal. A very ingenious apparatus has been constructed for this purpose by Mr. Keyser, who has brought the manufacture of articles from malleable zinc to a high degree of perfection, one of which is deposited for exhibition at the National Gallery of Practical Science, and in which vessel, the separation of the cream is still further facilitated by the application of heat, by which means it is that the celebrated clotted Devonshire cream is procured. Into the basin containing the milk is introduced a plate of perforated zinc, the area of which is equal to the bottom of the basin; in the course of a few hours, all the cream will have been separated, and will be of that consistence, that it may be lifted off by the fingers and thumb. In these vessels, the increase of the quantity of cream is 12½ per cent., and of the butter upwards of 11 per cent. The advantages are not, however, limited to this increase of quantity, as, in this process, ten or fifteen minutes churning is sufficient to make butter, which, in the ordinary process, requires ninety minutes, whilst a butter similar to that prepared in Devonshire may be made simply by the brisk agitation of the cream without recourse to a churn. It may be observed that analysis proves the serum of milk, which has been submitted to this process, is more or less impregnated with the soluble salts of zinc, and which, from their emetic and astringent quality in a state of moderate concentration, might be considered noxious, if introduced into the animal economy, but is equally fitted for the support of pigs, who thrive and grow rapidly fat upon it.

USEFUL ARTS.

Improved Manufacture of Metallic Railings for Rail-Roads.—In this improvement the rails are to be made as they now are, and the chains as they now are. The latter shall be fastened, as usual, into masses of stone or wood, and the rail to be secured into these chains, as at present.

But, for farther security, that part of the rail which sits in the chain, and fits

into it, and is secured by nuts, and screws, and pins, as at present, is to have a long rod of malleable iron fastened to it, and that rod made to penetrate deep into the centre of the chain by means of a hole prepared to receive it. The bolt which fastens the rail to the chain is to pass through this perpendicular rod.

Again, half way between each chair, a brace, or fastening in the rail, is to be made; at this brace should meet the ends of two rods, the other ends of which should be fastened to the chair at each extremity of the rail; thus the rail is fixed in its place by the perpendicular rod, as far as regards its end, and it is kept down in the middle by these diagonal rods, which rise at their junction with the rail, and dip at each end to the chains whereto they are secured.

It is also necessary to keep the two rails of the road in their true position, with regard to each other, and this is effected by horizontal rods of the same material with the other, capable of bearing the same weight and sustaining a similar force; and these are secured to the rail at the braces, that is, where the junction of the diagonal rod with the rails is formed, and so passed from the brace on *this* side of the road, to the brace on *that*, binding the two rails together; or, the ends may be secured to the opposite chains with the same effect. The whole of these braces, chains, bolts, and rods, form what is called a compound rail-road; and though, in the first instance, increasing the cost, yet, as they prevent the necessity of repair, and greatly add to the security, durability, and utility of the road, the suggestion is an important one.

Universal Mill.—In this mill both the stones are made to revolve, but the upper one receives its motion from that of the lower, in a way to be presently described.

The lower stone is fixed firmly upon a vertical shaft, which is made to revolve by the application of any suitable power, and with any required speed. The upper stone is made smaller than the lower, say one-fifth less in diameter, and it is placed so as not to be concentric with it; it may, for example, be so situated, that the peripheries of the two stones will coincide on one side, whilst on the opposite side one-fifth of the diameter of the lower stone will be exposed.

The upper stone is kept in its place, and its pressure regulated by means of a screw passing through a beam above it, the point of which bears upon a bridge-piece in the middle of the eye. It will be at once evident that the revolution of the lower stone will give a slower and peculiar revolution to the upper. A hopper is to rise above the eye of the upper stone, and other requisite appendages are employed.

Metal may, in some cases, be employed instead of the stones for grinding.

Improved Manufacture of Fire-grates.—This improvement consists in a chamber being made at the back of the stove, or grate, either in the latter or in the brick flue, either as a part of the flat back of the chimney, or as the lower portion of a distinct tube of iron, or fire-bricks. Into this chamber the smoke and flame may be admitted at pleasure; and if there be a distinct tube, the air of the room may be made to pass freely between it and the back wall of the chimney, and [illegible] heat for the diffusion of a genial temperature throughout the apartm[illegible]

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The topic of all-absorbing interest in the commercial world, at the present moment, almost to the exclusion of the great questions of the renewal of the Charters of the Bank and East India Company, is the consideration of the plans in contemplation by the Government for effecting the emancipation of the slave population of our West India Colonies. The assertors of Negro freedom have, at length, to congratulate themselves that the principle, for which they have so zealously contended, is no [illegible] a matter in discussion; that emancipation must take place is admitted on all hands; the contest is now limited to the conditions upon which it is to be granted. But, however gratifying it may be to the philanthropist to contemplate the consummation of this great moral work, the means by which it is to be brought about, involving, as they do, the interests of a large and powerful body on the one hand, demanding compensation for the sacrifices they are called upon to make; and, on the other, the remonstrances of an over-taxed people against an increase of the public burthens for the purpose of buying an act of justice, present difficulties of no ordinary character; and it need excite no surprise that Ministers, in endeavouring to steer a middle course, have given satisfaction to neither party. Meanwhile, the impulse given to speculation in the market for Colonial produce, by the uncertainty as to what may be the immediate effect of these measures upon the further supply of those commodities, still maintains the

advance in prices which has lately taken place, and which is now still further confirmed by the prospect of a renewed intercourse with Holland and Belgium, and by the prevailing opinion that the Continental markets are by no means overstocked with this description of goods.

The advance upon British Plantation Sugars, during the month, is from 2s. to 3s., and is readily acquiesced in by the grocers, but it has wholly excluded the refiners from the market. A parcel of Barbadoes, of good to fine quality, went off freely, by public auction, last week, at 54s. to 58s. 6*d*. The present stock exceeds that of the corresponding date of last year by upwards of 3,000 hhds.

Considerable purchases have been made of Mauritius Sugar, on speculation, at an advance of 1s to 1s 6*d*. on last month's prices. By public auction, on the 24th, 5,875 bags sold steadily, brown 46s to 50*s*, and yellow 51*s*. to 55*s*. 6*d* per cwt. The stock in warehouse is very large,—exceeding by upwards of 50,000 bags that of last year.

For Bengal Sugars an advance of 1*s* 6*d*. on last sale's prices is demanded, and, in some instances, has been complied with. The Company has declared 8,369 bags for sale on the 20th inst.

In Foreign Sugar there has been very little doing; the holders requiring an increased price, which there is no disposition to give. A parcel of fine yellow Havannah brought lately 25*s* 6*d*., and some small lots of White Brazil have gone off at 22s. to 27*s*.

The business of the Refiners is in a lamentable state of depression; three fourths of the pans in London being unemployed, and the prices offered by the exporter not adequate to the increase in the price of the raw material. The purchases are, therefore, confined to the wants of home-consumption; but, in that channel, they have been tolerably extensive. Low large lumps for shipping are quoted at 60s 6*d*. to 61s, good, 61s. 6*d*. to 62s.; fine crushed loaves, 30s. to 31*s* 6*d*.

The speculative demand for Coffee having somewhat subsided, the transactions have lately been inconsiderable; but the holders are not disposed to relax in price. The quantity brought to auction lately has been small, and the following prices were realized:—Jamaica, ordinary, including triage, 72*s* to 82*s*; good and fine ordinary, 83*s* 6*d*. to 88*s*. 6*d*.; low middling, 90*s*. to 92s; good middling, 104*s*. to 105s 6*d*; Berbice, fine ordinary, 88s. to 89*s*.; for St. Domingo 58s. is asked and 57*s*. offered; Brazil is quoted at 52s. 6*d*. to 54s; Ceylon, good ordinary, 51s 6*d* to 57*s*. 6*d*.

In Cocoa, very little business is doing, and a reduction of 2s. per cwt. has taken place. Brazil of fair quality sold by public auction for 19*s*. 6*d* to 20*s*.

For Spices generally there is a good demand, and with advancing prices;—Mace, 6*s* to 7*s*. per lb.; Nutmegs, good, 5*s*. to 5*s*. 4*d*.; inferior, 4s. 6*d*. to 5*s*.; Pepper, by auction, half heavy, 3⅝*d*., heavy, 3⅞*d*. to 4¼*d*. per lb.; Cassia Lignea, fair to good quality, 72*s*. to 75*s*. 6*d*. per cwt.; a parcel of Bourbon Cloves were taken in at 10½*d*. per lb.

In Spirits, the transactions have been lately of but moderate extent; for proof Leeward Rums the holders demand 1s. 1*d*., the offers [illegible] 1*d*.

The de[illegible] less brisk than it was a short t[illegible] but prices have not given way. 8[illegible] by auction on the 24th, at the following prices:—fair to good, 5¾*d* to 5⅞*d*.; good fair to good, 5⅞*d*. to 6*d*. A small parcel of Manilla brought 7½*d*. per lb.

The price of Indigo [illegible] still maintained rather by speculative purchases than by any immediate demand either at home or abroad; it still commands an advance of 6*d*. per lb. on last sale's prices. In Dye-woods little to notice, except in the article of Fustic, which is scarce, and consequently rising in value.

The abundant supply of Grain, at Mark-lane, and the continued fine weather, render the market dull, and continue to depress the prices of all farming produce.

The settling day (the 22d) passed off without the announcement of a single defaulter; the fluctuations were not considerable, the greatest variation not exceeding 1¼ per cent.; the lowest price subsequent to the former account was 86⅞, and the highest 88⅜. Since that date there has been a decided improvement in almost every description of public security, both domestic and foreign, owing, in a great degree, to the prospect of a renewal of amicable relations with Holland.

The closing prices of the 25th are subjoined.

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, 89 one-eighth; ditto for the Account, 89 one-fourth, three-eighths—Three per Cent. Reduced, 88 one-eighth, one-fourth.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 95 three-eighths, five-eighths. —New Three and a Half per Cent., 96 one-half, three-fourths.—Four per Cent. (1826), 102 three-eighths, one-half.—India Stock, 234, 235—Bank Stock, 197 one-half, 8 one-half. —Exchequer Bills, 51, 52.—India Bonds, 30, 32—Long-Annuities, 19 one-sixteenth, one-eighth.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 88 three-fourths, 9 one-fourth—Brazilian Five per Cent. 70 three-fourths, 1 one-fourth.—Chilian, 20, 21—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 17 three-fourths, 18 one-fourth—Danish Three per Cent. 73 one-half, 74.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 48 one-fourth, one-half.—Dutch Five per Cent. 88 one-fourth, one-half.—Greek Five per Cent. 36 one-half, 37 one-half.—Mexican Six per Cent. 34 one-half, 35.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 59 one-half, 60 one-half.—Portuguese New Loan, 2 one-eighth, 1 seven-eighths, discount.—Russian Five per Cent. 102 one-half, 104.—Spanish Five per Cent. 19 one-eighth, one-fourth.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 11 10, 12 10.—United ditto, 11, 11 10.—Colombian Mines, 8, 9.—Del Monte, 28, 29.—Brazil, 66, 67.—Bolanos, 130, 140.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM APRIL 19, 1833, TO MAY 24, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

April 19.—J. D. METCALF, Regent-street, jeweller. J. BAKER, Rotherhithe, ship-owner. H. FRENCH, Whitechapel, glass-cutter. A. HENDERSON, Wallingford, Berkshire, linendraper. T. RICE, Old Brompton, mason. S. BENNETT, Horsley, Gloucestershire, flock-merchant. T. P. MEDWIN, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, dealer. J. HOLLINGWORTH, Kingston-upon-Hull, ship-broker. H. BRIGGS, Leeds, glue-manufacturer. J. SUTHERLAND, Liverpool, coppersmith. C. BUCKLE, Barnard Castle, Durham, grocer.

April 23.—N. PYNE, Soho Wharf, Paddington, coal-merchant. J. DUFF, Manor-house, East India Dock-road, victualler. J ANSON, Three Kingdoms, Harp-lane, licensed victualler. T. WOOD, Cheltenham, upholsterer. R. WHITTARD, Cheltenham, hatter. N NORCLIFFE, Liscard, Cheshire, hotel-keeper.

April 26—J. CRAWLEY, Oxford-street, linen-draper. T. ARBER, Horseferry-road, builder. H. NEWALL, St John's Wood-terrace, jeweller. J. S. DIGAUD, Goswell-street road, jeweller. J. B. COURTHOPE, Regent-street, painter. J. GILBERT, Colnbrook, Buckinghamshire, farmer. J. MILLINGEN, Wells-street, Hackney-road, jeweller. H NEWARK and J. TOMS, Wood-street, riband-manufacturers.

April 30—J. F TAYLOR, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate street, wine-merchant. J. M. ROBERTS, Villiers-street, Strand, copper-plate printer E. BURTON and J T. WINTERBOTTOM, Manchester, wine-merchants. A. NORTON, Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square, cabinet-maker. T. and W. MILLINGTON, York, curriers. D. MARFLEET, Whitechapel-road, draper. W. BADGER, Merthyr Tydvil, general shop-keeper.

May 3.—G. B. JOHNSON, High-street, Wapping, corn-merchant. J C. PELHAM, Shad-Thames, wharfinger. W. G. STUBLEY, Castle-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. H. PEACOCK, Leather-lane, dealer in potatoes. F. CATES, Brydges-street, hotel-keeper. W. MOORS, Ludworth, Derbyshire, cotton-manufacturer. E. BADGER, Merthyr Tydvill, currier. P. MASSEY, Longsight, Manchester, coach proprietor. J. ROBINSON, Cockermouth, Cumberland, woollen-manufacturer.

May 7.—J. SAUNDERS, Abergavenny, nursery and seedsman. W. DICKINSON, Ewer-street, Southwark, plaster-manufacturer. W. LEE, Henrietta-street, commission-agent. R. JONES, Bridge street, Southwark, hat leather and lining cutter. T. ROUTLEDGE, Shrewsbury, scrivener. J. RADCLIFFE, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. J. MARSTON, Market-Rasen, Lincolnshire, surgeon. E. ROBERT, Tyny Coed, Carnarvonshire, pig-drover. S. and J. MARTIN, Cheltenham, silversmiths. W. ATWOOD, Lewes, Sussex, watchmaker. W. BRIDGE, jun. and J. STANDRING, Manchester, timber-merchants.

May 10.—G. HUNTER, Bury-street, St. James's, wine-merchant. W. THIRKELL, Canal Brewery. Neate-street, Surrey, brewer. J. QUARTERMAN, Wanstead, Essex, coach-builder. W. FOLLEY, Richmond, Surrey, sadler. W. BARTON, Newington-causeway, cabinet-maker. S. COLEMAN, Tottenham, nursery-woman. J. S. HEYWOOD and W. C. HARRISON, Greenwich, grocers. A. DAVIES, Toll-end, Staffordshire, iron-founder. J and W. SHILSTON, Plymouth, Devonshire, ship builders. S. STOCKER, Bristol, victualler. G RYLAND, Birmingham, drysalter. S. SCHOFIELD, Oldham, Lancashire, grocer J. C DUNN, Chatteris, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, common-brewer. S. SPAFFORD, Salford, Manchester, corn-miller

May 14.—W. CARR, Bartholomew-place, Bartholomew-close, timber-merchant. J. GROCOCK, Woolwich, currier. J. GREENACRE, Old Kent-road, grocer. B VERRINDER, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, coal merchant. J. DREW, Manchester, auctioneer. R. COTTON and J. KEAM, Oreston, Devonshire, quarrymen.

May 17.—G. LIVERSIDGE, Great Dover-street, Southwark, coach-maker. P. BARRATT, New Bond-street, jeweller. H. DEAN, Fore street, Cripplegate, cheesemonger. J. RIMMER, Liverpool, ironmonger. T. RANSFORD, Bristol, hat-manufacturer. W. H. ROSS, Oldham, Lancashire, druggist. J. and G JONES, Tywyn, Carnarvonshire, cattle-dealers E BELL, Cambridge, grocer. J. T PARKER, Cambridge, broker. J. C. PLATT, Sheffield, printer. I. HARTLEY, Emley-park, Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturer.

May 21.—J. HAGGAR, Brighton-place, Brixton road, oilman. W. HIBBURD, Egham, Surrey, saddler. S ALMOSNINO, Bevis Marks, dealer in feathers. E. W. BISHOP, Bermondsey-street, victualler. J. B. A. JOUBERT, Regent street, upholsterer. A. LEE, Surrey street, Strand, music-seller. J. MONKHOUSE, Bagnigge-wells Tavern, St. Pancras, victualler. M H. BOTIBOL, Soho-square, ostrich-feather-manufacturer. J. FOSTER, Liverpool, printer. J. W. GIBBINS, Hereford, perfumer.

May 24.—J. G. C. CHAMBERLAIN, Marlborough-road, Chelsea, grocer. J. PALMER, Hampton-street, Walworth, fish-sauce-manufacturer G. ROSS, St. Mary-axe, grocer. C. THOROGOOD, New Church-street, Lisson-grove, victualler. J. E. WATSON, Bucklersbury, merchant. J. HOLMAN, Hoxton Old Town, calenderer. S. H. A. MARSH, Bristol, music-seller. J. WINTER, Stoke-under-Hamdon, Somersetshire, glove-manufacturer.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

April 22.—Lord Suffield having moved for a copy of the memorial presented to the Ministers, for his Majesty, by the deputies who have come to London from different parts of the kingdom to represent the views of their districts and neighbourhoods on the subject of negro slavery,—Earl Grey said he had no objection, individually, to the motion, but he believed it was not usual thus to move for copies of addresses to his Majesty.—Lord Rosslyn could see no benefit in acquiescing in the motion, as the memorial must have already been published.—Lord Suffield replied that it had not.—Lord Ellenborough observed that he did not perceive the necessity of producing and printing an *ex-parte* statement: if it were desired to make it public, the parties ought to be at that expense themselves.—The motion was negatived.

April 29.—The Irish Juries Bill was read a third time, and passed.

May 3.—The Earl of Aberdeen brought forward a motion for information and papers respecting the French expedition to Algiers, and the continued occupation thereof by French troops. His Lordship said he should abstain from any remarks calculated to produce angry feelings, especially as he understood there would be no objection to the production of the papers for which he should move; he should reserve himself till their production. His Lordship then moved for a copy or copies of the correspondence between the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and his Majesty's Ambassador at Paris in the year 1830, relative to the French expedition to Algiers; also, copies of the official despatches explanatory of the object of the French Government as to the occupation of Algiers, as communicated to his Majesty's Ambassador at Paris in the months of March and May, 1830, and communicated to his Majesty's Government; also, copies of the correspondence from his Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, communicating the intention of the King of the French to fulfil all the engagements of preceding Governments with respect to Algiers.—Earl Grey declined entering into detailed observations, as they might impede amicable arrangements on the subject of Algiers; and agreed to the production of the first and second series of papers, but objected to the third, because, as that consisted of an account of verbal communications from the King of the French to the English Ambassador, it might be liable to misconstruction.—The Earl of Aberdeen was satisfied with the explanation, and waived this part of his motion. The other papers were ordered.

May 7.—The Duke of Sussex presented a petition which excited a good deal of interest, for a revision of portions of the criminal law. It was signed by 5300 persons, many of whom had abstained from prosecuting for robberies committed on them in consequence of the severity of the existing law. His Royal Highness also called attention to the fact, that the number of acquittals was greater where the charges were for offences followed by capital punishments than in other cases — Lord Lyndhurst particularly noticed an Act of the last session, making the offence of horse stealing, &c. punishable with transportation for life. It had rendered the punishment certain, but it had become disproportionate in many cases.—Lord Melbourne replied, that, where the sentence was considered disproportionate to the offence, every attention was paid to the recommendations of the judges. He and the Lord Chancellor added that the provision of the Act, to which Lord Lyndhurst had directed special attention, should be considered.

May 14 —Earl Fitzwilliam brought forward his resolutions on the Corn Laws, in a long and elaborate speech. The object of the Noble Earl was to supersede the present fluctuating duties, by the substitution of a permanent and unvarying system. The existing law, he argued, was founded on a principle of retention, for the purpose of keeping the prices in this country above the level of those on the Continent: the consequence was, to advance the price of labour and the value of land, greatly to the injury of British interests. He believed that the landed proprietors were a respectable class of people, but not more so than any other class of persons —weavers or chimney-sweepers. There were five or six thousand landowners; but he could not see why foreign corn should be taxed sixty or seventy per cent. to uphold the price of land in this country for the benefit of the land proprietors. Of

this he was certain, that until the law was finally settled by a free trade, in corn being allowed, the landed interest would ever be sacrificed. No class of persons would be more thankful to the legislature were these laws to be placed on a more natural footing. In short, he was satisfied that their Lordships would not more effectually secure the gratitude of all classes of the country than by taking into consideration the several laws affecting the trade in corn. The Noble Lord concluded by stating, that, whether they considered the manufacturing population, or the agricultural classes, or the ultimate interests of the proprietors of land themselves, he was satisfied that the House of Lords never would do anything that would more entitle it to the gratitude and respect of the country than by going into the consideration of the laws which regulated the importation of foreign corn, for which purpose it was that he now proposed his resolutions.—The Earl of Ripon opposed the resolutions, on account of the time and circumstances under which they were brought forward; on account of the fallacious promises built upon them; and, finally, because they had for their object the pulling down of the whole present structure, and were to raise nothing in its stead. Popular opinion he (the Earl of Ripon) always cared for, though even against his own; popular clamour he should always resist; and he was sure that the people themselves would be the first to thank their Lordships for resisting the Noble Earl's resolutions.—The Earl of Winchilsea deprecated in strong terms the disturbing of the present system. He had witnessed greater distress amongst the manufacturing classes, he said, during the year when wheat was 45*s*. a quarter, than when it was at its highest price.—The Earl of Wicklow also opposed the resolutions; which were ultimately put and negatived.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

April 22.—Mr. M. Attwood brought forward his motion for a committee to inquire into the distresses of the country, and the causes thereof, particularly into the effects of the "monetary system," as established by the measure of 1819. The hon. member contended that distress and demoralization had spread and were extending; that pauperism and crime had increased; and that every interest in the country—landed, commercial, and trading—was crushed by the present monetary system; and moved—"That it is the opinion of this house that a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of general distress, difficulty, and embarrassment which now presses on the various orders of the community; how far the same has been occasioned by our present monetary system; and to consider of the effects produced by that system upon the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of the United Kingdom, and upon the condition of the industrious and productive classes."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he was glad this question had been thus early brought before a reformed House of Commons, for the question was neither more nor less than whether they were prepared to stand by a system, in obedience to which all the contracts of the country had been for many years made. It was evident, his lordship said, that an alteration of the standard was contemplated, for no other remedy was hinted at; but there was not the slightest allusion to the nature of the alteration that would, in the hon. mover's opinion, meet the evil. If the alteration, however, were to take place, the noble lord argued that though it might be made to work here; yet, as we could not get other countries to alter the value of the sovereign, the consequence would be, that gold would quit the country. He further declared that, as an honest man, he could not support the motion. If the calamity of acceding to such a measure could arrive, there would immediately be the most alarming state of things, for there would be a demand for gold surpassing any previous demand. He concluded by moving a substantive amendment, declaring "that any alteration of the currency, that would have the effect of lowering the standard, was highly inexpedient and dangerous."—Mr. Grote supported the amendment, and maintained that a change in the currency would be dishonest, and sanction the violation of contracts.—Mr. P. Thomson contended that if we were even on the very verge of ruin—could we no longer pay our just debts to our creditor—he would say, "compound with him, tell him that you are not able to pay the whole of the 28 millions which are annually his due; but, for God's sake, do not do that which, by clumsy means, would arrive at the same end, which would bear with it the complete disruption of all money contracts: which would unsettle all public and private agreements; which would defraud the widow and orphan; which would reduce to poverty, not the rich, but no fewer than

272,000 public creditors, whose dividends are under 400*l.* each.—The debate was adjourned.

April 23.—The adjourned debate on Mr. Attwood's motion was resumed.—Sir Robert Peel spoke in opposition to it. He defended his bill, explained the [illegible] that led to it, and urged the house to adhere to it, in the conviction that, [illegible] doing, they would best maintain public interests, and most efficiently resist the mischievous and ruinous agitation of property and prices. The following was the conclusion of his address:—"If their judgment was averse to granting this inquiry—above all, if they entertained serious doubts whether it was not likely to lower the condition of the labouring classes—they were performing their duty to their constituents in rejecting the plausible ground, and voting against the measure. Their constituents would exact no sacrifice; but if members felt that they were called upon to make the sacrifice because they had done their duty, it would be a sacrifice to their honour. They would be enabled to say, with Burke, 'I sat in Parliament for no other purpose than that I might be enabled to do good. I know myself imperfectly if I would not prefer to be merged in the deepest obscurity rather than to sit upon a throne and sacrifice my enlightened judgment to constituents ill-informed, but demanding of me that sacrifice. My reflection is this, that I have neglected your wishes, but acting upon my own judgment, and consulted your firm interests.' Let members depend upon it, that the sacrifice would not be imposed upon them. Their constituents would do justice to their influenced and honest judgment, and rejecting this committee, they had fulfilled the real duty of representatives, and proved themselves worthy of protecting their interests."—The debate was again adjourned.

April 24.—The debate on the motion of Mr. Attwood was resumed.—Colonel Torrens spoke in favour of the Committee of Inquiry, as well as in favour of Lord Althorp's amendment, which he held to be quite compatible with the terms of Mr. Attwood's motion. The hon. member declared himself to be decidedly against any alteration in the standard of value, but in favour of inquiry into our system of banking and paper issues. The system was most defective. As he sought not to touch the standard of value, he considered both propositions to be compatible; the house could affirm Lord Althorp's proposition, that it was inexpedient to alter the standard of value, and then the question would be for a committee of inquiry into the operation of our monetary system—the system of banking and paper issues, with the view of remedying the evils which cause an injurious pressure on the great interests of the country. He also expressed himself favourable to the adoption of a silver standard.—Mr. M. Stewart pursued a similar line of argument.—Mr. Strutt opposed the motion, as did Mr. Robinson, so far as regarded inquiry into the currency, with an intention of "altering the standard of value," according to the usual phraseology of the house. He was in favour of inquiry generally, however. —Sir H. Parnell followed and resisted the motion, alleging that it was clear the object was the depreciation of the currency. If the inquiry asked for were granted, the immediate effect would be most ruinous to the labouring classes—Mr. M. Attwood replied at considerable length, declaring that the country would not be satisfied without inquiry, and that to resist the motion would do much to sever that House from the people.—The House then divided on the original motion, which was lost by a majority of 192; the numbers being—Ayes, 139; Noes, 331.—The House then divided on Lord Althorp's declaratory resolution on the inexpediency and danger of altering the standard of value, on which there appeared—Ayes, 304; Noes, 49; giving a majority in favour of Ministers of 255.

April 25.—Mr. Grote brought forward his motion to establish that votes at future elections be taken by ballot. He spoke at considerable length in support of this motion, contending that the measure of parliamentary reform would not be complete without the protection of vote by ballot; that it would emancipate those thousands of voters who were now under the thraldom of the nobility and gentry in cities and towns, and of the landlords in the country; that it would confirm the honesty of honest voters; that it would destroy, instead of creating, corruption and hypocrisy; and that the secresy with which the vote could be given would secure the voter, and enable him to give his vote on principle, and according to his conscience.—Several speakers took part in the discussion that followed.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he could not support the motion, though he had never been altogether unfriendly to its principle; but he thought the reform bill had not had that fair trial which it ought to have previously to any new measure being

proposed. The house divided on the question, and the numbers were—For it, 106; against it, 211; majority against it, 105.

April 26.—The Marquis of Chandos moved a resolution on the question of Supply, that in any reduction of taxation the interests of the agriculturists should be considered. His object was to have the same attention extended to the farmer as was conceded to the manufacturing and other interests.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, and maintained that the revenue could not be safely reduced further than he had already proposed.—After some discussion, the House divided. There were in favour of the resolution 90, against it 118. It was, therefore, lost by a majority of 28.—Sir W. Ingilby then proposed a reduction of the malt duty to 10*s.* per quarter, being a reduction of one-half.—Sir J. Sebright resisted the motion, on the ground that the sum could not be spared by the government. He was aware that it would be beneficial and acceptable to his constituents, but he would not support what he deemed contrary to the general interests.—Mr. Benett declared himself favourable to the total repeal, as calculated to force upon Government a commutation of taxes: he urged the adoption of a property tax, on the principle that peace establishments ought to be paid by the property of the country.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, as an interference with the limited amount of reduction, which alone he could venture to propose. He defended his selection of articles for reduction, as calculated to be most generally beneficial, and maintained that the malt duty was absolutely requisite to the revenue. As to a property tax, he hoped that those who thought it advisable would well consider the difficulties with which the question was surrounded—difficulties, in his estimation, so great that he could not well see his way through them. —The House eventually divided on the proposition, and the numbers were—for Sir W. Ingilby's motion, 162; against it, 152, being a majority against the Ministers of 10.

April 29.—Soon after the house assembled, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and stated that the decision of the House on Friday evening (particularly considering the circumstances under which it took place) had, as stated at the time, placed his Majesty's government in a situation of great embarrassment. On taking this question into consideration, they felt it desirable that the whole state of the case should be brought before the House, in order that the House might see clearly all the consequences likely to flow from the vote of the former evening, and come to a decision with their eyes open, knowing exactly what the state of the case was. With this view, the noble lord added, it was his intention, upon the motion of the honourable baronet, the member for the city of London, to move, as an amendment, this resolution:—"That the deficiency in the revenue, which would be occasioned by the reduction of the tax on malt to 10*s.* the quarter, and by the repeal of the tax on houses and windows, could only be supplied by the substitution of a general tax on property, and an extensive change in our whole financial system, which would at present be inexpedient." This notice led to a considerable conversation, but to no practical result, there being no question before the House.

April 30—Sir John Key brought forward his resolution for the repeal of the house and window taxes.—Lord Althorp opposed the motion, in a very long speech, and proposed as an amendment, the resolution of which he had given notice the day before. It was to the effect, that the malt-tax ought not to be reduced to 10*s.* a quarter; in the second place, that the house and window taxes ought not to be taken off; and, in the third place, that, if the one were reduced and the other taken off, a property-tax would be unavoidable. The noble lord dwelt particularly on the expediency of imposing a property-tax, pointed out the impossibility of conducting the service of the country with a revenue diminished by the amount of the duties proposed to be repealed, and defended the grounds on which he called upon the House to reconsider the vote of Friday, while it resisted the motion of last night. He explained what he called "the surprise" practised on the House on Friday, and argued that the precedent of being invited to reconsider its vote could not be dangerous, considering all the circumstances, though he regretted its necessity. After admitting the doctrine, that ministers ought to follow the directions of a reformed Parliament, he observed, "I admit that I have against me all who are in favour of a property-tax—I have united against me all who are in favour of a repeal of the malt-tax—and all who are in favour of the motion of the honourable baronet—with some of those who are of opinion that there might be larger reductions of taxation without any substitute whatever. Perhaps it may be thought that

I have acted improperly in pursuing a plan which has united so many parties against me; but it is clear, that all those who will so unite in voting against me, must disapprove of the policy which I have adopted with regard to the finances of the country; and if it should appear, by the result of this evening's discussion, that a majority of the House agreed on voting against my proposition, that majority will have expressed its disapprobation of my financial plans; and I should certainly not, in such a case, consider myself fit to remain Chancellor of the Exchequer." The noble lord's speech was listened to with great attention, and a debate of considerable interest ensued.—On a division, Sir John Key's motion was lost, the numbers being, for the motion, 157; for Lord Althorp's amendment, 355; majority for ministers, 198. A second division then took place upon a proposition of Sir William Ingilby's, "That all that part of the noble lord's amendment which related to the malt-tax should be omitted." This motion was also lost on a division, the numbers being, for the motion, 131; against it, 285; majority, 154. A third division then took place, Sir William Ingilby having moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the malt-tax. This proposition shared the same fate with the others, being negatived by a majority of 162; the numbers in favour of the motion being 76; against it, 238.

May 2.—Mr. Richards brought forward his proposition for the extension of poor-laws to Ireland. He argued that, without some compulsory provision for the poor in that country, rapine and murder would continue to prevail, as they had prevailed in England after the suppression of the monasteries, and until the passing of the 33d of Elizabeth. It was true that abuses, and gross abuses, had crept into the administration of the English poor-laws, which he should be sorry to see imitated in Ireland. Those abuses should be corrected. At all events they should not be urged as arguments against the system itself, which every consideration of policy and humanity concurred in recommending. The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, as an amendment, that a commission should be appointed to investigate the subject with a view to ascertain the best means of providing for the maintenance of the poor and necessitous in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell seconded the amendment. He appealed to the report now lying on the table for proofs of the destructive consequences of poor-laws in England, where they had led to nothing but degradation and disgrace. Many other members delivered their sentiments on the question.

May 3.—Mr. Cobbett renewed his long series of resolutions on the subject of the inequalities of the stamp and auction duties, which he moved at the commencement of the Session, for the purpose of having them entered on the Journals of the House, and which he proposed for the object of taking the sense of the House on them The resolutions led to a good deal of discussion; but Mr. Spring Rice resisted them, as containing much exaggeration; and also on the ground that Mr C. ought to have waited to see the Stamp Acts Amendment Bill, which the Government had promised to bring forward. The House eventually divided on the resolutions—the numbers were, Ayes, 26; Noes, 250; majority against the motion, 224. —The Army Estimates were afterwards proposed. Mr. Hume moved as an amendment that the amount be reduced to 238,000*l.*, calculating to pay off a portion of the men; the government might keep the amount of men; his object was to reduce the expenditure. Sir H. Parnell, in the course of the discussion, proposed that recruiting should cease, and thus effect a gradual reduction of the army. The subject occasioned considerable discussion, and the Committee eventually divided on it. The numbers were—for the original motion, 238; for the amendment, 70.

May 6.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having moved the second reading of the Irish Church Reform Bill, Mr. C. Wynn, Sir R. Peel, and Mr. Goulburn took an objection, *in limine*, maintaining that the preamble of this bill required that a message from the King should have preceded its introduction into the House. This gave rise to some discussion, which was terminated by the Speaker, who gave his opinion, that, if the Message were requisite for the second reading, it would have been necessary for the first reading. He was inclined to believe, however, that a message previously to the Committee, where the details of the Bill are considered, would meet the necessity of the case.—The order of the day for the second reading was then adopted; and, on the question that the Bill be read a second time, a debate arose, and continued during the remainder of the evening. Mr. Stanley maintained the right of Parliament to appropriate the improvements of Church property to the service of the state, which Sir R. Peel resisted, at considerable

length. He contended that there was no right so to appropriate the improvements of Church property; that, on the contrary, they still belonged to the Church; and that, if they did not, the Parliament would have just as much right to claim for the State the improvements of private property that might result from any legislative measure. The house divided, when there appeared for an amendment proposed by Mr. Shaw, that the Bill be read that day six months, 78—against it, 317; leaving the Ministers a majority of 239.—Mr. M. Attwood afterwards made an attempt to add some names to the Committee on the distress of the country, which was successfully resisted by Lord Althorp.—The House having gone into committee on the Stamp Duties Acts, a fixed duty of 1*s*. 6*d*. on advertisements was substituted for the graduated scale of duties originally proposed.

May 10.—Mr. Alderman Thompson introduced the subject of the Dutch embargo, by moving for an account of all vessels detained under the Orders of Council of the 6th of November and the 3d of December. The motion, which was not opposed, was agreed to after a discussion on this part of the foreign policy of Ministers. —In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, Lord Palmerston stated that the fact of our not having had any Ambassador at Constantinople during the recent transactions there originated in the difficulty of transport which Lord Ponsonby had experienced in his journey thither. There had, however, been at Constantinople, during the whole period referred to, a secretary of embassy, who had acted with great judgment and discretion, and whose conduct had met the entire approbation of the government at home.

May 14.—Mr. Stanley brought before the house the ministerial plan for the extinction of slavery in the colonies. He commenced his address by a rapid enumeration of all the great interests involved in the question of colonial slavery, maintaining that the temporal interests of between seven and eight hundred thousand of his Majesty's subjects and their descendants, for ages yet unborn, depended on the vote of that night.—The following are the resolutions proposed by the Right Hon. Secretary:—

"1. That it is the opinion of this committee that immediate and effectual measures be taken for the entire abolition of slavery throughout the Colonies, under such provisions for regulating the condition of the negroes, as may combine their welfare with the interests of the proprietors.

"2. That it is expedient that all children born after the passing of any act, or who shall be under the age of six years at the time of passing any Act of Parliament for this purpose, be declared free; subject, nevertheless, to such temporary restrictions as may be deemed necessary for their support and maintenance.

"3. That all persons now slaves be entitled to be registered as apprenticed labourers, and to acquire thereby all rights and privileges of freemen; subject to the restriction of labouring, under conditions and for a time to be fixed by Parliament, for their present owners.

"4. That to provide against the risk of loss which proprietors in his Majesty's colonial possessions might sustain by the abolition of slavery, his Majesty be enabled to advance by way of loan, to be raised from time to time, a sum not exceeding in the whole 15,000,000*l*. to be repaid in such manner and at such rate of interest as shall be prescribed by Parliament.

"5. That his Majesty be enabled to defray any such expense as he may incur in establishing an efficient stipendiary Magistracy in the colonies, and in aiding the local Legislatures in providing for the religious and moral education of the negro population to be emancipated."

But the question respecting the labour and the payment of interest he considered as open to modifications. He considered that the plan could not experience solid objections; that it would secure complete, peaceful, and safe extinction of slavery; and that it would alone establish religious freedom and uninterrupted instruction. —Lord Howick opposed the resolutions, as he stated, from an imperious sense of duty. He considered the proposed plan to be ineffective and delusive, and as fraught, therefore, with mischief to both slaves and slave-owners. The only way to extinguish slavery with safety to all parties, he maintained, was to fix a day when the whole of the negro population in the colonies should become free—Sir Robert Peel suggested the postponement of the vote upon the resolutions, on the grounds of their important and complex character. To this course Lord Althorp assented, and fixed the 30th instant for the resumption of the debate.

May 16.—Mr. Cobbett brought forward his promised motion for an Address t

the King to erase the name of Sir R. Peel from the list of Privy Councillors, on the ground of his want of knowledge, and proceeding, in spite of forewarnings, in the currency measures of 1819, 1822, and 1826. He moved a long resolution, or rather a series of resolutions, embodying his sentiments on the subject, his views of the transactions, and his opinion that, for such errors, the King should be addressed to dismiss Sir Robert Peel from the Privy Council. In support of his resolutions he spoke at great length, and contended that the deficient knowledge, and disregard of warnings, evinced by Sir R. Peel, justified the motion now made.—Mr. Fielden having seconded the motion, Sir R. Peel defended himself in a style that largely contributed to the entertainment of the House, aided by very ample quotations from Mr. Cobbett's writings. He particularly dwelt on Mr. Cobbett's letter to Mr. Western, wherein the writer declared that the measure of 1819 was inevitable—that the Government itself could no longer uphold the paper system, and that it was not even "Six Acts," but "low prices," that had prevented rebellion in 1819. His only fault, Sir R. Peel said, was, that he would not accompany the measure with other measures, which meant that he would not consent to violate national faith by forcibly reducing the debt, or the interest, besides appropriating church property, &c. No other Member spoke. Mr. Cobbett briefly replied; after which the House divided. The numbers were—Ayes, 4; Noes, 298.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved that these proceedings be not entered on the Journals. The Speaker put the question that they be "expunged" from the Journals. That question was carried by 235 Ayes and 4 Noes. Immense cheering marked the results.—The question of the second reading of Sir A. Agnew's Bill occupied the remainder of the night. The Bill was eventually lost, after an extended discussion, on a division. The numbers were—for the second reading, 73; against it, 79; majority against it, 6

May 17.—Mr. W. Whitmore brought forward his promised motion on the subject of the corn-laws, moving a resolution declaring, in effect. that the present corn-laws, instead of producing an equable price, and thereby a permanent good, had produced the contrary effect, and tended to cramp trade.—Mr. Hume claimed free trade in corn, and moved an amendment, declaring that the corn which now might be imported, subjected to the graduated scale, should at all times be admissible on payment of a fixed duty, its amount to be hereafter named.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, on the ground that now to agitate the question, when they should not have the opportunity of setting it at rest, owing to the quantity of other business before Parliament, would be the most unwise thing they could do. At the same time, his Lordship said, he was by no means an advocate of the present corn-laws; he thought that they had not been so advantageous as the agriculturists considered them. and that the landowners and farmers ought not to set so much store by them.—Mr. Baring complained of this sort of answer; for, while resisting the motion, his lordship denounced the laws as not being so good as they were represented to be.—After an extended discussion, the House divided, and the numbers were—for the previous question, 305; against it, 206; giving a majority of 99 against entertaining the original motion.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

The following is an abstract of the ministerial plan for the extinction of negro slavery:—

"That every slave, upon the passing of this Act, shall be at liberty to claim, before the protector of slaves, custos of the parish, or such other officer as shall be named by his Majesty for that purpose, to be registered as an apprenticed labourer.

"That the terms of such apprenticeship shall be,—

"1st. That the power of corporal punishment should be altogether taken from the master, and transferred to the magistrate.

"2d. That, in consideration of food and clothing, and such allowances as are now made by law to the slaves, the labourer should work for his master three-fourths of his time, leaving it to be settled by contract whether for three-fourths of the week or of each day. That by a day is here understood only ten hours, seven and a half of which are to be for the master, as above, in consideration of food, clothing,

and lodging, and that all the time above such hours is not to be affected by these regulations. That such apprentices shall immediately enjoy all the rights and privileges of freemen; shall be capable of giving evidence in all courts, criminal as well as civil, and as well against their employers as against any other persons; of serving upon juries, and in the militia; of attending whatever place of worship or teacher of religion they please; and shall have and enjoy all other rights and privileges whatsoever of British subjects."

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

On the 29th of April, the French Minister of Finance brought forward his annual budget. He stated that, according to the system on which the budget was framed, no extraordinary sacrifices would be required in the shape of loans, as the ways and means would balance the expenses. A reduction of 90,043,000fr. was proposed to be effected in the war department, by the reduction of 24,000 men out of the existing force of 340,000—a diminution which was as great as prudence would allow to be made, until the rest of Europe showed a disposition to follow the example of reducing its forces to the peace establishment, so ardently and universally desired. Other reductions of minor importance were proposed to be made in the different departments, by which the total demands for the year 1834 would be reduced to 1,019,140.000f., being 112,609,000f. less than the amount demanded for 1833, and 170,732,000f. less than the expenses of 1832. Ever since the year 1829 the expenses of the state had been more than the ordinary ways and means; the deficiency for 1834 would be 40,000,000f., which it was proposed to meet by cancelling 20,000,000f. of the *rentes* redeemed by the sinking-fund, which would be a reduction in the expenditure to that amount, and increasing the ways and means, by raising the existing taxes to the amount of the other 20,000,000f. The Hon. Minister then proceeded to examine what taxes were most susceptible of augmentation. He strongly combated the present prevailing opinion of the landed interest being unduly protected, maintaining that the amount of direct taxes paid by the proprietors in France amounted to 400,000,000f (or one-fourth of their net income), independent of their proportion of the indirect taxes. He therefore proposed, as the most eligible course to be adopted, to renew 20,000,000f out of the 36,000,000f. or 40,000.000f. lately taken off the liquor-tax. The effect of this would be, that, by annulling the *rentes*, the expenses would be reduced to 999,140,000f.; and, by renewing the liquor-tax, the ways and means would be raised to 1,000,244,000f.

The Minister of Commerce has brought in a bill for granting the following credits:—24,000,000f. for continuing the various public buildings in progress in Paris; 44,000,000f. for the continuation of the canals in progress; 15,000,000f. for high-roads in progress; 2,500,000f. for lighthouses; and 580.000f. for rail-roads: the above sums to be raised by re-issuing, on the most advantageous terms possible, part of the *rentes* redeemed by the sinking-fund.

The Duchess of Berri.—The official documents relating to the *accouchement* of the Duchess of Berri have been published, and authenticated copies transmitted to the Foreign Ambassadors. The most remarkable part of these documents is the declaration made by Dr Deneux, the confidential physician of the Duchess, that she is the lawful wife of Count Luchesi Palli, son of the Neapolitan Prince of Campo Franco.

HOLLAND.

The following is stated to contain the heads of the Preliminary Treaty which has been signed by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, and Holland.

1. "The English and French embargoes will be taken off the respective ports of each nation, and the consequent measures in interruption of the navigation by the Dutch nation will be removed.

2. "The intercourse between the respective parties will assume the same posture as before the French expedition in November last, and the services of the French and English squadron to be dispensed with.

3. "The Dutch garrison of Antwerp, prisoners of war, will be sent home.

4. "The armistice between Holland and Belgium will be continued till the settlement of a permanent separation.

5. "The navigation of the Scheldt will in the meantime remain free.

6. "The navigation of the Meuse during the same period will be open, subject to the tariff settled by the Treaty of Mayence."

MEXICO.

An official notice of some importance to holders of Mexican stock has been received. An arrangement was entered into in 1830, between the bondholders and the Mexican Government, by which a sixth part of the customs of the chief ports was to be set aside, and remitted to England to pay the dividends. On the breaking out of the contest with Santa Anna this arrangement was suspended. The Minister of Finance now intimates, that, owing to the great expenses, and the numerous claims on the Government, it will be impossible to appropriate any longer so large a portion of the national resources to such an object; and proposes, in lieu, to reserve six per cent. only of the duties received—being, in fact, not a sixteenth instead of a sixth part. The intelligence has caused considerable dissatisfaction among the creditors.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At the Cathedral Church of Calcutta, by the Lord Bishop, Eliza Emma, only daughter of his Lordship, to the Rev. Josiah Bateman, M A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, his Lordship's nephew and chaplain.

Harriet Jane, youngest daughter of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart., of Exton-park, and one of the Members of Parliament for the county of Rutland, to Don Ysidro Lopez de Arze, son of the Chevalier Don Louis Lopez de Arze, colonel of the Royal Artillery in Toro, Old Castile, in the kingdom of Spain.

At the British Ambassador's, Naples, Mark Seager, Esq., of Poole, Dorsetshire, merchant in Sicily, to Sophia, only daughter of L. C. Gre[illegible]orge, Esq.

At Clinthead, Langholm, William Bardgett, Esq., of the Old Jewry, London, and of Highbury terrace, to Jane, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir James Malcolm, K.C.B.

At Sutton, Surrey, by the Rev. Atwill Lake, Sir James S. Lake, Bart., to Anne Maria, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart., K.C.B.

Died.]—In St. James's-square, the Countess de Grey, in her 83d year.

At Bath, aged 83, Mrs. Graydon, relict of Robert Graydon, of Killishee, Esq., M.P., for Kildare, Harristown, &c. in several successive Irish Parliaments, and a distinguished member of the Whig opposition of that period.

At his house in Bolton-street, Sir George Francis Hampson, Bart., in the 46th year of his age.

At Paris, of scarlatina, in the 8th year of her age, Susan Augusta, fifth daughter of Colonel Aspinwall, Consul-General of the United States of America for London.

In Mark-lane, Susannah, the infant daughter of John Reay, jun., Esq., aged nine months.

In Sussex-place, Regent's-park, in the 60th year of his age, Robert Ludgate, Esq., a magistrate and deputy lieutenant of the county of Buckingham.

At Godmersham-park, Kent, Sophia, wife of Major Henry Knight, aged 33.

Lieut.-Colonel George Wilton, E. I. Company's service, Bengal Establishment.

Vesey, the senior Yeoman of the Guard, in his 100th year.

At Bath, aged 73, the Viscountess Lake.

At his residence, Longford, Colonel Fox, aged 73.

In New Burlington-street, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Ludlow, sister to the present Earl Ludlow.

At Mansion-row, Brompton, Major Augustus Reppell Codey, of the Chatham Division of Royal Marines, aged 53 years.

In Dublin, the Hon. John Creighton, Lieut.-Colonel, son of the late Earl of Erne, aged 63.

At Marchmont house, Berwickshire, on the 9th instant, Sir William Purves Hume Campbell, of Marchmont, Bart., in the 67th year of his age.

In Grosvenor-street, Harriet, Marchioness Dowager of Lothian, in the 53d year of her age.

At his house in Devonshire-place, in the 61st year of his age, Colonel John Baillie, of Leys, Inverness-shire, M.P. for the Inverness district of burghs, and a director of the East India Company.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The Regent's Park.—The projected alterations in the eastern portion of the Park are now rapidly advancing towards completion, and it is expected, that in the course of a few months, the whole will be in a sufficient state of forwardness to admit of its being thrown open to the public, under the necessary restrictions, to prevent the admission of improper persons. Extensive shrubberies have been formed, which greatly enhance the beauty of the different prospects, while serpentine walks intersect them at various points. The grand carriage drive and ride, in a line with

Portland-place, and which will cross the outer circle of the Park to the Zoological Gardens, are already formed, and a considerable portion of it gravelled, with avenues of trees on both sides, extending the whole length of the way, in a similar manner to those in the Mall in St. James's Park. The archery ground, opposite to York-terrace, is also proceeding with all possible dispatch, and the ornamental piece of water has been diverted from its original course to add to the picturesque effect of the scene.

A few days since a considerable portion of the embankment of the Regent's Canal, which forms the gardens of the villas on South Bank, Regent's Park, gave way and fell into the water, carrying with it trees, plantations, summer-houses, palings, &c.; fortunately no persons were on the spot at the time, or the most lamentable consequences would in all probability have ensued. This occurrence took place in the night time, and was unaccompanied by any noise. The surprise of the inhabitants may be imagined, when, on getting up on the following morning, they discovered that one half of their gardens had disappeared as if by magic; the ground in the immediate neighbourhood hereabout is very insecure, having been formed of the earth thrown up at the time of digging the Canal, which, in this particular part, was cut very deep to obtain the level.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Magistrates of Berwick have approved of the plan and model of a malleable iron bridge, prepared by Mr. John Green, jun., architect, of Newcastle, for the intended bridge across the Whittader, at Gainslaw, about two miles above Berwick. The span will be 196 feet. We understand the application of the principle in malleable iron to bridges is entirely new in this country.—*Sunderland Herald.*

WALES.

The price of bar iron delivered at Cardiff is 5*l.* 15*s.*; at 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for a bill at six months; 6*l.* is sometimes nominally obtained, but only by tacitly allowing 2*s.* 6*d.* back. The price of pig iron at Cardiff is 3*l.* 15*s.* to 4*l.*, and the demand not quite so brisk as a month ago.—*Cambrian.*

WARWICKSHIRE.

The London and Birmingham Railway Bill (the preparation and cost of opposition to which measure, last Session, was said to have occasioned the enormous outlay of 40,000*l.*) has this Session run tolerably smoothly through both Houses, the previously uncompromising Lords having now sanctioned it with some amendments.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Worcestershire Magistrates have come to a determination to transact all the county business in open court.—*Bristol Journal.*

A discovery has lately been made on land formerly belonging to the Abbey of Malvern, which solves a point on which antiquarians have hitherto been divided, namely—whether the painted or glazed tiles found in ecclesiastical edifices commonly called the Gothic style were of English or continental manufacture? On removing soil on the above land, the workmen found, at about the depth of seven feet, two parallel arched kilns, about thirty feet in length, each two feet, three inches wide, and fifteen inches high; the arches were composed of brick and common red tile, the inside course being of the former, and the outer course of the latter material. At the springing of the arch, a floor, consisting of three bricks, was ingeniously constructed; and on digging below this, a floor of the natural soil (marl) was discovered, but exceedingly hard, from intense heat, being the fuel-hole of the kiln above: the bricks of the kiln were vitrified in a high degree. On clearing away the rubbish with which the kiln was nearly full, arising from the partial falling in of the crown of the arch, pieces of painted tile were discovered in an excellent state of preservation, and corresponding with those in Malvern Church. Among the rubbish was found a quantity of bones and horns, with some pieces of charcoal; the former, probably, were used in the preparation of tiles, and the latter in burning them.

SCOTLAND.

There is at present building at Port Glasgow a steam-boat, which is intended for exportation to Van Diemen's Land, where it is to be employed for purposes of internal navigation in that distant but interesting and flourishing colony. The vessel is building by Mr. John Wood, Port Glasgow; the engine to be furnished by Mr. Robert Napier, of the Vulcan foundry, in Glasgow. Its engine will be fifty horses' power, and the general formation of the vessel is to be fitted more for tugging than for the conveyance of passengers.

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THE LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE ON THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

BY J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

[*⁎* We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following luminous remarks sent to us by the profoundest historian of the age. In the postscript, the reader will perceive the most forcible exposition of Mr. Stanley's plan that has yet appeared.]

The question of the emancipation of slaves in the Colonies is decided. Nothing now remains but the consideration in what time and manner it shall be effected; but these two points are of the greatest importance when, on the lowest computation, 750,000 human creatures remain in a state of misery and degradation; when they are condemned, not only to corporal suffering, but to the utter impossibility of any advancement of the mind—of ever raising the intellectual faculties to the comprehension of pure morality or true religion; when this state of violence and injustice is founded on laws which the legislator cannot justify to himself, and which he blushes to enforce,—every delay in returning to a better system is revolting to the conscience; for to delay in a career of crime is crime itself. But the manner in which emancipation is to be accomplished is, if possible, of still greater importance than the time; not only there must be no delay in doing what is just, but it must be done well, in a manner to ensure success. Nothing is so fatal in politics as an unsuccessful experiment. If the people have been deceived in a noble hope,—if their enthusiasm has been chilled,—they soon learn to distrust their feelings and imagination; they become insensible to the language which used to rouse them; they believe themselves dupes to their own magnanimity; and, yielding to a sordid sentiment of selfishness, they resist every future attempt at amelioration as a tribute of respect to the experiment which has failed. If the measures about to be undertaken for the emancipation of the negroes draws down great calamity, either on the black or white race, the Cause of Humanity is lost for several generations.

The national interest and the public conscience demand at once two things:—a prompt and general measure, which puts an immediate end to the crimes of the oppressors and the sufferings of the oppressed; and a conciliatory measure, which protects the interests of all,—which avoids every convulsion of society,—which preserves to the negro every habit dear to him, provides for his immediate wants, and gives him security

for the future,—while it ensures to the planter the labour of his accustomed workman, the value of his property, and the revenue of his land,—and, finally, which preserves to the whole state of society, peace, order, and wealth. It would be bold to promise such a result by the application of any theory whatsoever; but one might with confidence and modesty invoke the lessons of experience. He who would not dare trust to his own speculations to decide the fate of so many thousand individuals, might, with some assurance, have recourse to history, that great depository of social experiments. What has been done might be done again, only observing and judging well the analogy of circumstances.

We know that the whole of Europe has been once subject to the slave system. In the country we now inhabit, every cultivator of the land, almost every artisan, was the property of rapacious, and often of cruel, masters. The slaves by whom the whole work in Europe was done were as debased and oppressed as are now the African slaves in the Colonies. This state of things has ceased in the whole of western Europe, and even where the emancipation has been sudden, it has ceased without shock, violence, or rebellion. In eastern Europe, on the contrary, the working population are still in a state of transition, which may serve to enlighten us on the manner in which the change must be operated. These are the first notions our history gives on the subject: no one disputes them; and they are such as to make us feel how much more we may learn from a deeper investigation of the experience of our forefathers A more attentive study of the history of slavery in Europe teaches us that its abolition was neither a philanthropic nor a religious work; that it was simultaneous in vast districts and in whole provinces; that the slave-peasantry of many villages having been enabled, by the accumulation of their scanty savings, to purchase their freedom from their masters, the advantage to these last became so evident,—the value of their land increased so rapidly—their revenues were so greatly augmented;—that all who witnessed the effects hastened to follow the example, and innumerable serfs were everywhere enfranchised. A few corporate bodies only, attached by a common prejudice to all that is ancient, resisted this amelioration; so that slavery was still preserved in some domains of the Church, in France, and Germany, till towards the end of the eighteenth century. The manner and conditions of an enfranchisement found to agree so perfectly with the interests of the master, of the country, and of the slave, now become citizen, are undoubtedly the objects which ought, above all, to arrest our attention at a time when we are preparing to follow so wise an example.

The conditions on which the work of the country continued to be carried on by the heretofore slave for the heretofore master then settled the question of indemnity for the loss of property of man in man, and must settle it now, since the question is again raised by the planter. He who reckons that the labour of the negro is gratuitous to the master who purchased him is surely a bad calculator. The master, in buying a slave, only secured having a workman at his command dependent on him, whom he could employ against his will at whatever work he pleased, without ever having to bargain for wages; nevertheless, the master is obliged to support the slave; he must feed, lodge, and clothe him—whether well or ill, it must be sufficient to keep him alive; he must support, also, the children, the aged, the sick, women in their lyings-in, even when they do

no work, or at least not sufficient to gain their livelihood. But, alas! let us consider the condition of the laborious poor in the country and manufacturing towns of England and Ireland, as well as France and Germany, and say whether the wages they gain can procure more than what the master is bound to give the slave. They earn hardly coarse food, wretched clothing and lodging; and little, indeed, remains of their wages to bring up their children, or to maintain themselves in sickness, in age, or when out of work.. The master is then at the same expense for the slave as he would be for the free workman, without reckoning the purchase-money; only, in the first case, he undertakes himself the exchange of wages for labour, in giving what he thinks necessary to the slave; in the second, he lets the exchange be made according to the judgment and circumstances of the workman.

It is clear that if the master is secure of having at his command the same number of workmen as under the slave-system, and of obtaining from them the same quantity of work at the same expense, he would have no right to demand an indemnity; but he would have no motive, likewise, for preferring the free to the slave-system. It was a better bargain for the master when the European slave was emancipated: he offered more work at less expense and care; accordingly, it was eagerly accepted. The master, in fact, performs very ill the function he undertakes of being the purser of his slave; he most frequently abandons it to his overseer, who cheats him, or, if he is honest, cannot devote to his service that intelligence, quickened by personal interest, which every peasant carries to the economy of his own affairs. The master lays in his stores for his plantation, sometimes with prodigality, but much oftener with parsimony: in the first case, his stores spoil, or are damaged; in the second, his labourers are ill-fed; they suffer, their strength decays, they fall sick, and the number of working-days, or the mass of labour accomplished by a given number of hands, is found to be of the lowest ratio.

The slave, on his side, acquits himself still worse of the part assigned him in this forced exchange; not only he has no interest in performing well the task imposed on him, he has an interest in doing it ill; in giving his master, whom he considers his enemy, the least he can of his bodily strength—in fatiguing himself for him as little as possible—in never doing much one day, however pressing the work, lest much should be demanded of him the next—in avoiding the reputation of a good workman, lest it should raise the price of his ransom, if ever the time should come when he could pay it. He is urged to work by ill usage and blows; he has the interest of resentment, of rancour, even of security, that this brutal manner of pressing him should prove fruitless. He never sets his *heart* to his work, and the whole of that power of man which proceeds from the will he denies his master. He never sets his *mind* to his work, and all that intelligence adds to physical strength he alike refuses his master. A constant dejection oppresses him; health is closely connected with cheerfulness, consequently he is oftener sick than the free man. The master and overseer have no faith in these little indispositions; the slave is obliged to exaggerate, to aggravate, or change them into real maladies, in order to obtain a little rest; his languor and complaints are always suspected; the whip is tried, but every suffering only

further diminishes his vigour; every chastisement is only a portion of his labour which the master takes from himself.

'Parliament and the Colonial Legislature have lately, however, granted, either to a sentiment of humanity, or to the power of public opinion, protecting regulations in favour of the slaves, which impose on the masters the obligation of treating them with some consideration. These regulations are utterly insufficient to guarantee the repose, health, and happiness of the negroes. Nevertheless, whenever the labour that might be exacted from them is limited, as the average is taken from the middle ratio of strength, it takes from the master a considerable portion of work which a free labourer would have given him. The number of hours which a negro is bound to work is inferior to that which an English labourer would willingly give, particularly one working by task. The negro child is relieved from all work till a much more advanced age than that of the English child employed in a manufactory.

This comparison of the value of free labour with that of servile is not new. It is one of the arguments which the defenders of the negroes have most insisted on in demanding their emancipation; but they have imagined it sufficient to pronounce them free, and to grant them all an enfranchisement at once, such as that which is sometimes obtained by individuals for a sum of money, or from the bounty of their masters; and they affirm, that the slaves would thenceforward, and like the white labourers, debate their wages with their former masters, would have the same security, and, in return, bring as much intelligence and activity to their work. In this single instance, the protectors of the negroes appear to us to be greatly deceived; and the planters are right when they affirm, that it would be the destruction of the colonies. Not only the planters would themselves be ruined, but the black population would, in a short time, be destroyed by misery and famine. Our ancestors did not act thus, when they enfranchised their slaves; they did not displace them—they did not cast them on an unknown futurity—they did not demand from them combinations of prudence and foresight, for which they were thoroughly unprepared! Nevertheless, it was men of their own race, whose yoke they broke—men speaking their language, professing their religion, and who had been long admitted to an interchange of ideas with them!

If the existing tie between the master and the slave be broken—if the latter be sent away from his cabin and plantation—if his wretched clothes and instruments of labour, which certainly belong to the master, be retaken—it would be necessary to begin by assigning him a capital, with which to procure these first necessaries of life, otherwise the liberty granted him would begin with privations he is utterly incapable of supporting. It must not be forgotten, that it is a being naked, feeble, and ignorant, that is thus suddenly called to begin a new existence; that it is, at the same time, a human being of strong passions, who forms no clear idea of the liberty granted him; which he receives at first with transports of joy, soon followed, perhaps, by transports of rage, when he perceives that it serves as a pretext to despoil him of the little that seems his own. The ties of family and kindred have been relaxed by slavery; the negro will not immediately comprehend the obligation of working for his aged parent, for the sick of his family, or for his children. Accus-

tomed only to be obedient to the call which summoned him to his daily labour, he will not think, till severe experience has taught him, of the necessity of putting aside something for the days, perhaps seasons, of no work. All foresight has been destroyed in him; nevertheless he is suddenly charged to provide for himself, not only without a protector, but in opposition to him, whom he has been accustomed to obey. He must foresee all the accidents of a condition of which he has not the slightest notion—he must conceive all the organization of a society of which he has nowhere seen the model. We do not hesitate to declare, that an emancipation which thus suddenly breaks every tie between master and slave—that places them in opposition to each other—that takes from the latter all affection, all local habit, all association in the property, and all security in the future—would have the most fatal consequences. The negroes, after perhaps abandoning themselves the first days to the most brutal orgies, would, on the following days, when they experienced the effects of poverty, famine, and despair, unite in the most fearful insurrection.

But the conduct of the masters, immediately after a general emancipation, would probably be still more destructive of social order. They have paid, under the protection of the law, a price for their slaves; they regard them as their property; they have been accustomed to receive their value on selling them, or when the slaves have been enabled, from their small savings, to pay themselves their ransom. No comparison between the price, and the real value of free and servile labour—no appeal to their own interest, to their account-books, would persuade them that what was theirs, had not been taken from them—that they had not been robbed—that their property had not been destroyed. They are already violently irritated; they would then become outrageous; society would be disturbed by their clamour and calls for vengeance. They are well used to disburse certain sums for dried fish and flour to distribute among their negroes; but for that they obtain credit, or they pay in kind; they do not make the exact account of the individual expense of each workman, or of the food raised for his maintenance on their plantation. When they must treat weekly, money in the hand, with the negroes, perhaps with their own slaves—when they must pay their workman not only what he consumes himself each day, but sufficient to support his wife, his children, and the sick of his family, their indignation will know no bounds; they will not fail to say they have been plundered of their property, and their hatred against men whom they are forced to pay, yet consider as obliged to work gratis for them, will make them seek every means of injuring their former slaves.

The planters, listening as they do now more to their passions than their interests, would be delighted if the emancipation should prove a calamitous measure to their slaves; and it only rests with them to make it so. He who can wait the longest is sure of dictating the law. Let the planters only refuse, during eight days, to offer any wages to the free labourers, what would become of the workmen? Or, let the masters, instead of arranging matters so that the different kinds of work be in succession, demand all the labourers at one and at the same time, and then send them away in what they call the dead season, again the free negro would be reduced to want and despair.

We are very far from regarding that organization of society in which

all the work is done by men without any property in the land, without any right in the soil, who are paid each week by the farmer in proportion to the days they have worked, or the task they have accomplished, as the most perfect, as that which ensures the most independence and happiness to the poor, the largest growth to riches, or the securest tranquillity to the body politic: but, such as it is, the contract between master and workman pre-supposes a certain good-will, a certain concert between the two classes of men who are to live one by the other. He who pays should know how to put himself in the place of him who works, and purpose to render his state as secure and happy as he can, as far, at least, as a certain sum of money can do so. What would become of society, if, on the contrary, he who pays, animated only with sentiments of hatred and revenge, wills, that he who works should suffer, that he may repent the advantage gained over him? There is now no sympathy between the white and black race;—no charity is to be expected;—if the free negro is without work, he is without bread;—he perishes if he is sick;—if he is an orphan he perishes;—no poor laws, no aid from the parish, no alms come to relieve his misery, for all the power and wealth are in the hands of men who are at enmity with him. If to withdraw from the rancour the master bears his former slave,—if to escape from the painful recollection of the overseer who had tormented him, from the cabin where he had suffered, from the fields where his body had been lacerated by the whip,—every negro, the moment he was free, should desert the plantation where he had been forced to labour, and seek his livelihood as far as he could from his former master, the removal of the whole working population, and the vagabond habits thereby introduced, would be scarcely less fatal to the negroes, than to the property they had abandoned.

If the emancipation of the negroes is to succeed, it is necessary, in the first place, that it should bear no resemblance whatever to the change operated when a slave purchases his freedom, for the comparison would perpetually recall to the master the ransom to which he considers he has a right, and of which he will think himself defrauded. Secondly, it is necessary that the master, after having lost the sum for which he originally purchased the slave, be not obliged to advance money to this same slave to set him to work; it is even necessary that the cultivation of his land be carried on without any fresh disbursement on his part. Thirdly, it is requisite that the heretofore slave be attached by interest to the land on which he has previously lived; that he should inhabit the same cabin, cultivate the same plantation, and be associated to the property in such a manner as to give him security, not only for the present, but for the future; his interests must be so assimilated with those of his master's, that he desires what his master desires, and suffers from the same causes that make him suffer; that he employs all his strength as well as intelligence for the advantage of both, instead of, as formerly, employing them only to frustrate an adversary. Lastly, it is necessary that the new condition of the peasant, and all his relations with the proprietor, be fixed by law, and in a permanent manner, for they are not, and will not for a long time, be in a disposition of mind to debate amicably together their opposing interests.

All these conditions of a wise emancipation—but which, far from being gradual, may be instantaneous—were acknowledged by every

people in Europe, when, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the whole country population, beginning first in the southern districts and later in the northern, were enfranchised. They began by agreeing that, of the produce of the earth and the labour of man, it was necessary to set aside nearly one half for the support of the cultivator, whether slave or free. The other half formed the revenue of the proprietors, and was to augment in proportion as the tenant made progress in industry and the art of cultivating the land. It was evident that the difference of climate, and of fertility of soil, might make some inequality in this proportion; but they rightly considered that a fixed rule would be more favourable to all parties than a partition according to circumstances, at first sight more equitable, but which gave room for arbitrary decisions. Agreeing upon this fundamental rule, the masters soon found there was both economy and profit in suffering the labourers to administer as they pleased that portion of the produce of the soil which was necessary for their support. Throughout western Europe, the proprietors agreed that the totality of their land should be cultivated by their peasants, dividing equally the produce at times of harvest. Throughout eastern Europe, on the contrary, there was a partition of land and of time; the three first days of the week, for example, the peasants worked gratis for the proprietor, the three last for themselves.

In both parts of Europe, however, when our ancestors gave freedom to the working population, their first care was to fix them in the same houses, the same fields, and in the same habits as previously: they avoided to displace or overthrow anything; their object was to ameliorate only so that the enfranchised slave, instead of having to acquire immediately new ideas, take decisions, and make calculations for which his whole previous life had served to render him unfit, should continue to do what he had always done—cultivate the same land for the same master, without having either to ask or pay him any money, without having to traffic for himself, or to sell his commodities, which he delivers in kind to his master, without anxiety for the future, which is guaranteed to himself and his children by his having a share in the property of the soil. Henceforward the peasant did his work with more zeal, intelligence, and pleasure, because the actuating principle was self-interest, and not force. These two arrangements between the proprietor and cultivator, although flowing from the same principle, have not analogous effect. The first, known in France by the name of *contrat de métayer*, or farms held on half produce, paid in kind, made the cultivator reach a state of the most perfect freedom, and agriculture that of the highest perfection: the second, distinguished by the name of *contrat de corvée*, or farms paid by labour, maintained the peasant in a sort of intermediate state between servitude and freedom, and proved an obstacle to the improvement of agriculture, and to the increase of the proprietor's revenue.

There is some reason to think that the *contrat de métayer* was already known to the Romans, at least it is preserved above all in those countries where the Roman legislation and language are most retained. In England, it is one of the forms of *tenure in socage*. In the present day, it is generally used in the south and west of France, in Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy. Those who are well acquainted with this latter country, and particularly with Tuscany, can bear witness, that in no part of the world is there a more intelligent, a richer, or a more various cultivation,—no

where is greater capital laid out on the soil, or returned with greater abundance,—no where is a class of peasants more numerous on a given space, for a family usually live on the half produce of from six to ten acres of land, and, at the same time, labourers more industrious or happier, experiencing fewer deprivations in the present, and less anxiety in the future. They will say also, that in no country in Europe is the rent of land more secure, easier of collection, or more considerable.

There are great as well as small proprietors in Tuscany: all alike let their land by tenure on half-produce; all divide their land in nearly equal *métairies* (in Italian *poderi*) of from six to ten English acres, the net produce of which varies from 50*l.* to 150*l.* sterling, in a country where all provisions are cheap. The small proprietors divide the harvests themselves with the peasant; the large have factors, who manage at the same time twenty or thirty *poderi*. The cottage of the labourer is built in the middle of the portion of land he and his family have to cultivate, and generally placed from whence he can at once overlook the whole. In the lower part is the stable and the wine-press; above, two or three dwelling-rooms. As the same house and fields generally pass from father to son for several generations, the labourer, called in Italy *contadino*, becomes attached to them with all the pride of property; he ornaments them, in all the pure taste of the Tuscans; he decorates with flowers his *aia*, at the same time that he peoples it with various kinds of poultry. The *contadino*, interested in all the progress of agriculture, dividing with his master the fruits of his labour, cultivates with a sort of affection the corn, vine, olive, mulberry, and chestnut, with all the numerous fruit trees intermixed in the narrow space assigned him: he seldom employs workmen,—himself, his wife, and children do all the work,—he disburses no money,—almost all the capital he lays out on it is in the form of labour: but there is no need of any overlooking to make him work; his ardour equals that of those who work by task, only it is important to him to do it as well as fast: he braves the heat of the sun and the dews of evening,—he dreams at night of the ameliorations of which his *podere* is capable: he has all the advantages and all the enjoyments of property; all, however, is not his: on the day of harvest the master or the factor comes; the thrashed corn is measured on the floor, and of every two bushels the master takes one; if it is he who furnished the seed, he takes, before the corn is divided, a heaped bushel for every one he provided. Divisions are, again, in like manner made at the harvest of Indian corn, the vintage, the flour of chestnuts, the oil and the cods of silk. Finally, the *métayer* gives the master in spring a couple of fowls, and in autumn a couple of capons for his share of the poultry court; and a fixed quantity of milk, butter, and cheese for that of the stable. Everything is paid in kind between the master and the *métayer*: this last does not buy or sell anything; he handles no money; the former remains alone charged with the taxes.

The master, likewise, has no money to disburse on his side, except for those great ameliorations which create, as it were, a new property—the construction of canals for watering meadows, or dykes for rivers. He has already furnished the land, with the plantations on it, the first set of instruments of husbandry, at least such as are costly, the stock and seed. He might afterwards be dispensed from all inspection, till the time of dividing the harvests, for personal interest keeps watch for

him; nevertheless, he is always called master (*padrone*) by the metayer, who preserves a reverential affection for him. Their interests, instead of being opposite, are the same; and the peasant looks upon himself as a client, who always knows where to find a protector.

The contract between the proprietor and the metayer cannot be explained without our feeling at the same time how easily it might be introduced into the West Indies, and almost without any modification. It would there find men perfectly ready to receive it, and without breaking one of their accustomed habits. A plantation is cultivated like a factory in Tuscany, by thirty, sixty, or perhaps a hundred labourers; each has his small cottage, frequently his garden and poultry-yard. There would only be to divide a plantation between the families who already work on it, and give each its part. In operating this benevolent revolution, it is more essential to make the negro well understand the conditions under which he is henceforward to labour, than to tell him that he is free. It would be further necessary that the master should continue to feed him for the first year, or at least till the first harvest; but in such a climate as the West Indies the harvests are, still more than in Italy, in regular succession throughout the year; the earth continues constantly to receive seed, and constantly to return it in produce. It is an immense advantage for the first establishment of the system of metayers; for it is not necessary, as in the northern climates, to trust all at once to the labourer the fruits of a single harvest, which must support him throughout the year; so that he would experience the utmost distress if he did not manage it skilfully: on the contrary, every month produces some different kind of food, every month adds something to his ideas of order and economy. In Tuscany, much of the produce is more adapted to the consumption of the cultivator than to the market. He lives on the flour of chestnut and of Indian corn, more than on that of wheat; and at the harvests of those productions, generally takes with his own the master's portion, to return its value in wine or oil. But this exchange is voluntary, is made at the current price of those articles, or on one previously agreed upon. In like manner, the negro in the West Indies may take the master's share of the manioc, (*Iatropha manioc*,) or other productions more immediately of his use, and repay him in sugar or coffee.

The master, on his side, retains around him all the men who have hitherto depended on him; he will always be respected and obeyed by them, because a close connexion of interests directs all their efforts to the same object. There will no longer be any opposition, no longer any struggle between the laziness of the one and the hardness and cupidity of the other; the seeds of the rancorous passions will no longer be sown between them. The same plantations, cultivated without interruption by the same hands, will return from the first year the same kinds of harvests; but every successive year the quantity of produce will be augmented in proportion as the labourers interested in the production make progress in assiduity and intelligence. The master will not be called upon to make daily advances of money, which is always difficult, and which, when the colonial produce sells ill, as it does now, becomes ruinous: above all, he will not be called on to pay every week, for the labour of his own slaves, the thought of which he resists with indignation, as at once depriving him of a possession and of a right. But the negro works,

and will still work, for him: in return the master lodges, and will still lodge him; clothes, feeds, and supplies him with medicines, if necessary. He will be relieved from all the little details of these cares, all advances of money, by only giving up to the negro one-half of the productions his labour creates. He will have lost only one thing— the right of being unjust and cruel. Dares he regret it? His property remains untouched, his cares are diminished, and his income increases annually.

The metayer system is not entirely unknown in the West Indies; it is so simple, so advantageous to both parties, that, perhaps, without thinking of imitating European usages, men of colour, who are great landed proprietors, in Haïti, have introduced it into the administration of their property; many of their labourers have tenure of land on half produce for coffee, and most other colonial productions. But as the cultivation of sugar demands much greater advance of capital, the Haïtians are agreed that one quarter of the produce is sufficient to pay for the labour, and that the remaining three quarters are for the master, in compensation not only for the use of the land, but of that of the fixed capital, buildings, and instruments of labour.

We have already said that the *contrat de métayer* was not the only system the Europeans of the middle ages substituted for the ancient one of slavery. While one half of Europe adopted that expedient, the other half, all that portion in which the cultivation of the land is entrusted to the Sclavonic race, had recourse to the tenure by *corvée*, or of unpaid labour. In all that part of eastern Europe where the soil is fertile, but where the climate does not permit a variety of culture, but limits the agriculturist to almost the single production of corn—the extent of plain at the same time exposing the inhabitants to the evils of war and oppression—the population does not multiply, and an almost boundless quantity of land lies waste, the possessor of which feels no repugnance to pay with a portion of it for the labour he requires. The proprietor of one or more villages, accordingly, grants to each of his peasants a house, a fixed quantity of land sufficient to keep him and his family in bread, a right of pasture on his common, and of firewood in his forests. The peasant pays no rent for these concessions, but, in return, is obliged to work with his team, the three first days of the week for his master, the three last he is free to work for himself.

The *contrat de corvée*, or of time, is in vigour throughout the ancient kingdom of Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and Bohemia, and in all those parts of Germany where the country people speak the Sclavonic language, while the proprietors speak the German. It was known, also, in every other part of Europe; it is obscurely hinted at by the historians of the decline of the empire, when they relate that the barbarians divided the land with the Romans, leaving them only half, or one-third of their domains. In England, according to what may be conjectured, the tenure in free socage of which Bracton, Glanvil, and the other jurisconsults of the thirteenth century speak, was the *contrat de metayer*;—it cannot be doubted that the tenure in villein socage, by the same authors, was the *contrat de corvée*, or of time. The contract, in comparison of the first, was considered debasing, as preserving a strong impress of slavery. In those countries of Europe in which it is still in force, the peasants are no longer slaves, but they continue serfs.

Compared with slavery, the condition of the bondsmen liable to *corvée* is an immense amelioration; they live in general in great plenty, and the free disposal of their time the days that are assigned them, excites a degree of industry and activity unknown to the slave; but on the days which they must give to their master, laziness, and a disgust of labour, predominate. The serf has no interest in doing well, and the master, hopeless that the bondsmen should like the *métayer*, exerts all his efforts to accomplish his task speedily, and retains the right of inflicting bodily chastisement to urge on his work. Inspectors must direct the labourers on the days of *corvée*, and they are frequently allowed to press them with the whip. The lord, also, is sole judge between himself and the peasant. There is no justice to be obtained by the latter against the former. Instead of the three first days of the week he often chooses those which suit him better, and leaves the days of rain and bad weather to the labourer: he exacts that the serf conveys his commodities to the market, and often to the distant ports of the Baltic, or of the Black Sea; and these long journeys equally ruin the peasant and his team.

If it be impossible to obtain at once all that it would be wise to grant, or that it would be desirable to establish by law for the advantage of the colonies, for the advantage equally of the proprietor and of the slave—the substitution of bondage for slavery the introduction of a system of *corvée* instead of slave cultivation, must still be received with gratitude. In several colonies, one day besides Sunday has been allowed to the slave to work in his small garden, and raise such sort of food as it could produce; but however rich the soil, and fine the climate of the West Indies, that is found to be utterly insufficient. The slaves exhaust themselves by work; they take time from their night's rest, they are ill fed, they are soon worn out, and the avarice of the master turns to his own loss. In some of the Spanish colonies, the slave has been permitted to purchase successively from his master, every day in the week, at a fixed price. It is making him pay very dear for the recovery of his natural rights, and by efforts probably ruinous to his health; but it is a progressive step, while there are colonies where all progress is impossible.

The great objection to the cultivation of the land by *corvée* is, that it is a system which stops all progress. Those countries, in fact, where it is in force, remain for centuries in the same state. Agriculture makes no step towards perfection; no new capital is ever laid out on the land, and the peasants on it continue rude, ignorant, and unhappy. Accordingly, if any progress is made in those countries, it is always by giving up the system of *corvée*, and substituting a fixed rent for the labour due by the serf. It is what has taken place in Russia, without, however, abolishing bondage. The peasant continues to possess his house, and a certain extent of land, which he holds of his lord; but the *corvée* to which he was formerly obliged has been converted into a capitation-tax on every male inhabitant, called *obsor*. Like tenures of land in villenage have been known also in other countries of Europe; the traces are to be found in the quit-rents of the ancient copyholds in England, and it is for that reason that a capitation or poll-tax is considered as the remains of slavery. The cultivation of the land by capitation, which places the peasant under the obligation of finding money at a given time, has no other advantage than that of being one step towards the system of farming generally adopted at the present day throughout Europe,

When even this system is compared with that of the *métayer*, brought to perfection as it now is in Italy, one may, perhaps, be led to think, that the mass of wealth and happiness which the land might produce for those who cultivate it, has not been managed to the best advantage for all, in the establishment of large farms; but this question is far from our subject. The slaves in the West Indies alone occupy our attention; it is for their sakes we say, Study the progress of Europe issuing out of barbarism— study the abolition of slavery by our ancestors—study Italy, where is still to be seen in practice, the means which, above all others, have best succeeded—means that suit the most advanced state of civilization as well as the most barbarous, and you will perceive that there needs only a determination of the will, in order to abolish, in one day, slavery and all its train of crimes and dangers; to guarantee at once, not only the present property of the planters, but to ensure its increasing produce, and the consequent augmentation of their revenue; to place the negroes in a progressive state of improvement; and on the way, to carry their industry to perfection, without interrupting for a single day their labour. To unite, in short, the white and black race by the ties of affection, confidence, and protection; thus substituting the benevolent feelings for the malignant ones of contempt, hatred, and a thirst of vengeance.

POSTSCRIPT.

It is some time since I have written the preceding pages, and I have now read the speech of Mr. Stanley, and the project which he has submitted to Parliament. His sentiments—the sacrifices he proposes to the English nation—surpass my most sanguine hopes. But are sentiments and sacrifices sufficient to accomplish the object which the Ministry must have in view? I am obliged to doubt it. All the objections which I have advanced against the system of culture by workmen without interest in the soil that they cultivate, and driven to struggle with masters already irritated against them, I find in the plan of Mr. Stanley. Two classes of men, who nourish, the one against the other, a spirit of jealousy, of defiance, of resentment approaching even to hate, are to come into contact every day upon those physical details of existence, which often suffice to embroil members of most united families among the poor. The master is to find nourishment, clothing, medicine, for his *ci-devant* slave. But who shall be the judge to decide, three times a day, if the portion be sufficient at each repast— if the aliment for the slave be not provided, by the spirit of aversion or revenge, from among the most unwholesmoe or unpalatable viands? While the negroes were slaves, remember, the master had an actual interest in their lives and health; that interest ceases now, and himself or his subalterns may now vent their rancour and their spite— whether to prove to the slaves that they were better off in their slavery, or to counteract the new system of which they disapprove. Whoever has either laboured himself, or seen others labour, knows that the same quantum of work may be done in five hours or in six, according to the intensity of the efforts of the labourer: such efforts can not last above a few hours. The peasant may see the artizan of a town take up the spade, or the bill-hook, and work more laboriously than himself, but he will soon exhaust his strength—he will not reach the end of

the day; the former only asks of his labourers an industry equal, moderate, and sustained. The proprietor of the slaves has the same interest as the former; but in the new condition of apprenticed negroes, the master will have an interest in exhausting the strength of the negro—he has an interest to extort as much as he can during the labour of six or seven hours; he will use every means which the law (of necessity) will afford him to attain the maximum of work. Who shall judge which party shall succeed in the struggle of every instant? Where shall be the common gauge and measure of the work which a man can perform in three-parts of a day?

In recognizing in the negro the intelligence and activity which belong to man, we must confess that either climate, or physical organization, or the disheartening effect of slavery, inspires him with a repugnance to work. The love of indolence appears to be his constant passion—the indifference to the future, his most habitual character. Throughout the whole race of negroes—nay, of all mankind—you must give a stimulus to the drudgery of daily work, and that stimulus is *want*. But the project submitted to Parliament takes from the negro that very stimulus. Want is not to impel him to work; his master is to provide for him! Lodging, clothing, and food, all are to be the exchange for three-parts of his time. What motive will induce him to work during the fourth part that you leave him? It would require an energy that you do not find even among white men, to enable the black to pass at once from compulsory to free work, for which he has no necessity. The fourth part of his time the negro, then, will spend in complete sloth.

If there be an acknowledged fact, it is that, in the slave-system actually existing in the Colonies, the industry of the planter is industry wasted. The expenses of maintaining his slaves, of paying their inspectors, together with the interest of his capital in their original purchase, consume all his profits: nearly all the planters are in debt, many in a state of insolvency—whether because the slave system is the most expensive of all—in proportion to the number of labourers maintained, and with that of labour performed,—or whether because the peculiar situation of the planters induces them to an excess of production which surcharges the market and lowers prices. *But the project of Mr. Stanley must inevitably increase the costs of cultivation without augmenting the productive powers of the cultivators. At all events, the planters are to lose at least a quarter of the amount of physical labour,—that is, of actual produce. It is more than a prosperous trade can bear;—for them it will be complete ruin,—and ruin, of course, to the whole negro population they support.*

In fine, quarrels, daily and violent, upon the quality and quantum of the food supplied,—quarrels, not less violent, upon the proportion of work demanded,—the suppression of the necessary stimulus of labour to the negro,—the destruction of a fourth part of the whole amount of labour to the planter—such must be the result of the adoption of Mr. Stanley's plan!

I should never have opposed my own speculations to those of a man who, even in this discussion, has given proof of talents so high, and sentiments so noble. But, without demanding your confidence in my theories, I can call to their aid an experience which I alone, perhaps, have devoted myself to acquire. My life has been consecrated to two

studies—1st. that of the progress of human society in the middle ages—as it passed out of its elementary barbarism of serfs and slavery; and 2d. the condition of the agriculturists in Tuscany and Switzerland,—the two countries in which the labouring population enjoy the most of comfort and happiness.

It is to the result of these studies that I call attention to this grand principle of society,—"that for the happiness of all, for the success of all labour—the interests of workman or of master must concur in a common end, instead of being put in direct opposition to each other." In showing how the interest of the proprietor and that of the workman concur toward the end of production, I have not attempted to pass to details of execution in their application to the colonial system. I believe firmly, that the master has no right to compensation, because the new system will be more advantageous to him than the old; and that half the crop, freed from all cost of cultivation, would produce him a larger income than the whole when obliged to bear the entire expense. But the generosity of the nation, which provides a compensation for the planter, will assuredly furnish powerful means for accomplishing the revolution without violence, by the co-operation of the two races, by the concurrence of their mutual interest, and not by the triumph of one over the other. However ardently I desire to see extinguished, at the earliest period, an unjust and cruel system, I yet deeply feel the importance of enlightening the two classes of slave and master by example and experience. My earnest wish, then, is for successive redemptions, which should exhibit to the eyes of every one, in all the islands, and in every district of each island, families of negroes located on prosperous farms, and rendering to their masters a constantly increasing income, before promulgating an emancipation of the others. If these redemptions were continued for several years—if example and experience afforded those lessons which no language can impart—individual interest would soon effect the enfranchisement of the remainder.

Whatever be the amount which England may appropriate to the emancipation of the negroes, I would confine the entire sum to premiums for the planter who should have formed *métairies* (farms rendering to their owner one clear moiety of the annual produce). I wish the premium to be considered purely as a gratuity, but not claimable unless the experiment should have succeeded. I would announce that the State would pay 100*l.* sterling for each enfranchised negro converted into a farmer; but only after the expiration of one year, at least, when this new cultivator shall have given proof, by his industry, his economy, and the increased amount of produce, that he is in a prosperous condition. I would give a wide circulation to this pledge, so that the premium of encouragement should operate simultaneously upon the two races; for my object is, that the planters, induced by the hope of selling their slaves to the public at a much higher price than they could expect in the market, should cordially desire the success of the experiment, and should select for cultivators the most robust, active, and intelligent of their negroes. I wish that the negroes, excited by the same spirit of emulation, and feeling that by these qualifications they are rendering themselves the foremost worthy to be free, should eagerly court this promotion; should offer themselves to their masters for the first selection, and solicit his preference by promises of zeal and industry;

that such as are not redeemed in the first or second year should continue to distinguish themselves as slaves, that they may be chosen in the third: lastly, that the premium granted to success should restore hope to all, and unite all hearts and all efforts for the accomplishment of one common purpose.

The planter who should have made a good selection from his negroes, and have converted them into industrious farmers, who, being at no further cost for the maintenance of his slaves, should draw for the net moiety of his crops a revenue from his plantation far superior to his present one, and who moreover should receive, at the expiration of the term prescribed for the experiment, 100*l*. for every enfranchised individual of the family capable of providing for his own support, would find himself considerably benefited; his income would at least be doubled, the enfranchised negro would become happy, and would transmit his happiness from generation to generation. But the colony would be a greater gainer than either; it would have tried a delicate experiment by men the best adapted to execute it well; it would have made it the interest both of planters and negroes to cultivate efficiently, and to reap the fruits of freedom; it would have restored to harmony, and induced to concur to one common purpose two races mutually jealous and hostile; it would have been the means of pointing out, by the most intelligent of the two races, what are the modifications which climate and the species of culture may require in the contract of the farmer, always keeping in view the unchangeable principle,—that one half the produce of the earth shall belong to the master, and the other half to the cultivator; lastly, it would have given to two races of men, perhaps equally obstinate and reluctant to receive lessons derived from strangers, the only instruction capable of carrying conviction,—namely, that of their own eyes.

As long as England should continue her generous appropriations, they should be employed to the same end; but the slaves redeemed for the purpose of being converted into farmers should, every year, be paid for at a lower rate. The best and most valuable have been redeemed the first; their masters have, consequently, gained an extraordinary advantage in proportion to the eagerness of their slaves, and to the dangers and difficulties of a first experiment. They have received the price of their apprenticeship and that of the country. When it has been made manifest to the planters, by the experience of their neighbours, that a change of system is profitable to them, there will no longer be any motive for paying them to consult their own interest. After four, or at most five, years, I should see no further reason for granting the premium, and a final emancipation might then be pronounced without danger.

THE POLITICIAN, NO. XVII.

THE BANK CHARTER.

[HAVING considered that the best thing we can do with regard to the Bank Charter, and certain other questions connected with the currency, will be to leave them as *open* questions to our contributors, we insert the following paper out of respect to the knowledge of the author, but without committing ourselves to the opinions which it advances.]

THE more Lord Althorp's measure for the renewal of the Bank Charter is examined, the more deficient it is found. No general principles seem to have been followed in forming the plan; no comprehensive view has been taken of the whole subject, but most of the provisions have been framed in order to meet extreme cases. Nothing is settled or put in train for future settlement. Difficulties are not met and overcome, but evaded and left; whilst, instead of accomplishing great and beneficial objects by simple means, a complex machinery is established to work nothing, or work mischief. To provide for the effects of a panic, when a panic *has come*, seems to have been the first and last notion of the concoctors of the measure.

The Bank question obviously resolves itself into three leading points: (1.) The monopoly of the currency; (2.) the management of the public money, the payment of the national debt, and, to a certain extent, the keeping of the public accounts; (3.) "Free trade" in banks of deposit. Each of these points is of great, though of unequal importance. The first may not only affect the fortunes of those who possess property of any kind, but might change the value of every man's income. The second—exclusive of its indirect effects upon our system—involves the question of a consideration varying from 250,000*l*. to 500,000*l*. The general use, or rather the absolute necessity for banks of deposit, in the extensive money transactions of a city like London, and the immense amount of the aggregate of deposits lodged in their coffers, renders the third an object of great importance, even putting the ulterior uses of extensive deposit banks in the final settlement of the two former objects altogether out of view. Let us see how the various points have been considered and provided for in the measure concocted by the Finance Minister and approved of by Government.

Very many persons, and some of high authority, have advocated what may be termed a regulated free trade in money, and the non-renewal of the Bank Charter. Into the general policy of this measure we shall not enter, because we are fully convinced that the time has not yet arrived for making the experiment. There exists at present no *machinery* for working the plan, nor is the commercial world of London at all prepared for its adoption. If the privilege of the Bank, as a bank of issue, were taken away, and the entire currency of the kingdom derived from joint-stock or chartered companies, it seems impossible that benefit could follow, though extensive mischief might. Did the desiderated competition immediately take place between different banks acting (we will assume) in perfect honesty, but in perfect ignorance of each other's operations, "*an action on the currency*" would ensue, extensive speculations and a feverish prosperity would follow; but when the revulsion came, it would be far more ruinous than even the last panic, for the banks which had caused the mischief could not, like the Bank of Eng-

land in 1825, step in at the eleventh hour to check the evils of its own creation, but would be swept away in one common ruin. If, as is very likely, the strangeness of their position induced an excess of caution in the new banks, the currency would be contracted, and much mischief, though not absolute ruin, would ensue. If, as is most probable, the general aversion to novelty where money is in question, the caution of all solvent men, and the jealousy of the established banks of deposit drove in the new notes as fast as they were issued, the monopoly would still be virtually possessed by the Bank of England, without its present knowledge or responsibility. To renew the Charter, as regards the monopoly of issue, seems, therefore, to have been a sound policy. To renew it, so as to provide means for its future regulation or abolition, seems not to have been dreamt of, much less attempted.

The same difficulty that exists with regard to free trade in currency exists with regard to the management of the public money. There is no established machinery which can come into competition with the Bank. If that Company declined the business, no existing establishment—either banking or mercantile—has the means to manage, or the credit to be trusted with, pecuniary transactions of such immense magnitude. Government must form a new department for the express purpose of paying the dividends and keeping the public money; and, saying nothing of the additional expense of this latter purpose, and the total *waste* of the interest on the balances, it is tolerably certain that the business would be very badly done, and cost much more money than at present. The immediate question upon this point, therefore, was to make the best pecuniary bargain that could be made. This, it is generally admitted, has not been done, and the causes of this failure are not incurious in a Finance Minister. Lord Althorp seems altogether to have disregarded the credit which the Bank derives from its connexion with Government, and the profit which it makes on the public deposits lodged in its hands. An oversight, equally important, was committed—as Mr. Baring observed—in overlooking the difference between the rate of interest now and at the former renewal of the Charter, by which means, whilst the money lent to Government was then lent at 2 per cent. below the market value, more than the full rate of interest is now paid for it.

* Statement of the public loss or gain on the last and proposed renewal of the Bank Charter:—

FORMER RENEWAL.

	£.
Annual gain to the public of 2 per cent. on the loan of 14,600,000*l*., lent at 3 per cent. when the rate of interest was 5 per cent.	292,000
Deduct, paid for the management of the national debt	248,000
Gain to the public at the former renewal of the Charter	44,000

PROPOSED RENEWAL.

	£.
Loss of ½ per cent. on 11,000,000*l*, the present rate of interest being, *according to Mr. Baring*, only 2½ per cent., and Government paying 3 per cent.	55,000
To be paid for the management of the National Debt	128,000
Loss to the public by the proposed renewal of the Charter	183,000

If we admit Mr. Baring to have understated the rate of interest, and allow something for larger gains by the debt, &c., than at present, enough still remains to show that Lord Althorp has given the Bank Directors an advantageous bargain, for he has given them a more advantageous charter.

The mere pecuniary loss is, however, a secondary matter, compared with the total disregard of any means by which the Bank might eventually be subjected to a competition for one of its most important and profitable employments. It would appear that this desirable end could have been accomplished by a measure of the simplest and the safest kind, and which would also have prepared the machinery and paved the way for the establishment (if it should ever be deemed proper) of a free trade in money: the continuance of the Bank monopoly, as a *bank of issue*—its abolition as a *bank of deposit.*

Had this plan been adopted, much good would have been produced, and no evil could possibly have followed. Without wishing to depreciate a respectable body of men, we must yet say, that the Deposit Banks of London are not placed upon a sound and safe footing, and that the public are prevented by law from being sufficiently secured against the contingency of loss. By permitting the establishment, in London, of joint-stock, or chartered banks of deposit, where the shareholders were only liable to the amount of their shares, and allowing a private bank to consist of any number of partners, responsible to their creditors with their whole fortunes, a new channel would have been opened for the employment of capital, whilst every person who pleased could have combined the security of the Bank of England with that pecuniary accommodation, and that attention to the convenience of individuals, which is now only found at private establishments. But this is not all: the higher class of banking companies, by their character, experience, and connexion, would form a machinery by which, at the expiration of the charter, a regulated freedom in the issue of notes might (if it were deemed advisable) be carried into execution. The same qualities, combined with the extent of their capital, would render them competitors with the Bank of England for the management of the public money, and even for the present monopoly of issue. The public interests would no longer be dependent on the questionable skill and firmness of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The bargain would not be made by the huckstering of a Finance Minister, but by the open competition of rival establishments, where not only the profits on the public deposits and on the monopoly of issue would be balanced against the expense of the management, but the advantages derived from the credit of the connexion would also be taken into consideration. By Lord Althorp's plan, the first step towards procuring these advantages is postponed for eleven years. By that time the state of the money market may render the Bank much less manageable than at present; the scheme of making its notes a legal tender will assuredly augment its power.

This latter plan, we are aware, has been recommended by respectable authority; but its evils, at all events as long as one pound notes are forbidden, seem far to outweigh its benefits. The greatest inconvenience that the present law can ever cause, is to compel private bankers, and the Bank of England, to keep a *reserve* of gold beyond what is required for the average demand. This is doubtless unpleasant to the parties, who would prefer employing this reserve; but it adds to the stability of the banks, and consequently to the security of the public. The Bank of England, in seasons of general alarm, may, indeed, be put to some unnecessary trouble and expense, in order to furnish gold to different banks apprehensive of a run, which run may not, after all, take place, or not

to the extent supposed. This, however, is the extent of the evil, and even the risk of this, since the suppression of small notes, has, we suspect, been greatly exaggerated. In peculiar or partial panics, (the only cases which the plan can meet,) bank notes, to those bankers who have means or credit to procure them, are now as useful as gold. An individual, distrusting the solvency of a firm, or suspecting the credit of his district, will be happy enough to receive bank notes without demanding sovereigns. If he is the holder of more than one local note, the probability is, that he would prefer bank paper. It should also be remembered, that if the Government plan effect (what ought to be) its object of rendering the country circulation solid and secure, the frequency of these runs will be very much reduced, or their recurrence altogether prevented.

In case of political runs, or commercial panics, affecting the Bank itself, the measure seems decidedly mischievous. Its tendency, or rather its sure result, is to lessen the reserve of gold in the country and to add to the number of notes; thus increasing the demand, whilst the means of meeting it are diminished. This demand, too, will be concentrated upon one point, instead of being, as heretofore, directed to many. Private establishments will no longer act as breakwaters to the Bank of England; the current of panic-struck demand will all set in one direction upon what may not turn out to be *one rock*. It should be remembered, too, that the late inquiries into the affairs of the Bank, and the knowledge that that mighty establishment has sometimes been upon the brink of stoppage, will not render small holders more indifferent, or induce them to keep back their notes.

It may be questioned, however, whether making bank-notes a legal tender may not, by increasing the currency, and hence, by artificially raising prices and speculations, have a tendency to induce the very panic against whose partial effects it is intended to guard. We do not here allude to the direct increase of the Bank circulation which this measure will effect; we speak of its secondary results. A banker will be chary of increasing his issue, when he may be obliged to pay in gold, because he knows that the quantity of gold is limited, and is more especially difficult to procure when wanted. "That confidence, however, which every man feels in his own good fortune," will not render him so cautious when notes will serve his turn; and even the Bank itself may feel inclined to grant occasional assistance by paper when prudence or necessity would resist a virtual demand for gold. Against such an increase of circulation stimulated by assistance, or the expectation of assistance, no publicity of the Bank accounts can guard, (even if the ratio of security on one-third deposit of gold were the same—which it is not—with a circulation of twenty-five or fifty millions,) neither will the over-issue itself, perhaps, be suspected—certainly not detected—till the work of derangement and mischief has begun. Then, indeed,—when the millennium of the currency doctors has arrived—when prices have been unduly raised—when the ingenuity of projectors, and the confidence of dupes, is pretty well exhausted—when a *drain* is gradually, but constantly, going on upon the bank coffers—when bubbles are bursting—when speculators and speculative bankers are "showing symptoms of distress as to time" —and solvent persons of small capital, whom the facility of raising money has tempted to engage in somewhat extensive transactions, are anxiously thinking about their liabilities—then, indeed, the Bank—

snuffing that danger which is *not afar* off—will be chary enough of granting assistance, and, with wonted and very natural policy, will endeavour to save itself at the expense of others. A sense of its peril, aggravated as that peril must then be by the increased extent of its circulation, will induce it to refuse accommodation, or to grant it niggardly; to decline, perhaps to draw in, advances upon stock, and to contract its circulation by all other means. These measures, as they have heretofore done, (but under *widely different circumstances,*) may save the Bank, or they may not. To others they will be ruinous; and, after a brief but flattering prosperity, like that of 1824-5, we shall have a revulsion shorter and sharper than that of 1825-6. We do not, of course, say that such are the inevitable results of this measure; but we do say, that a measure whose remote tendencies are to produce a more extensive ruin than a violent revolution or a civil war, ought not to be brought forward by the finance minister of a commercial nation.

Into the other and somewhat clumsy schemes for improving the country currency it is unnecessary to enter, for we consider a simpler, but a far more effectual, plan might have been chosen. There was no occasion to have made any change. Had the country banks been left alone, but the privilege of a charter offered to all joint-stock companies which lodged in the hands of commissioners a deposit of stock equal to the amount of their issues, the country circulation would soon have righted itself; the present amount of capital seeking investment would have rendered the establishment of such companies, in any number, and upon any scale, a matter of ease. Putting aside the tendency of the better banks to draw to themselves the greater part of the better business, the large amount of their capital, and the greater security of their paper, would pretty well supersede other notes, and force greater caution and circumspection upon the issuers of such paper as might still remain in circulation. Thus, without riskful changes, without ministerial or Treasury intermeddling, the country circulation would in a few years *have placed itself* upon a footing as sound, or nearly as sound, as that of the Bank of England. Nor is this all. The chartered banks of issue in the country, conjoined with the banks of deposit in London, would together form a *machinery* by which a regulated, or perhaps an unrestricted, freedom in money might be safely established, if, after due consideration, and an inquiry into the facts which this plan alone would call into being, it should be deemed advisable.

When we are so completely at issue upon the main features of the plan, it is unnecessary to consider its secondary effects: its probable injury to individuals and classes, and what, compared with its more important consequences, we must term the mere convenience of the public at large, are matters of lesser import. We may observe, however, that the proposal to exempt "all bills that had not three months to run, from the usury laws," is, in effect, (by the machinery of renewal,) abolishing those laws altogether, excepting in cases of what is called real security. Even with respect to bonds or mortgages, if the lenders choose to risk part of their money on personal security, the usury laws may be evaded; if they should not feel inclined to do so, no money, in times of scarcity, will be advanced on houses or land. In the reason for this "partial change" we can, however, trace the principle (if it may be called such) which guided the concoctors of the

measure. These good men were evidently terrified by the panic of 1825, and by the run of the interregnum; and they have not yet recovered from their alarm. Instead of endeavouring to prevent the recurrence of commercial panics, (political ones are beyond the reach of economical science,) by establishing a sounder currency, they have endeavoured to check their cure. The patient requires a course of alterative medicine; the physician prescribes for the crisis of a raging fever.

Such is the Government plan. In a mere pecuniary point of view the bargain is a bad one for the public, and, speaking superficially, a very good one for the Bank. The currency is not placed upon a sounder footing than before; it is questionable whether it be not rendered more insecure. *All* the monopolies and privileges of the Bank are not only continued, but extended and *confirmed*. Changes are made without any sufficient object, and under what we must conceive to be a fearful risk; whilst not only are no steps prepared for a permanent settlement of the subject, but the future arrangement of this most momentous and gigantic question is rendered more difficult than ever.

ON THE THUGS*.

RECEIVED FROM AN OFFICER IN THE SERVICE OF HIS HIGHNESS THE NIZAM.

The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce of the murders they are in the habit of committing. They appear to have derived their denomination from the practice usually adopted by them of decoying the persons they fix upon to destroy, to join their party; and then, taking advantage of the confidence they endeavour to inspire, to strangle their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name of Phanseegurs; and in the north-eastern part of the Nizam's dominions, are usually called "Kockbunds." There are several peculiarities in the habits of the Thugs, in their mode of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, that distinguish them from every other class of delinquents; and it may be considered a general rule whereby to judge of them, that they affect to disclaim the practice of petty theft, housebreaking, and indeed every species of stealing that has not been preceded by the perpetration of murder.

The Thugs adopt no other method of killing but strangulation; and the implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any other convenient strip of cloth. The manner in which the deed is done will be described hereafter. They never attempt to rob a traveller until they have, in the first instance, deprived him of life: after the commission of a murder, they invariably bury the body immediately, if time and opportunity serve, or otherwise conceal it; and never leave a corpse uninterred in the highway, unless they happen to be disturbed†.

* Pronounced Túg, but with a slight aspirate.

† The Thugs were known in the time of the Emperor Akbar of Delhi, by whom many were executed. They were first known to the British Government in 1812,

To trace the origin of this practice would now be a matter of some difficulty, for if the assertions of the Thugs themselves are entitled to any credit, it has been in vogue from time immemorial; and they pretend that its institution is coeval with the creation of the world. Like most other inhuman practices, the traditions regarding it are mixed up with tales of Hindoo superstition; and the Thugs would wish to make it appear that, in immolating the numberless victims that yearly fall by their hands, they are only obeying the injunctions of the deity of their worship, to whom they say they are offering an acceptable sacrifice. The object of their worship is the Goddess Kalee, or Bhowanee, and there is a temple at Binda Chul, near Mirzapoor, to which the Thugs usually send considerable offerings, and the establishment of priests at their shrine are entirely of their community. Bhowanee, it seems, once formed the determination of extirpating the human race, and sacrificed all but her own disciples. But she discovered, to her astonishment, that, through the intervention of the Creating Power, whenever human blood was shed, a fresh subject immediately started into existence to supply the vacancy. She therefore formed an image, into which she instilled the principles of life, and calling together her disciples, instructed them in the art of depriving that being of life by strangling it with a handkerchief. This method was found upon trial to be effectual, and the goddess directed her worshippers to adopt it, and to murder, without distinction, all who should fall into their hands, promising herself to dispose of the bodies of their victims, whose property she bestowed on her followers; and to be present at, and to preside over and to protect them on those occasions, so that none should be able to prevail against them.

Thus, say the Thugs, was our own order established, and we originally took no care of the bodies of those who fell by our hands, but abandoned them wherever they were strangled, until one man, more curious than the rest, ventured to watch the body he had murdered, in the expectation of seeing the manner in which it was disposed of. The goddess of his worship descended, as usual, to carry away the corpse, but, observing that this man was on the watch, she relinquished her purpose; and calling him, angrily rebuked him for his temerity; telling him she could no longer perform her promise regarding the bodies of the murdered, which his associates must hereafter dispose of in the best way they could. Hence, say they, arose the practice invariably followed by the Thugs of burying the dead; and to this circumstance principally is to be attributed the extraordinary manner in which their atrocities have

and then many were hung in Bundelkund. Again, in 1817, they attracted notice by their horrible acts, and twelve villages in Bundelkund, which were peopled almost entirely by them, were taken by a force sent against them. They were then dispersed, but assembled in various parts in Sindhia's and the Nagpoor country, also in Holkar's dominions. From 1817 till 1831 they were not molested; and, in consequence, increased greatly in the latter year. Measures were taken to suppress them, which have been attended with great success in this year. One hundred and eleven have been executed at Jubbulpoor, and upwards of 400 transported for life to the eastern settlement of Pinang, and upwards of 600 are now in jail at Saugor to take their trial at the next sessions at Jubbulpoor. Their apprehension, and their consequent disclosures, gave the means of those in this part of the country being pointed out. Mr. Reynolds, the officer who has the work here, has apprehended more than 100 in less than six months, and is catching others almost daily.

remained unknown, for with such circumspection and secresy do they proceed to work, and such order and regularity is there in all their operations, that it is next to impossible a murder should ever be discovered.

Absurd as the foregoing relation may appear, it has had this effect on the mind of the Thugs, that they do not seem to be visited with any of those feelings of remorse or compunction at the inhuman deeds in which they have participated that are commonly supposed to be, at some period of their lives, the portion of all who have trafficked in human blood. On the contrary, they dwell with satisfaction on the recollection of their various and successful exploits; and refer with no small degree of pride and exultation to the instances in which they have been personally engaged, especially if the number of their victims has been great, or the plunder they have acquired has been extensive.

Notwithstanding the adherence to Hindoo rites of worship observable among the Thugs, a very considerable number of them are Mussulmans. No judgment of the birth or caste of a Thug can, however, be formed from his name; for it not unfrequently happens that a Hindoo Thug has a Mussulman name with a Hindoo *alias* attached to it, and *vice versâ* with respect to the Thugs who are by birth Mahommedans. In almost every instance the Thugs have more than one appellation by which they are known. Of the number of Mussulman Thugs, some are to be found of every sect, Sheiks, Sezed, Mogul, and Pathan; and among the Hindoo, the castes chiefly to be met with are Brahmins, Rajhpoots, Lodhees, Ocheers, and Kolees. In a gang of Thugs some of every one of these castes may be found all connected together by the peculiar plan of murder practised by them, all subject to the same regulations, and all, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, joining in the worship of Bhowanee.

They usually move in large parties, often amounting to 100 or 200 persons, and resort to all sort of subterfuges for the purpose of concealing their real profession. If they are travelling southward, they represent themselves to be either proceeding in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they belong to in this part of the country. When, on the contrary, their route lies towards the north, they represent themselves to be Sepoys from corps of the Bombay or Nizam's army, who are going on leave to Hindustan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them to entice, by the promise of monthly pay or the hopes of amassing money that are held out, many persons, who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of these objects, until made aware of the reality by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers; and the Thugs declare that novices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight, as to have effected their immediate escape. Others, more callous to the commission of crime, are not deterred from the pursuit of wealth by the frightful means adopted to obtain it, and remaining with the gang, too soon begin personally to assist in the perpetration of murder.

Many of the most notorious Thugs are the adopted children of others of the same class. They make it a rule, when a murder is committed, never to spare the life of any one, either male or female, who is old enough to remember and relate the particulars of the deed. But in the event of their meeting with children of such a tender age as to make it impossible they should be enabled to relate the fact, they generally spare

their lives, and, adopting them, bring them up to the trade of Thugs. These men of course eventually become acquainted with the fact of the murder of their fathers and mothers, by the very persons with whom they have dwelt since their childhood, but are still not deterred from following the same dreadful trade. It might be supposed, that a class of persons whose hearts must be effectually hardened against all the better feelings of humanity, would encounter few scruples of conscience in the commission of the horrid deeds whereby they subsist; but, in point of fact, they are as much the slaves of superstition, and as much directed by the observance of omens in the commission of murder, as the most inoffensive of the natives of India are in the ordinary affairs of their lives.

The chief symbol of worship among the Thugs is a khadule, or pick-axe of iron. It is known among them by the name of *hishun*, *kussee*, and *mahee*. With every gang there is carried a *hishun*, which is, in fact, their standard, and the bearer of it is entitled to particular privileges. Previous to commencing an expedition, the jemadars of the party celebrate a poojah to the hishun, which is typical of the deity of their worship. The ceremonies differ little from the usual rites of Hindoos on similar occasions. A Hindoo Thug of good caste is employed in making a quantity of the cakes called poories, which, being consecrated, are distributed among the assembly. The hishun is bathed and perfumed in the smoke of burning benjamin, and is afterwards made over to the *hishun wulluh*, who receives it in a piece of cloth kept for that purpose. It is then taken out into the open fields, in the expectation of an omen being observed. The hishun is deposited in a convenient spot in the direction the party intends to proceed, and certain persons are deputed to keep watch over it. There are particular birds and beasts that are looked upon by the Thugs as the revealers of omens, to whose calls and movements their attention is, on this occasion, particularly directed. Among the number are the owl, the jay, the jackall, the ass, &c. &c. If one of these calls out, or moves to the right hand side, the omen is looked upon as favourable; but if to the left, it is considered unfavourable, and the project is abandoned. It is not unusual for the Thugs to look for a favourable omen previous to the commission of a murder, and they are frequently deterred from carrying their intentions immediately into effect by the observance of an unfavourable sign, such as a snake crossing their path when in pursuit of a victim, or the circumstance of any of the animals before mentioned calling out on their left hand sides. This, no doubt, accounts for the Thugs so often keeping company with travellers for many days previous to murdering them, although they had determined upon their sacrifice from the moment of their first joining the party. The omen is denominated *sugoor* by the Thugs, a corruption, no doubt, of the Persian *shugoôr*.

In the event of an expedition proving more than ordinarily successful, a poojah is usually made to Bhowanee, and a portion of the spoil taken by the gang is set aside for the purpose of being sent to the pagoda before alluded to, as an offering to the goddess. Propitiatory offerings are also made, and various ceremonies performed, before the *khodulee*, or *hishun*, should the Thugs have failed in obtaining any plunder for a length of time.

In every gang of Thugs there are to be found one or more jemadars,

who appear to hold that rank not by the choice of their followers, but in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages, and having assembled their immediate followers in the vicinity of their homes. The profits of a jemadar are of course greater than those of his followers; he receives six and a half or seven per cent. on all silver coin, and other property not hereafter specified, and then shares in the remainder in common with the other Thugs of the party. When gold is obtained in coin or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the jemadar previous to dividing it; and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold embroidered cloths, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. The jemadar acts as master of the ceremonies when the poojah is performed, and he assigns to every Thug the particular duty he is to undertake in the commission of every murder that is determined on. These duties are performed in succession by all the Thugs of the party, and to the regularity and system that exists among them is to be attributed the unparalleled success that has attended their proceedings. Next to the jemadar, the most important person is the *bhuttoat*, or strangler, who carries the handkerchief with which the Thugs usually murder their victims. This implement is merely a piece of fine, strong cotton cloth, about a yard long; at one end a knot is tied, and the cloth is slightly twisted, and kept ready for use in front of the waistcoat of the person carrying it. There is no doubt but that all Thugs are expert in the use of the handkerchief, which is called boomal, or paloo; but if they are to be believed, only particular persons are called upon, or permitted to perform this office. When a large gang is collected, the most able-bodied and alert of their number are fixed upon as bhuttoats, and they are made the bearers of the handkerchief only after the performance of various and often expensive ceremonies, and only on the observance of a favourable omen. The old and experienced Thugs are usually denominated gooroo bhow, and the junior Thugs make a merit of attending upon them, filling their hookahs, shampooing their bodies, and performing the most menial offices. They gradually become initiated into all the mysteries of the art, and if they prove to be powerful men, these disciples of the *gooroo* are made bhuttoats. The Thugs say, that if one of their class was alone, and had never strangled a person, he would not presume to make use of the handkerchief until he observed a favourable omen. The ceremonies observed in making a bhuttoat are the same as those described in carrying out the hishun, in room of which the handkerchief is on this occasion substituted, and an offering of pence (copper coin), cocoa-nut, turmeric, red ochre, &c., &c., is made. When a murder is to be committed, the bhuttoat usually follows the particular person whom he has been nominated by the jemadar to strangle; and, on the preconcerted signal being given, the handkerchief is seized with the knot in the *left hand*, the right hand being about nine inches farther up, in which manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled from behind; the two hands are crossed as the victim falls, and such is the certainty with which the deed is done, as the Thugs frequently declare, that before the body falls to the ground the eyes start out of the head, and life becomes extinct. Should the person to be strangled prove a powerful man, or the bhuttoat inexpert, another Thug lays hold of the end of the handkerchief, and the work is completed. The perfection of the act is said to be, when several persons are simultaneously murdered without any of

them having time to utter a cry, or to be aware of the fate of their comrades.

Favourable opportunities are given for bhuttoats to make their first essay in the art of strangling. When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make a trial of his skill; the party sets off during the night, and stops while it is still dark to drink water or to smoke. While seated for the purpose, the jemadar inquires what time of the night it may be, and the Thugs look up at the stars to ascertain. This being the preconcerted signal, the bhuttoat is immediately on the alert, and the unsuspecting traveller, on looking up at the heavens, in common with the rest of the party, offers his neck to the ready handkerchief, and becomes an easy prey to his murderer. The bhuttoat receives eight annas (half a rupee) extra for every murder that is committed, and if the plunder is great, some article of value is assigned to him over and above his share. The persons intended to be murdered are called by different names, according to their sect, profession, wealth, &c. &c.; a victim having much property is entitled "*niamud*," and they are also often called bunj. To aid the bhuttoat in the preparation of a murder, another Thug is especially appointed under the denomination of samseecah. His business is to seize the person to be strangled by the wrists if he be on foot, and by one of his legs if he be on horseback, and so to pull him down. A samseecah is told off to each traveller, and he places himself in a convenient situation near him to be ready when required. In the event of the traveller being mounted on horseback, another Thug assists under the denomination of "bhugdurra;" his business is to lay hold of the horse's bridle, and to check it as soon as the signal for murder is given.

One of the most necessary persons to a gang of Thugs is he who goes by the name of tilläee. The Thugs do not always depend upon chance for obtaining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting travellers, but frequently take up their quarters in or near a large town, or some great thoroughfare, from whence they make expeditions, according to the information obtained by the tilläees. These men are chosen from among the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information. For this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance and manners they must have the art of assuming. They frequent the bazaars of the town near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended dispatch or expected arrival of goods or treasure, of which information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them. Inquiry is also made for any party of travellers who may have arrived, and who put up in the suraee, or elsewhere. Every art is brought into practice to scrape an acquaintance with these people. They are given to understand that the tilläee is travelling the same road. An opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding the unsafeness of the roads, and the frequency of murders and robberies; an acquaintance with some of the friends or relatives of the travellers is feigned, and an invitation from them to partake of the repast that has been prepared where the tilläee has put up,—the conveniences of which and the superiority of the water are abundantly praised. The result is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the gang of Thugs, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are at the time plotting their murder, and cal-

culating the share they shall acquire in the division of their property. What the feelings must be of men who are actuated by motives so entirely opposed to their apparent kindness of behaviour, it is difficult to imagine; and I know not whether most to admire the address with which they conceal their murderous intentions, or to detest the infernal apathy with which they can eat out of the same dish, and drink of the very cup, that is partaken of by their future victims!

It is on the perfection which they have attained in the art of acting as tillāees that the Thugs pride themselves, and they frequently boast that it is only once necessary to have an opportunity of conversing with a traveller, to be able to mark him as an easy victim, whenever they choose to murder him. Instances sometimes occur where a party of Thugs find their victims too numerous for them while they remain in a body, and they are seldom at a loss for expedients to create dissensions, and a consequent division among them. If all their arts of intrigue and cajolery fail in producing the desired effect, an occasion is taken advantage of to ply the travellers with intoxicating liquors; a quarrel is got up, and from words they proceed to blows, which end in the dissension of the company, who, proceeding by different roads, fall an easier prey to their remorseless destroyers. Having enticed the travellers into the snare they have laid for them, the next object is to choose a convenient spot for their murder. This, in their technical language, is called a *bhil*, and is usually fixed upon some distance from a village on the banks of a small stream, where the trees and underwood afford a shelter from the view of occasional passengers. The Thug who is sent on this duty is called a *bhilla*, and having fixed on the place, he either returns to the encampment of his party, or meets them on the way to report the result of his inquiry. If the bhilla returns to the camp with his report, the *suggaces*, or grave-diggers, are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the persons it is intended to murder. Arrangements are previously made so that the party in company with the travellers shall not arrive at the bhil too soon. At the particular spot agreed on, the bhilla meets the party. The jemadar calls out to him "Bhilla naujeh?" (Have you cleared out the hole?) The bhilla replies "Naujeh," on which the concerted signal is given that serves as the death-warrant of the unsuspecting travellers, who are forthwith strangled. While some are employed in rifling the bodies, others assist in carrying them away to the ready-prepared graves. The suggaees perform the office of burying the dead, and the remainder of the gang proceeds on its journey, having with them a certain number of the tillāees or watchmen on the look-out to prevent their being disturbed. Should a casual passenger appear, the tillāee gently throws a stone among the suggaces, who immediately desist, and crouch on the ground until the danger is averted. After the interment is completed, the suggaees rejoin their party, but it is not unusual to have one or more of the tillāees to keep watch to prevent the bodies being disinterred by beasts of prey; and if a discovery should be made by the village people, to give instant information to their companions, in order that they might have an opportunity of getting out of the way.

It often happens that the arrangements and precautions above-mentioned cannot be entered into; that travellers are casually met with on the road, and hastily murdered, and as carelessly interred. In these cases, if the opportunity is afforded them, the Thugs always have some

one to keep watch at the place; and, rather than run the risk of detection, by the bodies being dug up by wild animals, they return, and re-inter them. If the ground is strong, they never touch the corpse; but if the soil is of that loose texture as to render it probable that the bodies, in swelling, will burst the graves, they generally transfix them with knives or spears, which effectually prevents that result.

When the Thugs may choose to strangle their victims in some more exposed situation,—as in a garden near a village where they may have put up for the night,—they resort to further precautions to prevent discovery. The grave is on this occasion prepared on the spot, after the murder has been committed; and the corpse having been deposited therein, the superfluous soil is carried away in baskets, and strewn in the neighbouring fields; the place is watered and beaten down, and it is ultimately plastered over with wet cow-dung, and *choolahs*, or fire-places for cooking, are made on the spot. If the party find it necessary to decamp, they light fires in the choolahs, that they may have the appearance of having been used to cook in. Should they determine on staying, they use the choolahs to cook their food in on the succeeding day, having few qualms of conscience to prevent their enjoying the victuals prepared on a spot, the associations attendant on which might be considered too revolting for even a Thug to dwell on.

The parties of Thugs being often very large, they have many beasts of burthen in their train—as bullocks, ponies, and sometimes even camels. If they remain at a place where they have committed a murder, and do not construct fire-places, they take the precaution of tying their cattle on the spot. The Thugs say they can always recognize the fire-places of their own class, there being peculiar marks about them, which are made to serve as directions to the next party that comes that way. The Thugs always prefer burying their victims at some distance from the public road; and therefore, as soon as the bodies of the murdered persons have been stripped of the property found on them, they are carried on the shoulders of the suggaes to the spot selected for interring them. They say they are more careless about the concealment of corpses in the Nizam's country than elsewhere; for they are always so secure from molestation, that they have frequently left bodies exposed without running any risk, as no one takes the trouble of inquiring about them.

The division of spoil does not usually take place immediately after a murder, but every one secures a portion of the property on the spot; and when a convenient opportunity occurs, each produces the articles he has been the bearer of, and a division is made by the jemadar, whose share is, in the first instance, deducted; then the bhuttoat's; next the sumseahs and bhugdurras claim the extra reward for each murder they have assisted at; the tilläee receives the perquisite which is his due for inveigling a traveller into their snares; the suggaee takes his recompense for the trouble he had in digging the grave; and the residue is divided, share and share alike, among the whole gang. It may be supposed that the cupidity of individual Thugs may occasionally lead them to attempt to defraud their comrades, by secreting an article of value at the time the murdered bodies are plundered; but they say that the whole class are bound by an inviolable oath to produce, for general appropriation to the common stock, everything that may fall into their hands while engaged with a particular party.

The division of plunder, as may be supposed, often leads to the most violent disputes, which it is astonishing do not end in bloodshed. But it might almost be supposed the Thugs have a prejudice against spilling blood; for, when pursued, they refrain from making use of the weapons they usually bear, even in defence of their own persons. The most wanton prodigality occurs when plunder is divided; and occasionally the most valuable shawls and brocades are torn into small strips and distributed amongst the gang, should any difference of opinion arise as to their appropriation. The Thugs say this is also done that every person may run the same risk, for such an article could not be shared among them until converted into money, and some danger is attendant upon the transaction. They appear invariably to destroy all hoondies* that fall into their hands, as well as many other articles that are likely to lead to detection. Ready money is what they chiefly look for, and when they have a choice of victims, the possessors of gold and silver would certainly be fixed upon in preference to others. In consequence, it seems to have been a general practice among the Bundelcund Thugs to waylay the parties of sepoys of the Bombay and Nizam's armies, while going on leave to Hindoostan, for the sake of the specie they are usually the bearers of; and they remark, that of the many sepoys who are supposed by their officers to have abandoned the service, while their friends and relatives consider them to be still with their regiments, they alone can tell the fate, the whole number being strangled by their hands. The immense wealth that has, at various times, fallen into the hands of these miscreants, has been expended in the grossest extravagance and debauchery, and, as may be supposed, their ill-gotten gains remain but a short time in their possession.

The Thugs have in use among them, not exactly a language of their own, but they have sets of slang terms and phrases which give them the means of holding a conversation with persons of their own class, without any chance of being understood by the uninitiated. Their term of salutation, whereby also they recognise each other, if they casually meet without being personally acquainted, is, *ali khan bhaee salaam.* What appears most extraordinary is, the manner in which the Thugs recollect the names of their comrades, as well as their persons; and they declare, that though the name of any one of a gang may have escaped their recollection, they never forget the person of a Thug who has assisted with them in the perpetration of a murder. The Thugs, indeed, seem to know each other almost intuitively; and the quickness with which the recognition is made is almost enough to warrant the supposition, that a sort of Freemasonry has been established among them.

To facilitate their plan of operations, the Thugs have established a regular system of intelligence and communication throughout the countries they have been in the practice of frequenting, and they become acquainted, with astonishing celerity, with proceedings of their comrades in all directions. They omit no opportunity of making inquiries regarding the progress of other gangs, and are equally particular in supplying the requisite information of their own movements. For this purpose they have connected themselves with several persons residing in the Nizam's dominions, as patails† and cultivators of villages, many of the

* Bills of exchange. † Headmen of villages.

latter of whom follow the profession of Thugs in conjunction with their agricultural pursuits.

The Marwarries* and other bankers are also frequently the channels of communication between Thugs, and there is no doubt of their being the purchasers of the property of the murdered. The religious medicants throughout the country occasionally assist in this measure, by becoming the receivers of messages from bands of Thugs, to be delivered to the next party that comes that way; with this view also they have adopted the practice of forming *choolahs*, or fireplaces of a particular construction, to serve as marks of their progress through the country. When a party of Thugs come to a road that branches off in two directions, they adopt the precaution of making a mark, for the guidance of their associates who may come after them, in the following manner:—the soil in a convenient spot is carefully smoothed, and the print of a foot is distinctly stamped upon it. A Thug on seeing this mark, which he naturally searches for, knows by the direction in which it points which track has been followed by those that have preceded him.

The peculiar designation by which they are known is a point in which the Thugs are particularly tenacious, and they attach an importance and even respectability to their profession, that they say no other class of delinquents is entitled to. The denomination of *thief* is one that is particularly obnoxious to them, and they never refrain from soliciting the erasure of the term, and the substitution of that of Thug, whenever it may occur in a paper regarding them, declaring that, so far from following so disgraceful a practice as theft, they scorn the name, and can prove themselves to be as honest and trustworthy as any one else, when occasion requires it.

It seems their ambition to be considered respectable persons; and with this view they expend much of their gains on their personal decoration. Even those who have been seized and admitted as approvers, or informers against their comrades, in fact, king's evidence, are more solicitous about their dress and decent appearance than anything else. They mostly seem to be men of mild and unobtrusive manners, possessing a cheerfulness of disposition entirely opposed to the violent passions and ferocious demeanour that are usually associated with the idea of a professed murderer.

Such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried that no idea can be formed of the expenditure of human life to which it has given occasion, or the immensity of the wealth that has been acquired by its adoption. When it is taken into consideration that many of the Thugs already seized confess to their having, for the last twenty-five and thirty years, annually made a tour with parties of more than a hundred men, and with no other object than that of murder and rapine; that they boast of having successively put their tens and twenties to death daily; and that they say an enumeration of all the lives they have personally assisted to destroy would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and, as some declare, to thousands †—some conception of the horrid reality may be formed; of the amount of the property that they have yearly made away

* Inhabitants of Marwar, generally bankers and traders.

† Ameer Ali, an approver and noted Thug, now at this place, declares and glories in having been present at the murder of 719 persons, whose property is estimated at two lacs and a half of rupees!

with, it must be impossible to form any calculation; for, independent of the thousands in ready money, jewels and bullion, the loads of valuable cloths, and every description of merchandise, that continually fall into their hands, the hoondies that they invariably destroy must amount to a considerable sum.

The impunity with which the Thugs have heretofore carried on their merciless proceedings, the facility they have possessed of recruiting their numbers—which are restricted to no particular caste or sect—the security they have had of escaping detection, and the ease with which they have usually purchased their release, when seized by the officers of the weak native governments, in whose dominions they have usually committed their greatest depredations, have altogether so tended to confirm the system, and to disseminate it to the fearful extent to which it has now attained, that the life of no single traveller on any of the roads in the country has been safe, and but a slight chance has been afforded to large parties of escaping the fangs of the blood-thirsty demons who have frequented them.

THE LATE LONDON HURRICANE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

Sir,—The following document gives the most interesting and highly wrought account which I have met with of the recent storm in the metropolis. It is evidently sketched by the masterhand of some inspired paragraphist, who appears to have dropped it on his road to one of the newspaper offices in the neighbourhood of which I had the good fortune to meet with it. It is headed—

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE DREADFUL STORM.

Never did the sun rise on a more lovely morning than that which cheered this large and smoky metropolis, on Tuesday, the 18th of June, 1833, a day destined to be ever remarkable in our London annals. At about 7 o'clock, A. M., the wind was observed by many foot passengers (whose daily occupations had called them abroad at that early hour) to be increasing gradually in strength, and there were sundry nods and winks among those who have learned to watch the various changes of the moody weather, from which a keen observer might have gleaned the fact that something out of the usual course might before night be expected. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon it became palpable, even to the most cursory observer, that "*it was excessively windy,*" a fact which, by 12 o'clock, was found to be, in almost every case, the opening assertion in every conversation that occurred between acquaintances meeting in the highways accidentally. At about a quarter past twelve, the general apprehension was, in some degree, confirmed by the rather unusual circumstance of a man's hat being seen to roll at an extremely rapid rate down Holborn Hill, as it was construed into a proof presumptive that the wind had commenced taking rather serious liberties with the property of the street passengers. Considerable consternation was excited by this abstractedly unimportant circumstance, but the general anxiety was soon after rendered much more intense by the arrival of an omnibus from Hampstead, the passengers in which brought the news that old father Boreas had been, for the last half hour, amusing himself by ringing all the bells at the gates of the various rural retreats which line the road the omnibus had been travelling. At about 2 o'clock it was palpable that no person could leave his residence without receiving a terrible blow in the face from Eurus, who was,

to speak figuratively, rushing through the streets of London and raising a dust in every direction. At one minute he was to be found on Blackfriars Bridge puffing the hat of a passing passenger into the foaming element beneath, while the next minute he was blowing up poor old father Thames, whose agitation was evinced in the most violent heaving of his venerable bosom, to the great alarm of the unskilful navigator between the bridges of London and Westminster. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the effects of Tuesday's wind, but we must content ourselves with specifying a few of the most remarkable.

In Clerkenwell, a policeman was taken up and carried a considerable distance.

In Gray's Inn gardens, several trees were blown down, and there was scarcely one which *rude Boreas* did not *take leave* to strip of *its foliage.*

An unfortunate, who went to drown herself in the Regent's Canal, was providentially blown into *the Lock*, near Hyde Park Corner.

A poor starving man, who had not tasted food for three days, met with a tremendous *blow out*, from a nook on Westminster Bridge, into which he had crept for security.

For further similar particulars, the reader is referred to all the newspapers.

D.

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

NO. II.

Our first Essay concluded with a promise to lay open the consequences of the various improvements made, during the long period we coursed through, by foreign composers and their works, upon "English taste and English composition." Now that we sit down to fulfil our engagement, we begin to perceive that our terms have been too strict, and that, instead of them, we ought rather to have said, the music which native composers have submitted to the taste of the English public;—so little do we find that can really be esteemed of native origin and growth.

Since the expulsion of the mass, music may almost be said to have departed from the ceremonial of our worship. The plain, unisonous psalmody of the churches ties genius down to the construction of the simplest and the purest melody; and none but those whose professional duties compel them to daily attendance in cathedrals can know to what a wretchedly inconsiderable number of the people the worship of these noble edifices, so richly endowed, is reduced. The result will be easily anticipated,—our psalmody continues in the same state. Its small treasures have been indeed collected, during the last few years, by able hands,—by Mr. Burrowes, the industrious theorist, composer and adapter; by Mr. Edwards; and, lastly, by Mr. Greatorex. But the thing itself is, and must be, incapable of any large or valuable additions, because so limited in its nature. Every attempt to introduce novelty has been discouraged and put down. Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, amongst others, endeavoured to introduce a love of more varied melody, by adapting the compositions of great foreign masters to English words *; but

* "Sacred Melodies from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, adapted to the best English Poets, and appropriated to the use of the British Church." 3 vols.

either it was found incompatible with the associations previously attached to them, or it was considered to be too violent a combination of the sacred and the profane, to be admitted. Whatever the cause, the attempt failed; nor has any subsequent experiment been a whit more successful. Sacred songs, by Moore himself, and a volume of original sacred music, which combined the talents of very many of the existing composers of England, published by Mr. Pettet, had little circulation or effect. They may, perhaps, have made some way among the class distinguished by the epithet "Evangelical," and serious persons, and may be used to diversify their Sunday evenings' religious amusements; but general effect, such publications can be said to have had none.

It may thus fairly be inferred, that the Protestant Church, as by law established, admits of no musical improvement. The Sectarians think otherwise, and search after what they consider pleasing tunes*. It is related of the late Rowland Hill, that he said in a sermon, "They cannot listen to our singing without listening to our preaching;—we catch them there." The difference, however, consists not only in the superior force and liveliness of the sectarian hymns; the allurement is not in the music, but in the manner: they all join, voice or no voice; those who cannot sing can vociferate,—they become actors, and vehement actors, in the scene; they are art and part in it, and excitation is enjoyment. Not so the colder congregations of the establishment. The nasal parish clerk, or the screaming children of the school †, drone and squall through the Psalms. The congregation generally feel too much pride, or too much reserve, to assist, and consider it to be a wearisome annoyance. The truth is, our church rejects music, as too sensual for its forms, which they would refer wholly to reason, and the natural feeling of veneration ‡. Thus it holds out small, if any, encouragement to composition in this species.

* The unfortunate use of this word was nearly fatal to an amateur just arrived from a foreign tour. He built a splendid mansion in a provincial city, enriched it with his collection of objects of *virtù*, and, to crown the celebration, a concert was to be performed at the opening of his rooms, in which he was to delight and astonish by a concerto on the violin. All the town was invited. But as gentlemen have a privilege to be tremulously apprehensive on such occasions, and to whisper their fears to their guests, with a view to propitiate sympathy, our host availed himself of this prerogative At length he insinuated his tremblings to a grave old physician, who, being wholly ignorant of "the good set phrase" of musical jargon, seriously asked him how it was possible for one who had played so many "*tunes*," to harbour any such anxieties? "*Tunes!*" ejaculated the horrified concerto player; "Tunes! D—— the fellow; does he take me for a fiddler at a fair?" And his nerves were so shaken, that his guests were deprived of the scientific treat with which it was his purpose to have ravished them, by the mistake of this medico-philosophic barbarian.

† Some parishes, both in and out of the metropolis, are beyond the pale of this classification. In the general, it applies but too well.

‡ There is high authority against this assumption and this practice. "In Harmonic," says Hooker, "the very image and character of vertue and vice is perceived, the minde delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmonie; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good." And that there is such a difference of one kinde from another, we need no proof but our own experience; inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some more mollified and softened in minde; one apter to stay and settle us; another to move and stir our affections: there is that groweth to a marvellous, grave, and sober mediocrity; there is also that carryeth, as it were, into extacies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and, for the time, in a manner, severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of dittie or matter,

The decay of the popular estimation of cathedral music is to be attributed to the falling away of the attendance of the people on cathedral worship; for strange as it may seem, and contradictory as the practice is to the theory, our services in this kind have everything that can commend them to an English temper. They are recommended by the highest Christian antiquity, having been introduced so early as 596, by Austin, and his brother missionaries. The music attained a noble perfection in the reign of Elizabeth, when, according to Strype, the French ambassador exclaimed, on hearing the service at Canterbury, "Oh, God! I think no prince in all Europe ever heard the like;—no, not our holy father, the Pope himself." Its solemn beauty accords strictly with English notions of what is proper to ecclesiastical composition. And in spite of the discouragements under which it has laboured, large and valuable additions have been made to the stock. Some years ago, an amateur (we believe Mr. Peace, of Bristol) undertook the labour of collecting a catalogue of the printed and MS. music in the various cathedral libraries, and there is certainly no lack of comparatively modern additions. Sir John Stevenson has published a collection of Services and Anthems—Dr. Hodges of Bristol, his inaugural exercise Whatever we have seen of such works declare that the spirit exists, and that it languishes only from the change of the direction of popular attention*. Were we called upon to cite an example, we should name an unpublished anthem by the late Dr. Beckwith of Norwich, "My soul is worthy of life," which is conceived in the purest and finest manner It is at once declamatory and pathetic; beautiful for its melody, scientific in its harmony, learned yet flowing, and on the whole eminently touching. The chaunts by Dr. Crotch, Mr. Novello, and others (indeed, this is a favourite exercise with composers for the Church) declare that, if the

the very harmonie of sounds being framed in due sort, and carryed from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our soules, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits, as to allay that which is too eager . soveraigne against melancolie and despair; forcible to draw forth teares of devotion, if the minde be such as can yeeld them , able both to move and to moderate all reflections. The prophet David having, therefore, singular knowledge, not in poetrie alone, but in musique, also judged them both to be things most necessarie for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinelie indited poemes; and was farther the author of adding unto poetrie, melodie both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's harts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God."

* "When a man tells you that he admires a great singer, Catalani or Fodor, for instance, the first question to be asked is, whether this man was born in a religion where good singing is admitted into the churches? Suppose a man of a mind the most susceptible of enjoying the concord of sweet sounds; if born at Glasgow, how would you have him admire a Davide? All must be simplicity with him; the ornaments of Davide would to him be incomprehensible things. The inhabitant of Glasgow who, though in other respects a very estimable man, has never had an opportunity of hearing fine music, but three or four times in his life, would be, with respect to Davide, what we ourselves were with regard to a painter at Berlin, who had represented one of the battles of Frederic the Great on a piece of ivory, of the size of a crown piece. Except by the help of a glass, we could distinguish nothing. The glass which is wanting to the inhabitant of Glasgow is the pleasure of having applauded, at fifty representations, the 'Barbière di Seviglia,' sung by the delightful voice of Fodor. The inhabitant of every village in Italy hears singing twice or thrice a week at church, and music in every street, written, if you please, without much genius, but executed with neatness and precision, qualities that suffice for the education of the ear. This is what is entirely wanting to the inhabitant of Glasgow."—*Vie de Rossini.*

authority of Gregory the Great, Dr. Burney, and of all writers upon the subject be of any weight, no nation has surpassed us in that "religious harmony which should be moving, but noble withal, grave, solemn, and seraphic." Our composers have neither been allured into light ornaments by the examples of the great mass-writers, nor too much confined by the stricter opinions of style. But who will write, when there are so few who will listen? Nevertheless, this is amongst the species in which we may lay just claim to originality and strength. The foreigner of late has done nothing for us.

We must recur to that change in the affections displayed by our countrymen, in their musical pleasing perceptions, to enable us to account for the disuse of the oratorio. This sublime spirit of writing seems to have reached its pitch at once, in the person of Handel. Between the middle and the end of the last century, (say in about forty years,) fifteen or sixteen were produced; since that period, we know of only two or three oratorios; for we except, of course, Mr. Gardiner's "Judah," chiefly a pasticcio adaptation from the works of foreign masters. But of these, the "Palestine" of Dr. Crotch indubitably places him at the head of living English composers. It is a work of deep erudition and elegance, showing how classically the learned Doctor has assimilated, not imitated the best portions of every style, but most perhaps of Handel, which constitutes the nucleus of all the rest; they must, in this case, be taken as the ornamental parts. He proves himself conversant with all the resources of his art, as well as of the science. He manifests fire, fancy, and fine taste, compacting them all in a way to give solidity, strength and richness to the design, and to the construction. Dr Crotch, perhaps, owes it in some degree to the extravagant terms he demanded for the use of his real score, and to the publication of a reduced one only, that the work has not been more frequently heard. The most complete opportunities have been offered in the musical festivals, as well as at the Lent oratorios, and it is certainly much to be regretted that, principally for the reason assigned, the greatest modern work of an English composer may be said to be absolutely unknown to the country at large.

But we must note it amongst the changeful progressions of public taste, that the Lent performances originally instituted in 1717, with the pious view of making amusement useful in planting or sustaining devotional feelings, have departed almost entirely from that intention. None of our public entertainments more powerfully evince that these, and similar appeals to the higher affections are no longer in unison with the lighter dispositions of the people of England. Selections may now be fairly said to have superseded entire oratorios*. Even "The Messiah," formerly, and indeed up to a late date, the most certain to secure a large

* Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," though translated into English, and performed often in its parts in this country, does not properly fall within the compass of our observation, neither can we embrace Bochsa's "Deluge," Spohr's "Last Judgment," or Mr. Neukomm's "Resurrection." The reception given to these compositions has not, however, exceeded that extended to "Palestine," or to Mr Perry's "Priests of Baal," a composition of much merit; but from the causes assigned in the text, totally unknown to the country that produced it. We may, however, observe that the encouragement of the oratorio was nurtured in England, and has probably given birth to the foreign oratorios since Handel. The fact is worth recording, for it is perhaps the only instance in which we have preceded the Continent.

receipt, has ceased to be attractive, and therefore has ceased to be performed. The opinion of its sombre effects, or rather the indisposition to give ourselves up to awful and solemn impressions, permeates the kingdom, and we have reason to believe that in some of the festivals about to be given this year, "The Messiah" has been displaced by "The Creation," in the conviction that it will not, in theatrical phrase, "draw." Another proof is, the vastly more numerous audiences at the evening concerts, over the morning and sacred performances, in spite of the presence of the many Dissenters who will go to the last, but will not be present at the first.

We come next to the music of the theatre, which, from the diffusive and popular power of the vehicle, must always stand pre-eminent in displaying the nation's taste, and the genius of its composers.

The admixture of dialogue and song, called opera by the English, is, perhaps, of all forms of theatrical illusion, the very worst. The reciprocal interruption which the one continually gives to the other—the perfectly unnatural, and perfectly impossible transitions—the pause which, in the most striking situations, or the hurried passages of passion, is imposed upon the actor and the audience, in order to enable the orchestra to symphonize, and the singer to warble,—the rush from the deepest grief to the ballad or the bravura, not only set reason at defiance, but preclude all continuity of impression. The incongruity of an entertainment entirely vocal is indeed objected to, as an original absurdity not to be overcome; but can anything be so incongruous as the perpetual change from speech to song? Which arrangement does the least violence to common sense and propriety—upon the principle that music being the great end of the performance, the auditor should imagine it to be the accompaniment of the language of the people whose words and actions it conveys; or that he should carry his natural associations, as to dialogue and song, into his feeling of the matter? We think there can be no question concerning the philosophy of the construction, but that the opera, properly so called, which consists entirely of a series of musical scenes, is by far the most rational, and the most likely to produce a true feeling of the music. Yet, so contrary has recitative been held to the temper of Englishmen, that *Artaxerxes* remains the only legitimate opera ever heard upon the boards of our theatres. Our countrymen have consented to listen with patience to melo-drames, musical farces, and all sorts of nonsensical anomalies, and have found pleasure in them; but the scientific intelligence of the country has never yet reached the dignity of the real musical drama, serious or comic. Nevertheless we are not absolutely in the darkness which has so long reigned; the light has dawned, and grows stronger We must retrograde a little, in order to convey a clear idea of the progress of this department of art.

It is to the genius of the poet, rather than to that of the musician, that the perfection of the musical drama is attributable. Till Metastasio arose, the opera in Italy and Germany was almost in a state as imperfect as the inspirations of tragedy in the time of its earliest inventors; and it is a felicitous instance of the return of good for good, which, like the contrary retribution, is so visible in human affairs, that the Italian stage owes its greatest poet to the kindness of a public singer. Mariana Bulgarini it was who rescued Metastasio from the persecutions he suffered after the death of his early patron, Gravina; saved him from a ruinous lawsuit carried on against him in Rome, and enabled him to prosecute

those studies and pursuits which have so largely added to the intellectual enjoyment of every succeeding age, and every civilized country.

Arteaga (a Spaniard by birth, but who has written in "choice Italian" the most philosophical treatise upon the musical drama* that ever appeared †) has graced his pages with an admirable analysis of the qualities which Metastasio displays, and by which that poet perfected opera. He says,—"Beginning with his style, the first beauty which strikes us is a felicity (of which it would be difficult to find another example) in combining conciseness with clearness, decision with flexibility, uniformity with variety, and the musical with the picturesque. All is ease and freedom. It seems as if words were formed to drop in at the time and in the manner he wished. No one ever knew better how to adapt the Italian language to the peculiarities of music, by forming brilliant periods in recitative, by rejecting those words which, by their length or sustained sound, are unfitted for singing, by frequently adopting elisions and words which terminate in an accented vowel, as, *ardì*, *piegò*, *sarà*, which contributed much to smoothness of diction; by artfully intermixing different species of feet, to give a variety to the periods corresponding with musical intervals, and allowing room to the singer to breathe; by dividing lines in halves, in order to shorten periods, and render them smoother; by using rhythm discreetly, though without any fixed law, making it subservient to the ear, and to the prevention of monotony; and, finally, by adapting different metres with singular dexterity to the expresssions of different passions, making use of short lines in the description of languid feeling, when the soul may be said not to be sufficiently strong to express the entire emotion."

The philosophical critic goes on to point out the manner in which Metastasio has assimilated the splendid imagery of Hebrew poetry, and "accommodated the lyric style to the dramatic, so that the embellishments of the one should not disturb the illusion of the other," nor the sublimity be opposed to the picturesque. He continues:—"In the greater part of his poetry, we can but observe the dexterity with which he has imparted to his lines the necessary degree of harmony, so that, when adapted to melody, it may not be too sustained and sonorous. Smoothness of style, a certain softness, as well in expression as in imagery, easy versification, and a rhythm not too diversified; all these, combined with a happy union of sound in the arrangement of the syllables, are the qualities required by poetry for music, and are those

* A French author, M. Castil Blaze, has written a treatise, in two volumes, "De l'Opéra en France," which divides the subject into all its branches, and discusses methodically what belongs to each. He addresses it, not to the scientific, but to the unlearned, and thus he states his purpose:—"It is impossible to hear music talked of in the drawing-room, the theatre, and the coffee-houses, and to see it discussed in the papers without being astonished at the manner in which the million, as well as many amateurs and people of education, talk nonsense—at the absurdities propagated by certain authors without remorse, and at the profound ignorance, even of the most familiar terms of our art so generally cultivated, and whose wonders strike daily on our senses. Thus it must be in a country where almost all the works that treat on music have been written by learned or literary men, who are perfectly ignorant of the subject. Instead of enlightening us, they have brought new errors, heresies, and mistakes into credit, such as make musicians smile with pity, and which people of the world, and the critics of the drawing-rooms, adopt with avidity, relying on the reputations these authors have acquired by their superior treatment of other subjects."

† "Le Rivoluzioni del Teatro Musicale Italiano dalla sua Origine fino al presente."

which particularly characterize the style of Metastasio." Arteaga dilates upon the choice and arrangement of his stories, his conciseness and precision in dialogue, his interspersion of moral axioms, which renders him the first philosophical poet of his nation. His highest qualification is his art in moving the affection. Our author places him upon the same plane with Racine, and he thus sums up his comparison: "Tragedy is found to satisfy both reason and the heart. Hence it requires, chiefly, unity of action and grandeur of dialogue—qualities which naturally conduce to greater equality in the scenes, more ornamented dialogue, and a larger number of events; these requisities have all been supplied extensively by Racine. The Opera, always accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, or dancing, and aided by grand scenic decorations, has for its object not only the full satisfaction of the mind, but also that of the ear and the imagination. Hence its style must be more lyrical, introducing great dramatic illusion, avoiding all complication, and crowded incidents; passing, in fact, rapidly from one situation to another, to render the action brilliant and animated. In this the imperial poet has wonderfully succeeded. Thus the question remains doubtful, and Italy may always oppose her Metastasio to the Racine of the French, without the competition being ever decided." We have dwelt thus long upon this portraiture of Metastasio, because it appears to us to contain a better digest and summary of the requisites of the melodrama, properly so called, and because it forms a code of instruction for the poet of Opera. To such a genius England must look, to give the impulsive elevation to its musical drama.

Returning from our apparent digression, but which is in fact the very root of the subject, we must briefly revert to Arne, and his solitary atempt—*Artaxerxes*. He took the right path, and he succeeded, if the immortality of his work be success. But it was no less appaient, that the English public mind was not then prepared for the reception of the principle--indeed it can hardly be said to be so now. Ease, elegance, and smoothness are the characteristics of this beautiful composer; but he wanted the fire and the force which move the affections so strongly in the Italian, and which are essential to dramatic effect. He introduced, indeed, grace, together with the passages and divisions, but he could not imitate the passion of the Italian school. We pass over Jackson, Linley, Dibdin, Arnold, Kelly, and Shield, (the most worthy of them all, because the most natural and original,) to come to our allotted æra, and to Storace, who possessed science, fancy, and a wide knowledge of the works of the Italians. His great aim was clearly to make their compositions better known in England, and to found a school. But the fact that his best operas, ("the Pirates and Mahmoud") musically speaking, were "shelved," while "The Haunted Tower," "The Siege of Belgrade," and "No Song no Supper," retain a place by the aid of their plots and dialogues, sufficiently confirms the proof of the slow national progression. Up to this period the English were *imitatores tantum*, with perhaps the exception of Shield. He adhered to the ballad, and, notwithstanding the multitude of beautiful things he wrote, he still owed the greatest part of his fame to his simplest melodies. After the premature death of Storace, a fruitless struggle was maintained, to gain for England an original place in melodramatic writing. Reeve, Attwood, Davy, and others, rose to the surface, and sunk almost as soon

as they rose. Braham appeared at the very close of the last century as a singer, and soon after the commencement of this, as a composer. His extraordinary merits in the one capacity at once recommended and lowered him in the other, for his wonderful power of voice, passion, versatility, and execution, created expectations which his music did not gratify; and this disappointment took from his works some portion of the estimation they really deserved. It is, however, a curious trait in the history of composition in England, that he obtained the largest sum ever given for the copyright of a musical piece --1200*l*., for "The English Fleet," not a single air of which is now, we believe, ever heard, or scarcely remembered.

The ear of the play-going Englishman, so to speak, has since been almost entirely filled by the productions of one composer, Mr. Henry R Bishop, whose works equal in quantity, perhaps, those of almost any other master. Nor are they wanting in much of various ability. But the struggles of genius are for a long time vain against the trammels of custom. Managers must look to profit, and fear hazardous experiments upon a people not yet *educated* to music*. England has continued, even up to this time, in the state that Arteaga describes the foreign theatres at a certain period. "In the meanwhile, the poetry was the part of the drama least attended to by composers. Order, sentiment, good sense, situation, *character*, plot, passion, dramatic interest, were counted as nothing by them. . . . . Such mediocrity in musical matters arises from various causes. The pleasure taken by the multitude in machinery and decorations leads them to esteem a clever machinist above either poet or musician: hence emulation evaporates among professors, when it is no longer stimulated by public applause." The same author has thus considered the musical progression of the anterior ages:—"Thus, by degrees, increasing from dances to *canzoni*, from canzoni to songs of the vintage and the carnival, and madrigals; from madrigals to choruses and concerted pieces, and from these to dramatic scenes, the reader may easily trace the steps by which music has attained the magnificent spectacle of the opera." In everything that relates to the spectacle, it would, we apprehend, be difficult to show that England has not transcended every other country, France, perhaps, alone excepted. But we are still as far as ever from Opera.

Mr. Bishop has laboured, and laboured hard, for fame under this depression. He has tried not only his own, but every other style. No author has ever imitated (not stolen) the works of others so well, or combined their several peculiarities so strikingly. His power of invention is established by the multitude of his works, amounting now, probably, to at least an hundred entire operas --his originality and excellence, by very many songs, duets, glees, and choruses, &c., that still

* Music may boast of having made an immense progress in a country, where the reply made by the majority of an audience is, "*the thing pleases me*." Such would have doubtless been the reply of the Athenians, if a stranger had asked them to give a reason for the transports which a tragedy of Æschylus excited among them. The treatises of Aristotle had not yet opened the mouths of people who have nothing to say. On the contrary, now-a-days, all the world aspires to explain the *why* and the *wherefore* of their enthusiasm; and the utmost contempt would be shown to an unsophisticated visitant of the Opera, who should reply with unaffected simplicity, "*Because I feel it.*" —*Vie de Rossini.*

live*. But his genius is subdued, and must be subdued, by the want of concentration, continuity, and intensity in the structure of the opera. And what are we at length arrived at? The adaptation of the music of Italy, France, and Germany to English translations, *retaining, however, the original sin of the admixture of dialogue and singing*, and rejecting some of the finest and most effective parts of the music in the accompanied recitatives. We will not detract from the first-rate merit of Mr. Rolphino Lacy, who has proved himself a more than equal successor to Storace, in this portion of his design. His adaptations of Rossini are truly admirable; but the latest experiment, the performance of the *Somnambula* of Bellini, arranged by Mr. Bishop, music so infinitely below regard†, declares that every spark of the hopes of native composers is, for the present, smothered, if not extinct. We are still further behind our exemplars in the contrivance and management of comic operas. The easy lubricity of the Italian language, and its verisimilitude to their rapid conversational utterance, allow them to avail themselves to an extent perfectly unknown, and we fear perfectly impossible, to our own rougher tongue, of the swift articulation of notes and words; the velocity they can thus give to melody and speech, is irresistible; refinement is added to mirth. Their comic characters are never vulgar; ours are drawn from the lowest life, and its lowest peculiarities. An English comic song is, of all things, the broadest and the coarsest; it has no connexion with music, and frequently the character stops in the middle to imitate the peculiarities of his calling, or of the low colloquies which form his subject. This is disgusting to all but the galleries. Another vehicle, almost peculiar to the Italians, is the finale, which, for the same reasons, we can scarcely ever adopt. Storace and Bishop have, however, given some good instances of what may be done by a judicious application of the principle. If the later adaptations, from Rossini especially, have not been so successful, it is because the multiplication of notes, and the extreme velocity of the articulation necessary to complete expression, sets a limit to their use.

Can we hope for better things? We are of opinion that the musical intelligence of the country is now sufficiently advanced to give an opening for a fair experiment. There are poets (Moore among the first) perfectly competent to produce a fine libretto, (we use the Italian term for want of an English equivalent). We doubt not that there are musicians of sufficient capability to satisfy the public, and our singers are far better trained than ever. Had the proprietor of the King's Theatre engaged all the "native talent" in these departments, and been permitted to diversify the entertainments with them, instead of the German company, a noble opportunity would have been afforded to the exalted patrons of that establishment to manifest a patriotic desire to nourish the genius of their own countrymen. Nothing would give so immediate an impulse to our authors, composers, and singers. They would be

* "Fast into the Waves," and "Bid me discourse," for example, "As it fell upon a day," "Blow, Gentle Gales," "When the Wind blows," "The Tramp Chorus."

† Nothing but the acting of Mad. Malibran, which is terrifically fine, though in many parts much too violent, could have saved this noisy piece; but heaven forbid her taste as a singer should be judged by her performance of "La Somnambula."

placed in direct and manly competition with the Italians. They would enjoy the same advantages, except in the beauty and superior adaptation of the Italian language for music—the splendour of the house, the precision of the band, the incentive of the most polite of all audiences. But till this be done, the foreigner is in the possession of encouragements which must ever place English ability at an infinite remove in the chances of public favour. Our poets for the melodrame will be mere translators, our musicians, adapters, and our singers, subordinates; and for this plain reason—no other theatre can be invested with the same attributes. The attempt to establish what was called the English Opera-house is but a demonstration of these principles. Melodrames and farces are not operas, nor anything like it. The one capital distinction is, that the true opera is all passion. This it is that unfits the ear and the mind trained to Italian music to listen to that of England. Nothing in the whole range of our compositions moves the affections of such a mind, but the most exquisitely simple of all productions, so inferior are we in the expression of passion, and in the combinations of orchestral effect*.

The Concert forms one of the peculiar excellencies of English music. The Philharmonic, according to the admission of musicians of all nations, may vie with any continental establishment. The Ancient Concert has done almost all that has been done to keep alive the claims we have to an original style of writing, and a traditional manner of execution; while the former has nourished and inculcated the knowledge and the study of foreign grace, it has given some encouragement to English productions of the highest instrumental class. Symphonies by Clementi, Potter, Burroughes, and other resident masters, have been produced in the best possible manner; and there can be no question but the instrumental supremacy attained by Lindley, Mori, Willman, Nicholson, Mackintosh, Harper, and others, is mainly attributable to the high cultivation of this concert. Its effects, too, are to be found wherever instrumental music is required. This theatre of display has been the object of ambition to foreign artists, and through this orchestra the finest examples have been introduced. It is not only a school, but the Capitol, where exalted merit receives its crown.

The Ancient Concert, apparently more confined in its range, but not really more restricted, now begins to feel that novelty is no less necessary than habit, to pleasure. It is on the verge of dissolution, and unless saved by royal patronage, (the Queen has been a visiter for one night,) its death is all but certain. If taste be engrafted on learning, which can hardly be denied, the very foundations of taste have been laid and maintained by this institution—we repeat, not only in the matter, but in the manner. Not alone the style of Locke, Purcell, Handel, and indeed of all the old masters, has been kept in remembrance, but the traditional manner of singing them. England has, by that means, become the depository of this pure, simple, and nationally expressive manner

* The long retention of "Auld Robin Gray," by Miss Stephens, is, perhaps, the strongest instance; or "John Anderson, my Jo," sung by Mr. Broadhurst. We have known amateurs the most indurated by the impassioned music of the Italians, melted by these strains, and totally incapacitated for the enjoyment of elaborate compositions for the rest of the evening, even when the finest Italian artists have sung.

Nothing is so ludicrous or so abhorrent to English ears, as to hear Handel sung by an Italian; the Germans, indeed, come nearer to us; but the innate grandeur which depends upon the declamation, the simplicity, even certain appoggiaturas, and certain turns and cadences, is known only to the English, and to one school of the English themselves—the school of Greatorex, Bartleman, and Harrison. Mara reached a greater sublimity than any other singer of Handel, but she learned it here. Unhappily but little of Purcell is now heard—unhappily we say, for it appears to us that to relish Purcell, is in music, what to enjoy Spenser is in literature. "Let the dreadful Engines," "From Rosy Bowers," "Mad Bess," and "Sing all ye Muses," are specimens of English force and expression, which ought never to be suffered to slide out of recollection. When they depart, the ancient glories of our real style are gone. Yet we fear they will have no public, no general existence after another generation; certainly not, if the Ancient Concert be given up.

This brings us to the change that has already taken place, to the symptoms of which all we have said only relates. In the commencement of the century, English vocal music was the supremest fashion. The Ancient Concert was quite as much sought in musical circles, as Almack's has been of late amongst the exclusives. The Vocal Concerts were established to take off the surplus patronage. These were not even thought sufficient, but a second rival set was established. Where are they gone?—together with the taste which supported them. Later attempts in a series of British concerts failed. But this season, a similar experiment in favour of native ability has met with more encouragement than heretofore. Perhaps it is not too much to say, these were the best attended *popular* concerts of the season.

To ascertain the direction of taste, we must, however, look to the *general* run of concerts, which, from May to August, fill the mornings and the evenings. For one English, there are at least ten foreign pieces, while English singers have all but disappeared. German, French, Italian, we have, but where are the English? At the theatres? These also are invaded and Germanized. At Vauxhall? even the gardens have been Italianized. What a metamorphosis from the Organ Concertos of Handel and Worgan, which once formed their attractions!

Even the most beautiful and peculiar of English compositions, the glee, does not receive the countenance it was wont to enjoy. But nevertheless, if part-songs possess any claim to distinction, the supremacy rests with us,—here we may defy the world. When the Frenchman spoke of the English glee, as "*Quelque chose bien triste*," he betrayed only his own ignorance or his own flippancy. The works of Webbe, Callcott, Horsley, Stafford Smith, Spofforth, Knyvett, Walmisley, and a host of others, rise up in judgment against him. Nor do we confine our range to this age. The glee is a composition in which melody, harmony, the interweaving of the parts—in short, the construction, in all its various points and contrivances—conspires to establish "the energy of artful song." It is alike serious or cheerful. The beauties are not, indeed, of the piquant, meretricious kind, which belongs to the theatre, but they are natural and touching. If it lack the vehemence, it has all, and more than all, the truth of deep-felt passion. It embraces every species; the heroic, the amatory, the picturesque; and we may challenge any nation to produce more exquisite specimens of the adaptation of sound to sense

than are to be found in "When winds breathe soft," "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," "By Celia's arbour *," "Peace to the souls of the heroes," and, indeed, in *hundreds* of later, though, perhaps, not equally rich, splendid, and pathetic works of modern date. It is in these that the solidity of English genius is best to be traced; and it is clear that it is formed on our ecclesiastical style—on our deep and strong affections. It is because the tone of thinking is changed—because the national desire is turned towards lighter impressions—that the taste is passing away from the million. We may challenge the most accurate judgment, and the most acute perception, to discover anything like imitation in these compositions. That the taste of the authors may have been refined and polished by their acquaintance with foreign masters is true, but it is impossible to trace the effects otherwise than in their general results. Our glee writing is still all our own. The Madrigal Society, (where sometimes fifty amateurs and professors may be heard chaunting the compositions of Ford and Luca Marenzio in swelling chorus,) the Select Catch Club at the Thatched House, and the more numerous Glee Club at the Crown and Anchor, still preserve and propagate the love and the style and the manner of our glee singing.

Our song writing partakes of all styles; and some things of great merit and beauty have been produced during the period of which we treat. It is at once a misfortune and an injustice that our music makes no way on the continent, chiefly, perhaps, because our language is so little understood. We cannot wonder that no English opera was ever performed abroad; but we may express some surprise that no English song was ever heard †. Webbe's "Mansion of Peace," Attwood's

* We have often endeavoured to trace why the passion of Italian music affects us so differently from the passion of the English composer; for instance, "Mi manca la voce," and the above-cited exquisite piece of tenderness. England can show nothing so vehemently expressive as the one, Italy has nothing so deeply tender as the other.

† "Tally-ho."—Michael Kelly thus relates the introduction of this new popular song at the court of Vienna. "At the end of the first act, the beauteous syren, led into the orchestra by her caro sposo, placed herself just under the emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte;—I, of course, consented. Her air and manner spoke of 'dignity and love.' The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chord of the symphony—silence reigned—when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or tune, or, indeed, one note in tune, the hunting-song of 'Tally-ho!' in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out Tally-ho! Tally-ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof of the house. The audience jumped up, terrified. Some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her The emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian, what Tally-ho! meant? I replied, I did not know; and literally, at that time, I did not. His Majesty the emperor, finding that even a native of Great Britain either could not, or would not, explain the purport of this mysterious word, retired, with great indignation, from the theatre; and the major part of the audience, convinced, by his majesty's sudden retreat, that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard cautioning daughters on their way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of 'Tally-ho!' nor venture to ask any of their friends for a translation of it. The next morning, when I saw the husband of 'Tally-ho!' he abused the taste of the people of Vienna, and said that the song, which they did not know how to appreciate, had been sung by the celebrated Mrs. Wrighton at Vauxhall, and was a great favourite all over England. Thus, however, ended the exhibition of English taste; and Signora 'Tally-ho!' with her Italian poet, went *hunting* elsewhere, and never returned to Vienna, at least during my residence there."—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

"Soldier's Dream," Horsley's "Gentle Lyre," Dr. Callcott's "Angel of Life," Knapton's "There be none of Beauty's Daughters," Bishop's "By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves," Smith's "Hohenlinden," and Beale's "Brutus," are pure and beautiful as music, as well as songs of expression. These are models. But we cannot conceal the fact that we owe to Haydn's Canzonets the introduction of a new species which has run into all sorts of anomalies. Our simple ballad style has been deserted for the ornamented canzone. Plain melody has been set off by figurate accompaniments, and the appropriateness of the harmony itself sinks before the tittuping of an arpeggio bass. One writer has, however, been eminently successful—Mr. Moore. Not only is the adaptation of his "Irish Melodies" unrivalled, but his "National Airs" have naturalized, as it were, the most beautiful traits of foreign melody. But these cannot be called English. The ballad is not, however, quite lost; "Alice Gray" is not more popular than deserving: no modern piece since "Crazy Jane" has been so universally a favourite. The hunting-song and the sea-song, which used, in the days of Dibdin, to permeate and delight all England, are extinct. Thirty years ago, singing such joyous airs at table was common: now, scarcely an individual would attempt a song without a pianoforte. Even at Melton Mowbray, we are told by "the tip-top provincial," of the pleasures of an evening in which "wit and music" were more thought of than wine*. Thus the heartiness of "Merry England" is sliding fast into "high civilization."

It is strange that, under the admitted superiority of our instrumental performers, so little of instrumental music, properly so called, should be produced. Hardly a solo or concerted piece has been written by our countrymen. They confine themselves to elementary works of instruction, and here, though they rank high, they are still below the foreigner; for England has no such work, for instance, as "Baillot's Instructions for the Violin," or "Hummel's Piano-forte School"†. Mr. J. B. Cramer, indeed, has published numerous and very beautiful compositions for the pianoforte; but even in this department of our most popular chamber music, we are indebted for by far the greater portion to foreign hands. Arrangements are the general practice, together with airs with variations—the compositions of Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Hummel, Hery, *cum multis aliis*.

The establishment of a regular school of musicians in the "Royal

* "Covers, he writes next day to some friend in his remote western province, were laid for eight, the favourite number of our late king; and perhaps his majesty never sat down to a better dressed dinner in his life. To my surprise, the subject of fox-hunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a bad fall that morning over some timber, and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch in which he had been left, with a clever young thorough-bred on the top of him. The writer proceeds to describe an evening in which wit and music were more thought of than wine; and presenting, in all respects, a perfect contrast to the old notions of a fox-hunting society."—*Quarterly Review.*

† We hardly dare claim the works of Clementi for English, though the early period of his life, when he first came hither, almost makes him an Englishman "by transmutation," as he may be said to be "by education and by present profession." His "Instructions for the Pianoforte," his "Gradus ad Parnassum," and his "Practical Harmony," form a succession quite without parallel. The richest and most comprehensive treatise on music the world ever saw is, perhaps, Choron's "Principes de Composition."

Academy of Music," is an event of importance in our musical history. It has been regarded, as is the fate of all things, in two ways. Its founders and supporters announced its institution to be the commencement of the diffusion of true science:—its opponents calculated only upon its making musical knowledge so common that its professors would become a race of beggars by their own competitions. Neither of these results are yet demonstrable. Music is a little, and but a little better taught in the Academy; the expense moderate, though sufficient to forbid the extensive use of the school, and more than half of the pupils quit the Academy not half formed. One or two singers, (Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mrs. Bishop, for instance,) and a somewhat larger list of instrumentalists, have made some stand before the public; but the first seven years of this college of the propaganda has not produced any strong or visible effects. Still it must tend to good—if it have vitality enough to live on.

The literature of music is improved. But it is not very complimentary to musical men, that the "Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review," the most philosophical work upon such subjects, died at the end of ten years, as we have understood chiefly, from two causes; first, a difficulty in finding writers able and willing to assist, which produced constant delays in its publication; and, secondly, a paucity of readers. "The Harmonicon," a work of lower aims, but conducted upon a more popular and extended plan, has scarcely, we are told, covered the expenses of publication. Sill in the periodical essays, and in the criticsms of some of the Journals, there is a manifestly better judgment. Lord Mount Edgecumbe's little tract; Bacon's "Elements of Vocal Science," and a "Ramble among the Musicians of Germany," are all proofs of an increasing spirit of inquiry, philosophically directed.

If then England do not advance at an equal pace with Italy and Germany, she does not stand still. Our natural affections are certainly colder than the one—we are less romantic, less intense than the other. We have other and more weighty employments, as we deem them, than either of these nations; we are men of business and politicians. Amusement is neither our single nor our most serious occupation. We have our national temperament, and, gainsay it who will, our national music, derived and descended (if it be so) like Daniel de Foe's true-born Englishman, from all the nations of Europe. The music of the cathedral, the glee, and the ballad, are our own, or have become so, by a naturalization which cannot now be distinguished from natural descent. It is questionable, perhaps, whether we are gifted with those acute sensibilities which can ever place us upon an equality as inventors with the livelier nations, who have hitherto led the way in the other departments of the science;—for the distinction is not of art, but of nature.

VIEW OF THE CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

FALK'S GOETHE, TRANSLATED BY MRS. AUSTEN.

We are indebted to the pen of Mrs. Austen for one of the most elegant and complete translations which ever enriched the stores of the English language. We know but one English translator of prose works who equals this lady in the easy comprehension of the spirit and the style of the author to be transferred to a new tongue; we speak of Cotton, the translator of Montaigne. In Mrs. Austen's translations, there is that singular felicity to which so few translators attain; *her words seem always at their ease.* You see the genius of a foreign language—but it does not appear in a rough or abrupt guise—the stranger seems as much at home as if he had lived with us all his life.

The remarkable peculiarity of all that related to Goethe seems to be in this: your mind *takes a leap* after reading his works or examining his character; nothing about him is common-place or vulgar; even his attachment to a courtier's life is full of a certain intellectual poetry; he looked upon it as we look upon a play, in which the real actors are often but poor creatures, but in which the delusions that surround them are full of magic and of grace. Let us give ourselves up for a moment or two to the consideration of so remarkable and complex a mind. Goethe appears early in life to have established two main rules, upon which he founded both his happiness and his greatness. The first was to regard and preserve before all things the clearness of the intellect; the eyes of the mind. In order to be happy, and in order to be wise, he judged it necessary to make calmness the great dominant moral habit. He avoided violent emotions. He "shrunk sensitively from all intense impressions." He seems to have written Werther rather as a relief to the pressing accumulation of the romantic and exaggerated emotions that force themselves upon youth, than from any pleasure the emotions themselves afforded him. He set about the task like a man clearing his house of some unruly servants; the task done, he established order and quiet within for the rest of his life. "The Equilibrium" was his favourite phrase; and over all the strength of his gigantic mind there breathed an irrefragable repose. Like the celebrated image of the Hercules, you see not the labours he has performed, except by the calm which has succeeded them. Associated with this self-possession of mind and conquest of the more hurried and absorbing emotions, were all the lesser habits of his life. To be precise and methodical was a necessary part of such a character. He carried the love of order into the minutest details; the arrangement of his papers, or the folding of a letter. His affections and his friendships appear to have been genial, but controlled. He resolved to spare himself all the pain in his power, less from a regard to mere physical ease than from that preference which he gave to the intellectual portion of his nature, and his persuasion that error itself must follow the derangement of the equilibrium of the passions. When one of his friends—the venerable Wieland—dies, he refuses to see his funeral; when another—his great rival Schiller—is no more, he attempts to plunge into poetry as a relief to the disturbance

the melancholy event occasions. His very sorrow is that of the intellect, and the only tribute which he dreamt of rendering to the memory of his friend was the composition of a play.

The second characteristic of Goethe's mind was the natural result of the first.—It was the desire of truth. He was fond of examining nature in all her smallest as her largest varieties. He would pause for half an hour to gaze upon—to examine into—a flower. He gave himself up to a thousand studies which would seem to the superficial as mere distractions from his great ruling art—the art of poetry; but which he deemed vitally necessary to that art, because illustrative of truth—and the knowledge of which he rendered subservient to all its triumphs. Out of this accuracy of examination resulted his wildest thoughts—his most dream-like speculations. He kept a snake in a glass—" he made minute and daily observations on it;" from these observations sprung the following mystical and strange thoughts:—

" 'What splendid, intelligent eyes!' said he. 'A great deal was half-finished in this head, but the awkward writhing body would not allow much to come of it. Nature, too, has cheated this long, ensheathed organization of hands and feet; though this head and these eyes might well have deserved both. Indeed she frequently leaves such debts unpaid, at least for the moment, though sometimes she afterwards pays them under more favourable circumstances. The skeletons of many marine animals clearly show, that when she made them she was full of the thought of some higher race of land animals. Very often, working in an ungenial and intractable element, she was obliged to content herself with a fish's tail where she evidently would have liked to give a pair of hind feet into the bargain—nay, even where the rudiments of them are clearly to be discerned in the skeleton.' "

A feeling of the want of accuracy of all spoken language attached him to the art of drawing—which represents things as they are, not the shadows and symbols of the ideas that the things represent. " We constantly talk a great deal too much," said he; " we ought to talk less, and draw more."

Examining these main principles of his character, we find a clue to all the rest, and the explanation both of his political and theological creed: on the one hand, it was natural to a man valuing tranquillity as the *summum bonum*—and carrying the love of " order " into an universal system—to dislike and apprehend political changes—to fear a shock upon the established harmony of things—to view human affairs through a philosophy of toryism. So, on the other hand, out of his regard for Mind, and the immense disproportion which he established between the intellectual faculties and all the other components of our motley frame, grew his peculiar theology. He could not believe annihilation possible; but he ascribed immortality to intellect alone: he supposed certain germs or monads in all existences—germs of a higher fulfilment—germs found in every phenomenon of nature—a rose-leaf, a planet—a bird, a man; but, individual consciousness of immortality, he considered doubtful—the intellect alone, he deemed certain to exist, and certain to progress.

We might follow out these his two guiding principles, through all the multiform and " many-sided " character of one before whom Scott himself seems commonplace and coarse, but our space forbids it; we content ourselves with what we have already established, and with referring

our readers to one of the most singular and charming books to a meditative mind that the age has produced.

One word more;—we believe, that in all great men there are peculiar and latent metaphysical properties—on which their whole genius and their whole character depend. For want of understanding this truth, biographies appear to us so imperfect, and characters so contradictory. No character is contradictory if rightly examined *.

A.

* We take this opportunity of recording our gratitude to Mr. Hayward for his recent translation of Goethe's Faust; it is the only one that conveys to us a literal and precise notion of the original. And every English reader unacquainted with German, and solicitous to understand that great masterpiece of the grotesque—the harmonious union of the humorous and the terrible—should lose no time in possessing himself of so valuable a desideratum.

PERSUASIONS AGAINST CARE.

Shake off these cares, my friend,
And let us make an end
Of these saddening fears!—
If sorrow or cold care
Could darken a grey hair,
Rub out a graven wrinkle,
Or give our yellowing years
The tints they used to wear,
Why then 'twere well to sprinkle
Our smiles with tears.

But since our lots are cast,
Come, let us love the hand
That, weighing all our past,
Our future lives has planned!—
Thy lot might still be worse,
And mine be more distressing;—
Some joy, which now we nurse,
Might yet become a curse,
Which Heaven has made a blessing.
Trusting,—I can resign
The hopes which still are mine
Into His hands who gave
All that I had and have:—
With what is Thine do so,—
Then may we smoothly go
Into the careless grave!

W.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON, BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. IX.*

"I AM persuaded (said Byron) that education has more effect in quelling the passions than people are aware of. I do not think this is achieved by the powers of reasoning and reflection that education is supposed to bestow; for I know by experience how little either can influence the person who is under the tyrant rule of passion. My opinion is, that education, by expanding the mind, and giving sources of tasteful occupation, so fills up the time, that leisure is not left for the passions to gain that empire that they are sure to acquire over the idle and the ignorant. Look at the lower orders, and see what fearful proofs they continually furnish of the unlimited power passion has over them. I have seen instances, and particularly in Italy, among the lower class, and of your sex, where the women seemed for the moment transformed into Medeas; and so ungoverned and ungovernable was their rage, that each appeared grand and tragic for the time, and furnished me, who am rather an amateur in studying nature under all her aspects, with food for reflection. Then the upper classes, too, in Italy, where the march of intellect has not advanced by rail-roads and steam-boats, as in polished, happy England; and where the women remain children in mind long after maturity has stamped their persons!—see one of their stately dames under the influence of the green-eyed monster, and one can believe that the Furies were not fabulous. This is amusing at first, but becomes, like most amusements, rather a bore at the end; and a poor *cavalier servente* must have more courage than falls to the share of most, who would not shut his eyes against the beauty of all *damas* but his own, rather than encounter an explosion of jealousy. But the devil of it is, there is hardly a possibility of avoiding it, as the Italian women are so addicted to jealousy, that the poor *serventi* are often accused of the worst intentions for merely performing the simple courtesies of life; so that the system of *serventism* imposes a thousand times more restraint and slavery than marriage ever imposed, even in the most moral countries; indeed, where the morals are the most respected and cultivated, (continued Byron,) there will be the least jealousy or suspicion, as morals are to the enlightened what religion is to the ignorant—their safeguard from committing wrong, or suspecting it. So you see, bad as I am supposed to be, I have, by this admission, proved the advantages of morals and religion.

"But to return to my opinion of the effect education has in extending the focus of ideas, and, consequently, of curbing the intensity of the passions, I have remarked that well-educated women rarely, if ever,

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* Continued from No. CL. p. 153.

gave way to any ebullitions of them; and this is a grand step gained in conquering their empire, as habit in this, as well as in all else, has great power. I hope my daughter will be well educated; but of this I have little dread, as her mother is highly cultivated, and certainly has a degree of self-control that I never saw equalled. I am certain that Lady Byron's first idea is, what is due to herself; I mean that it is the undeviating rule of her conduct. I wish she had thought a little more of what is due to others. Now my besetting sin is a want of that self-respect,—which she has in *excess;* and that want has produced much unhappiness to us both. But though I accuse Lady Byron of an excess of self-respect, I must in candour admit, that if any person ever had an excuse for an extraordinary portion of it, she has; as in all her thoughts, words, and deeds, she is the most decorous woman that ever existed, and must appear—what few, I fancy, could—a perfect and refined gentlewoman, even to her *femme-de-chambre.* This extraordinary degree of self-command in Lady Byron produced an opposite effect on me. When I have broken out, on slight provocations, into one of my ungovernable fits of rage, her calmness piqued and seemed to reproach me: it gave her an air of superiority that vexed, and increased my *mauvaise humeur.* I am now older and wiser, and should know how to appreciate her conduct as it deserved, as I look on self-command as a positive virtue, though it is one I have not courage to adopt."

Talking of his proposed expedition to Greece, Byron said that, as the moment approached for undertaking it, he almost wished he had never thought of it. "This (said Byron) is one of the many scrapes into which my poetical temperament has drawn me. You smile; but it is nevertheless true. No man, or woman either, with such a temperament, can be quiet. Passion is the element in which we live; and without it we but vegetate. All the passions have governed me in turn, and I have found them the veriest tyrants;—like all slaves, I have reviled my masters, but submitted to the yoke they imposed. I had hoped (continued Byron) that avarice, that old gentlemanly vice, would, like Aaron's serpent, have swallowed up all the rest in me, and that now I am descending into the vale of years, I might have found pleasure in golden realities, as in youth I found it in golden dreams, (and let me tell you, that, of all the passions, this same decried *avarice* is the most consolatory, and, in nine cases out of ten, lasts the longest, and is the latest,) when up springs a new passion,—call it love of liberty, military ardour, or what you will,—to disgust me with my strong box, and the comfortable contemplation of my *moneys,*—nay, to create wings for my golden darlings, that may waft them away from me for ever; and I may awaken to find that this, my present ruling passion, as I have always found my last, was the most worthless of all, with the soothing reflection that it has left me *minus* some thousands. But I am fairly in for it, and it is

useless to repine; but, I repeat, this scrape, which may be my last, has been caused by my poetical temperament,—the devil take it, say I."

Byron was irresistibly comic when commenting on his own errors or weaknesses. His face, half laughing and half serious, archness always predominating in its expression, added peculiar force to his words.

Is it not pleasant (continued Byron) that my eyes should never open to the folly of any of the undertakings passion prompts me to engage in, until I am so far embarked that retreat (at least with honour) is impossible, and my *mal à propos sagesse* arrives, to scare away the enthusiasm that led to the undertaking, and which is so requisite to carry it on. It is all an up-hill affair with me afterwards: I cannot, for my life, *échauffer* my imagination again; and my position excites such ludicrous images and thoughts in my own mind, that the whole subject, which, seen through the veil of passion, looked fit for a sublime epic, and I one of its heroes, examined now through reason's glass, appears fit only for a travestie, and my poor self a Major Sturgeon, marching and counter-marching, not from Acton to Ealing, or from Ealing to Acton, but from Corinth to Athens, and from Athens to Corinth. Yet, hang it, (continued he,) these very names ought to chase away every idea of the ludicrous; but the laughing devils will return and make a mockery of everything, as with me there is, as Napoleon said, but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Well, *if I do* (and this *if* is a grand *peut être* in my future history) outlive the campaign, I shall write two poems on the subject—one an epic, and the other a burlesque, in which none shall be spared, and myself least of all; indeed, you must allow (continued Byron) that if I take liberties with my friends, I take still greater ones with myself; therefore they ought to bear with me, if only out of consideration for my impartiality. I am also determined to write a poem in praise of avarice, (said Byron,) as I think it a most ill-used and unjustly decried passion,—mind, I do not call it a vice,—and I hope to make it clear that a passion which enables us to conquer the appetites, or, at least, the indulgence of them; that triumphs over pride, vanity, and ostentation; that leads us to the practice of daily self-denial, temperance, sobriety, and a thousand other praiseworthy practices, ought not to be censured, more especially as all the sacrifices it commands are endured without any weak feeling of reference to others, though to others all the reward of such sacrifices belongs."

Byron laughed very much at the thought of this poem, and the censures it would excite in England among the matter-of-fact, credulous class of readers and writers. Poor Byron! how much more pains did he bestow to take off the gloss from his own qualities than others do to give theirs a false lustre! In his hatred and contempt of hypocrisy and cant, he outraged his own nature, and rendered more injustice to himself than even his enemies ever received at his hands. His confessions of errors were to be received with caution, for he exaggerated not only his

misdeeds but his opinions; and, fond of tracing springs of thought to their sources, he involved himself in doubts, to escape from which he boldly attributed to himself motives and feelings that had passed, but like shadows, through his mind, and left unrecorded mementos that might have redeemed even more than the faults of which he accused himself. When the freedom with which Byron remarked on the errors of his friends draws down condemnation from his readers, let them reflect on the still greater severity with which he treated his own, and let this mistaken and exaggerated candour plead his excuse.

"It is odd (said Byron) that I never could get on well in conversation with literary men: they always seemed to think themselves obliged to pay some neat and appropriate compliment to my last work, which I, as in duty bound, was compelled to respond to, and bepraise theirs. They never appeared quite satisfied with my faint praise, and I was far from being satisfied at having been forced to administer it; so mutual constraint ensued, each wondering what was to come next, and wishing each other (at least I can answer for myself) at the devil. Now Scott, though a giant in literature, is unlike literary men; he neither expects compliments nor pays them in conversation. There is a sincerity and simplicity in his character and manner that stamp any commendation of his as truth, and any praise one might offer him must fall short of his deserts; so that there is no *gène* in his society. There is nothing in him that gives the impression I have so often had of others, who seemed to say, I praise you that you may do the same by me. Moore is a delightful companion, (continued Byron,) gay, without being boisterous, witty without effort, comic without coarseness, and sentimental without being lachrymose. He reminds one (continued Byron) of the fairy, who, whenever she spoke, let diamonds fall from her lips. My *tête-à-tête* suppers with Moore are among the most agreeable impressions I retain of the hours passed in London: they are the redeeming lights in the gloomy picture; but they were

"Like angel visits, few and far between;"

for the great defect in my friend Tom is a sort of fidgety unsettledness, that prevents his giving himself up, *con amore*, to any one friend, because he is apt to think he might be more happy with another: he has the organ of locomotiveness largely developed, as a phrenologist would say, and would like to be at three places instead of one. I always felt, with Moore, the desire Johnson expressed, to be shut up in a post-chaise, *tête-à-tête* with a pleasant companion, to be quite sure of him. He must be delightful in a country-house, at a safe distance from any other inviting one, when one could have him really to one's self, and enjoy his conversation and his singing, without the perpetual fear that he is expected at Lady this or Lady that's, or the being reminded that he promised to look in at Lansdowne House or Grosvenor Square. The wonder is, *not* that he is *récherché*, but that he wastes himself on those who can so

little appreciate him, though they value the *éclat* his reputation gives to their stupid *soirées*. I have known a dull man live on a *bon-mot* of Moore's for a week; and I once offered a wager of a considerable sum that the reciter was *guiltless* of understanding its point, but could get no one to accept my bet.

"Are you acquainted with the family of —— ? (asked Byron.) The commendation formerly bestowed on the Sydney family might be reversed for them, as all the sons are virtuous, and all the daughters brave. I once (continued he) said this, with a grave face, to a near relation of theirs, who received it as a compliment, and told me I was very good." I was in old times fond of mystifying, and paying equivocal compliments, but 'was is not is' with me, as God knows, in any sense, for I am now cured of mystifying, as well as of many others of my mischievous pranks: whether I am a *better* man for my self-correction remains to be proved; I am quite sure that I am not a more agreeable one. I have always had a strong love of mischief in my nature, (said Byron,) and this still continues, though I do not very often give way to its dictates. It is this lurking devil that prompts me to abuse people against whom I have not the least malicious feeling, and to praise some whose merits (if they have any) I am little acquainted with; but I do it in the mischievous spirit of the moment to vex the person or persons with whom I am conversing. Is not this very childish? (continued Byron); and, above all, for a poet, which people tell me I am? All I know is, that, if I am, poets can be greater fools than other people. We of the craft—poets, I mean—resemble paper-kites; we soar high into the air, but are held to earth by a cord, and our flight is restrained by a child—that child is self. We are but grown children, having all their weakness, and only wanting their innocence; our thoughts soar, but the frailty of our natures brings them back to earth. What should we be without thoughts? (continued Byron;) they are the bridges by which we pass over time and space. And yet, perhaps, like troops flying before the enemy, we are often tempted to destroy the bridges we have passed, to save ourselves from pursuit. How often have I tried to shun thought! But come, I must not get gloomy; my thoughts are almost always of the sombre hue, so that I ought not to be blamed (said he, laughing) if I steal them of others, as I am accused of doing; I cannot have any more disagreeable ones than my own, at least as far as they concern myself.

"In all the charges of plagiary brought against me in England, (said Byron,) did you hear me accused of stealing from Madame de Staël the opening lines of my 'Bride of Abydos?' She is supposed to have borrowed her lines from Schlegel, or to have stolen them from Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister;' so you see I am a third or fourth hand stealer of stolen goods. Do you know de Staël's lines? (continued Byron); for if I am a thief she must be the plundered, as I don't read German, and do French; yet I could almost swear that I never saw her verses when I

wrote mine, nor do I even now remember them. I think the first began with 'Cette terre,' &c. &c. but the rest I forget; as you have a good memory, perhaps you would repeat them."

I did so, and they are as follow:—

> " —— Cette terre où les myrtes fleurissent,
> Où les rayons des cieux tombent avec amour,
> Où des sons enchanteurs dans les airs retentissent,
> Où la plus douce nuit succède au plus beau jour."

"Well (said Byron) I do not see any point of resemblance, except in the use of the two unfortunate words land and myrtle, and for using these new and original words I am a plagiarist. To avoid such charges, I must invent a dictionary for myself. Does not this charge prove the liberal spirit of the hypercritics in England? If they knew how little I value their observations, or the opinions of those that they can influence, they would be perhaps more spiteful, and certainly more careful in producing better proofs of their charges; the one of the Staël's I consider a triumphant refutation for me.

"I often think (said Byron) that were I to return to England, I should be considered, in certain circles, as having a *très mauvais ton*, for I have been so long out of it that I have learned to say what I think, instead of saying only what, by the rules of convenience, people are permitted to think. For though England tolerates the liberty of the press, it is far from tolerating liberty of thought or of speech; and since the progress of modern refinement, when delicacy of words is as remarkable as indelicacy of actions, a plain-speaking man is sure to get into a scrape. Nothing amuses me more than to see refinement *versus* morals, and to know that people are shocked *not* at crimes, but their detection. The Spartan boy, who suffered the animal he had secured by theft to prey on his vitals, evinced not more constancy in concealing his sufferings than do the English in suppressing all external symptoms of what they must feel, and on many occasions, when Nature makes herself felt through the expression of her feelings, would be considered almost as a crime. But I believe crime is a word banished from the vocabulary of *haut-ton*, as the vices of the rich and great are called errors, and those of the poor and lowly only crimes.

"Do you know ——? (asked Byron). He is the king of prosers; I called him he of the thousand tales, in humble imitation of Boccaccio, whom I styled he of the hundred tales of love—*mais hélas!* ——'s are not tales of love, or that beget love; they are born of dulness, and inciting sleep, they produce the same effect on the senses that the monotonous sound of a waterfall never fails to have on mine. With —— one is afraid to speak, because whatever is said is sure to bring forth a reminiscence, that as surely leads to interminable recollections,

> 'Dull as the dreams of him who swills vile beer.'

Thus (continued Byron), —— is so honourable and well-intentioned a man that one can find nothing bad to say of him, except that he is a bore; and as there is no law against that class of offenders, one must bear with him. It is to be hoped, that, with all the modern improvements in refinement, a mode will be discovered of getting rid of bores, for it is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered into the mind, (like the Irishman who lost a fortune before he had got it,) but were frighted away by the bore. Nature certainly (said Byron) has not dealt charitably by ——, for, independent of his being the king of prosers, he is the ugliest person possible, and when he talks, breathes not of Araby the blest; his heart is good, but the stomach is none of the best, judging from its exhalations. His united merits led me to attempt an epigram on them, which, I believe, is as follows:—

'When conversing with ——, who can disclose
Which suffers the most—eyes, ears, or the nose?'

"I repeated this epigram (continued Byron) to him as having been made on a mutual friend of ours, and he enjoyed it, as we all do some hit on a friend. I have known people who were incapable of saying the least unkind word against friends, and yet who listened with evident (though attempted to be suppressed) pleasure to the malicious jokes or witty sarcasms of others against them; a proof that, even in the best people, some taints of the original evil of our natures remain. You think I am wrong (continued Byron) in my estimate of human nature; you think I analyse my own evil qualities and those of others too closely, and judge them too severely. I have need of self-examination to reconcile me to all the incongruities I discover, and to make me more lenient to faults that my tongue censures, but that my heart pardons, from the consciousness of its own weakn

We should all do well to reflect on the frailty of man, if it led us more readily to forgive his faults, and cherish his virtues;—the one, alas! are inextirpable, but the others are the victories gained over that most difficult to be conquered of all assailants—self; to which victory, if we do not decree a triumph, we ought to grant an ovation; but, unhappily, the contemplation of human frailty is too apt to harden the heart, and oftener creates disgust than humility. "When we dwell on vices with mockery and bitterness, instead of pity, we may doubt the efficacy of our contemplation; and this," said I to Byron, "seems to me to be your case; for when I hear your taunting reflections on the discoveries you make in poor, erring human nature; when you have explored every secret recess of the heart, you appear to me like a fallen angel, sneering at the sins of men, instead of a fellow man pitying them. This it is that makes me think you analyze too deeply; and I would at present lead you to

reflect only on the good that still remains in the world,—for be assured there is much good, as an antidote to the evil that you know of."

Byron laughed, and said, "You certainly do not spare me; but you manage to wrap up your censures in an envelop almost complimentary, and that reconciles me to their bitterness, as children are induced to take physic by its being disguised in some sweet substance. The fallen angel is so much more agreeable than demon, as others have called me, that I am rather flattered than affronted; I ought, in return, to say something *très aimable* to you, in which angelic at least might be introduced, but I will not, as I never can compliment those that I esteem.—But to return to self;—you know that I have been called not only a demon, but a French poet has addressed me as *chantre des enfers*, which, I suppose, he thinks very flattering. I dare say his poem will be done into English by some Attic resident and, instead of a singer of hell, I shall be styled a hellish singer, and so go down to posterity."

He laughed at his own pun, and said he felt half disposed to write a quizzing answer to the French poet, in which he should mystify him.

It is no wonder (said Byron) that I am considered a demon, when people have taken it into their heads that I am the hero of all my own tales in verse. They fancy one can only describe what has actually occurred to one's self, and forget the power that persons of any imagination possess of identifying themselves, for the time being, with the creations of their fancy. This is a peculiar distinction conferred on me, for I have heard of no other poet who has been identified with his works. I saw the other day (said Byron) in one of the papers a fanciful simile about Moore's writings and mine. It stated that Moore's poems appeared as if they ought to be written with crow-quills, on rose-coloured paper, stamped with Cupids and flowers; and mine on asbestos, written by quills from the wing of an eagle;—you laugh, but I think this a very sublime comparison,—at least, so far as I am concerned,—it quite consoles me for 'chantre d'enfer.' By the bye, the French poet is neither a philosopher nor a logician, as he dubs me by this title merely because I doubt that there is an *enfer*,—ergo, I cannot be styled the *chantre* of a place of which I doubt the existence. I dislike French verse so much (said Byron) that I have not read more than a few lines of the one in which I am dragged into public view. He calls me, (said Byron,) 'Esprit mystérieux, mortel, ange ou démon;' which I call very uncivil, for a well-bred Frenchman, and moreover one of the craft: I wish he would let me and my works alone, for I am sure I do not trouble him or his, and should not know that he existed, except from his notice of me, which some good-natured friend has sent me. There are some things in the world, of which, like gnats, we are only reminded of the existence by their stinging us; this was his position with me."

Had Byron read the whole of the poem addressed to him by M. de Lamartine, he would have been more flattered than offended by it, as it

is not only full of beauty, but the admiration for the genius of the English poet, which pervades every sentiment of the ode, is so profound, that the epithet which offended the morbid sensitiveness of Byron would have been readily pardoned. M. de Lamartine is perhaps the only French poet who could have so justly appreciated, and gracefully eulogized, our wayward child of genius; and having written so successfully himself, his praise is more valuable. His "Meditations" possess a depth of feeling which, though tempered by a strong religious sentiment that makes the Christian rise superior to the philosopher, bears the impress of a true poetical temperament, which could not fail to sympathize with all the *feelings*, however he might differ from the *reasonings* of Byron. Were the works of the French poet better known to the English bard he could not, with even all his dislike to French poetry, have refused his approbation to the books of M. de Lamartine.

Talking of solitude—" It has but one disadvantage (said Byron), but that is a serious one,—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect we may have; hence we can rarely, unless possessed of an inordinate share of vanity, form a very exalted opinion of ourselves, and, in society, woe be to him who lets it be known that he thinks more highly of himself than of his neighbours, as this is a crime that arms every one against him. This was the rock on which Napoleon foundered; he had so often wounded the *amour propre* of others, that they were glad to hurl him from the eminence that made him appear a giant and those around him pigmies. If a man or woman has any striking superiority, some great defect or weakness must be discovered to counterbalance it, that their contemporaries may console themselves for their envy, by saying, ' Well if I have not the genius of Mr. This, or the beauty or talents of Mrs. That, I have not the violent temper of the one, or the overweening vanity of the other.' But, to return to solitude, (said Byron,) it is the only fool's paradise on earth: there we have no one to remind us of our faults, or by whom we can be humiliated by comparisons. Our evil passions sleep, because they are not excited; our productions appear sublime, because we have no kind and judicious friend to hint at their defects, and to point out faults of style and imagery where we had thought ourselves most luminous: these are the advantages of solitude, and those who have once tasted them, can never return to the busy world again with any zest for its feverish enjoyments. In the world (said Byron) I am always irritable and violent; the very noise of the streets of a populous city affect my nerves: I seemed in a London house ' cabined, cribbed, confined, and felt like a tiger in too small a cage:' apropos of tigers, did you ever observe that all people in a violent rage, walk up and down the place they are in, as wild beasts do in their dens? I have particularly remarked this, (continued he,) and it proved to me, what I never doubted, that we have much of the animal

and the ferocious in our natures, which, I am convinced, is increased by an over-indulgence of our carnivorous propensities. It has been said that, to enjoy solitude, a man must be superlatively good or bad: I deny this, because there are no superlatives in man,—all are comparative or relative; but, had I no other reason to deny it, my own experience would furnish me with one. God knows I never flattered myself with the idea of being superlatively good, as no one better knows his faults than I do mine; but, at the same time, I am as unwilling to believe that I am superlatively bad, yet I enjoy solitude more than I ever enjoyed society, even in my most youthful days."

I told Byron that I expected he would one day give the world a collection of useful aphorisms, drawn from personal experience. He laughed and said—"Perhaps I may; those are best suited to advise others who have missed the road themselves, and this has been my case. I have found friends false,—acquaintance malicious,—relations indifferent,—and nearer and dearer connexions perfidious. Perhaps much, if not all this, has been caused by my own waywardness; but that has not prevented my feeling it keenly. It has made me look on friends as partakers of prosperity,—censurers in adversity,—and absentees in distress; and has forced me to view my acquaintances merely as persons who think themselves justified in courting or cutting one, as best suits them. But relations I regard only as people privileged to tell disagreeable truths, and to accept weighty obligations, as matters of course. You have now (continued Byron) my unsophisticated opinion of friends, acquaintances, and relations; of course there are always exceptions, but they are rare, and exceptions do not make the rule. All that I have said are but reiterated truisms that all admit to be just, but that few, if any, act upon; they are like the death-bell that we hear toll for others, without thinking that it must soon toll for us; we know that others have been deceived, but we are either too clever, or too *lovable*, to meet the same fate: we see our friends drop daily around us, many of them younger and healthier than ourselves, yet we think that we shall live to be old, as if we possessed some stronger hold on life than those who have gone before us. Alas! life is but a dream from which we are only awakened by death. All else is illusion; changing as we change, and each cheating us in turn, until death withdraws the veil, and shows us the dread reality. It is strange (said Byron) that feeling, as most people do, life a burthen, we should still cling to it with such pertinacity. This is another proof of animal feeling; for if the divine spirit that is supposed to animate us mastered the animal nature, should we not rejoice at laying down the load that has so long oppressed us, and beneath which we have groaned for years, to seek a purer, brighter existence? Who ever reached the age of twenty-five (continued Byron) without feeling the *tædium vitæ* which poisons the little enjoyment that we are allowed to taste? We begin life with the hope of attaining happiness;

soon discovering that to be unattainable, we seek pleasure as a poor substitute; but even this eludes our grasp, and we end by desiring repose, which death alone can give."

I told Byron that the greater part of our chagrins arose from disappointed hopes; that, in our pride and weakness, we considered happiness as our birthright, and received infliction as an injustice; whereas the latter was the inevitable lot of man, and the other but the *ignis fatuus* that beguiles the dreary path of life, and sparkles but to deceive. I added that while peace of mind was left us, we could not be called miserable. This greatest of all earthly consolations depends on ourselves; whereas for happiness we rely on others: but, as the first is lasting, and the second fleeting, we ought to cultivate that of which nought but our own actions can deprive us, and enjoy the other as we do a fine autumnal day, that we prize the more because we know it will soon be followed by winter.

" Your philosophy is really admirable (said Byron) if it were possible to follow it; but I suspect that you are among the number of those who preach it the most and practise it the least, for you have too much feeling to have more than a theoretical knowledge of it. For example, how would you bear the ingratitude and estrangement of friends—of those in whom you had garnered up your heart? I suspect that, in such a case, feeling would beat philosophy out of the field; for I have ever found that philosophy, like experience, never comes until one has ceased to require its services. I have (continued Byron) experienced ingratitude and estrangement from friends, and this, more than all else, has destroyed my confidence in human nature. It is thus from individual cases that we are so apt to generalize. A few persons on whom we have lavished our friendship, without ever examining if they had the qualities requisite to justify such a preference, are found to be ungrateful and unworthy, and instead of blaming our own want of perception in the persons so unwisely chosen, we cry out against poor human nature: one or two examples of ingratitude and selfishness prejudice us against the world; but six times the number of examples of goodness and sincerity fail to reconcile us to it,—so much more susceptible are we of evil impressions than of good. Have you not observed (said Byron) how much more prone people are to remember injuries than benefits? The most essential services are soon forgotten; but some trifling and often unintentional offence is rarely pardoned, and never effaced from the memory. All this proves that we have a strong and decided predisposition to evil; the tendencies and consequences of which we may conceal, but cannot eradicate. I think ill of the world, (continued Byron,) but I do not, as some cynics assert, believe it to be composed of knaves and fools. No, I consider that it is, for the most part, peopled by those who have not talents sufficient to be the first, and yet have one degree too much to be the second."

(To be continued.)

ROMAIC POETRY.*

> "*Libertà vo cantando, ch' è si cara,*
> *Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.*'
>
> DANTE.

THE pacification of Greece, and her deliverance from Barbarian oppressors, was an event in which, although some politicians perceived a bad example for all legitimate governments, we, as members of civilised society, for many reasons, greatly rejoiced; for we never could feel any sympathy with those villainous Turks who shut up their women, and do not cultivate the fine arts. There is even reason to hope that those of a different persuasion, who may chance to peruse the following fragments, will rejoice with us that a calamity, which occasioned so much misery to such brave and devoted sufferers, has at length ceased, and we are sure that those of our own belief will see in them additional motives for increasing their hatred of "all the oppressions that are done under the sun."

The few memorials which the rude genius of simple bards has left of the struggle between the natives of modern Greece and their Mahommedan conquerors, are not of very ancient date. They mostly relate to the celebrated chieftains of the war with which we are familiar, and of a few others who hazarded the ill-starred insurrection, in conjunction with the Russians, during the Empress Catharine's time: and their subjects are almost always the expressions of these simple warriors' praise of the heroes of their admiration,—the endeavours of a rude Tyrtæus to enwreathe with myrtle the swords of his Harmodius and Aristogeiton. There is a simplicity and melancholy beauty universally pervading these pieces, which tells of misery and oppression, and seems to speak, as a critic has remarked of Ossian, of the fag end of the world. To this is united the inspiration of Christianity, and the dim memory of their former renown. The names of their ancient bards still abide among these rude poets; the shades of Homer, of Hesiod, and Orpheus, still flit before them in the Islands of the Blessed, and they continue to hear the echo of their songs, but they lack the skiff to transport them into their own land and tongue. The waves of the sea of oblivion benumb their harps; and the winds, with a sigh, waft their melodies backward to where, in amaranthine bowers, amidst eternal feast and dance, their poets dwell.

Few remarks are necessary to introduce these specimens to our readers, and still fewer to indicate the character of such compositions in general. Among those arts which profess for their object the imitation of nature, poetry has this peculiar advantage, that instinct alone, or the inspiration of uncultivated genius, may attain the highest end of art without the assistance or habitual means of refinement; at least when that end is neither very complicated nor difficult. In every poetical composition which, under primitive and natural forms, how rude soever they may be, contains a basis of facts or ideas, true or beautiful in themselves, this will be found to be the case. And, moreover, it is in this very deficiency of art, this species of contrast or disproportion between the simplicity of the means and the plenitude of effect, in which the principal charms of such compositions consist. Poetry thus participates, as it were, in the character and privileges of the works of nature, and there seems to enter into the impres-

* Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution. 1832.
Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne. Par C. Fauriel. 1825.

sion which results from it something of the feeling we experience in contemplating the course of a river or the aspect of a mountain, a picturesque mass of rocks or an aged forest;—for the uncultivated genius of man is also one of the phenomena,—one of the productions of nature. Certainly a work of poetry in which genius has only availed itself of art as the means of purifying and ennobling it, will always prove superior in merit and effect to every work of savage genius whatsoever; but the successful attempts of art are so few, its unfortunate attempts so numerous, and there is something so melancholy in beholding so considerable a portion of human intellect wasted in vain and useless efforts, that beauties devoid of art, or of art without pretension, ought, assuredly, to be doubly pleasing, from the very fact that they demonstrate the superiority of genius. The more we know of those productions in which the natural, the true, and the beautiful are a-wanting in spite of the art, the care, and the polish bestowed upon them, the more charms do we find in those productions in which a youthful and original imagination indulges in every licence. From nearly analogous motives we come out from an entertainment given by grandeur and luxury to vanity and *ennui*, and enjoy with greater zest the spectacle of the innocent joys and animated sports of infancy. These few reflections apply directly to popular poetry, to the poetry of nature in opposition to that of art, provided it be the expression of something true, serious, and intelligible. They are more particularly applicable to the national songs of the Greeks, as uniting, in a high degree, to the interest and truth of their reality the nationality of their form. That which characterises them generally, whatever be their subject or tone, is the being almost all equally concise; more so perhaps than would accord with the taste of any other people. They are not finished works, where the poet has studied to say every thing, to describe every thing, and to leave nothing to the imagination. They are only fragments, but fragments in which every touch is one of life and character, and in which the colours strike us by a certain propriety of local tints, and impress upon our minds the feeling that they are the production of a privileged sky and climate.

"Das land wo die citronen blühen."

But whether it be a fact, an idea, a sentiment, or a sally of imagination, the theme of these songs is always of the greatest simplicity, and almost always set off by the originality of the execution. Those shades of the marvellous, those peculiarities of expression and imagination, so foreign to European taste, the loftiness of their tone, and the fire of their inspiration give to the modern Greeks an Oriental tinge, which distinguishes them very characteristically from the popular poets of their calm and noble antiquity, where all appears so wise, so gracious, and so tempered.

It is difficult to decide whether it be in the verse of their rhapsodists, or in the lives of their heroes, that most enthusiasm, love of liberty, and hatred of the Turks is displayed. In all these compositions we feel, as we have said before, the influence of the scenery which inspired them,—we feel that they must have been composed among the mountains. But those mountains are the mountains of Greece, which have no everlasting snows spread over them, and whose loftiest summits do not rise greatly beyond the height at which the earth feels the genial heat of the sun, and continues to yield her verdure and her flowers.

Any further announcement of our simple versions would be quite superfluous. The argument, or history of each, as given by M. Fauriel, is prefixed; and we have carefully endeavoured to preserve the unfigured, inartificial language of the originals, often with the addition of all its puerility. But the translation of popular poetry, so rude as the following, is not adapted for displaying a learned choice of poetical diction. Whether or not there be any loss of effect from proceeding in this manner, the reader must judge.

Our first is a little piece composed on the chief of a band in Acarnania, surnamed Ghiptakis, or the Little Gipsy, from the dark hue of his skin. He lived towards the end of the last century, and was slain in fighting against the Turks, commanded by the famous Joussouf Pacha, one of Ali's Arab generals, called by the Greeks the Drinker of Blood. The piece is plaintive and touching, and exhibits the point of honour among the Klepths, or modern Greeks, of not allowing their heads to fall into the hands of their ferocious enemy. The other is one of the best for its sentiment and idea.

"The Fall of Ghiptakis.

"The fields they thirst for water, and for snow the mountain-beds,
The wandering hawks for little birds, the Turkish foe for heads.
O whither goes the mother of our Ghiptakis the bold,
Who now has lost two children fair, whose brother, too, lies cold?
Who, having lost her senses, wildly weeping, wanders on.
Not on the mountains is she seen, in forest, field, nor town;
'Tis said she has departed to the lone Caloyer's cell,
And awful there upon the ear the roar of cannons fell!
It is not for a bridal feast they boom so loud as this;
Lo! in the knee and in the hand the balls strike Ghiptakis.
He totters like a branchless tree—a lofty cypress falls;
And, like a hero as he was, with dying voice he calls,—
Where art thou, noble brother! O where art thou, dearest friend?
Return, return upon thy steps, thy last assistance lend!
O bear me now away, or bear my head, lest Joussouf's gang
Of tiger Arabs strike it off before the mortal pang,
For that dog, old Ali Pacha, on Yannina's towers to hang!

"Sad has come the spring-time, mournful the summer, cruel and pernicious the autumn! Georgakis and Pharmakis deliberate together. Come, Georgakis, let us depart; let us go into Muscovy.—Thou speakest wisely, Pharmakis—sagely thou reasonest; but there is a little shame in it, and the world would laugh at us. Better let us hold out in this monastery: the Russians will march to the field, and come to our succour. And all of a sudden the vanguard of Sekos cries out—Lo! a dense cloud of war approaches; the mountains are black with them! Will it be our succours who arrive,—will it be our companions? It is not our succours,—it is not our friends. They are Turks,—five thousand Turks are upon us! When they had come to Sekos,—when they had driven back our posts,—they planted cannon around the monastery. A thousand fall near the church, a thousand under the wall; and the Turks fall back upon Kombolaki. But a pacha was spying on the other side of Sekos.—Ahmet! Mahomet! shouted he; fall on! fall on! Surround the monastery!—And all the Turks and janissaries surround Sekos.

"Pharmakis was seized with grief: he sighed profoundly. From the monastery he called to his heroes—Where linger ye, my brave? why stand ye, my heroes? Hold! take my pieces of gold and my vest; take my pockets of silver, that I may be lighter for the combat. Draw your sabres, break your scabbards, and fall briskly upon the Turks!—But a Protopallikar stops him, and says—Blunt are our swords, and mournful our rifles! The Turks are innumerable; the mountains are covered with them.—He had scarcely spoken, when Pharmakis was a prisoner—a prisoner alive!

"Have I not told thee, Pharmakis, once, twice, five times, Stay not in Wallachia—stop not at Sekos.—Ah! wretch that I was! how could I know, how could it enter into my soul to conceive, that Christian consuls would deceive me? O ye birds!—little birds, who fly aloft there in the air,—go tell this in the country of the Christians, in the land of Franks; and say, in passing, to the wife of Pharmakis, that Pharmakis is dead!"

The next has for its subject the dying words of a wounded Klepth, who

is about to expire at the moment when his band, attacked by the Albanian militia, come in search of him to lead them on. The first four verses form a prologue, in which the poet speaks in his own name, and as a witness of what he is about to relate. The real subject of the piece is in the subsequent lines, which appear to be the commencement of another more ancient song which the dying hero attempts to sing, as retracing the image of all which he had loved dearest in the life he is about to quit for ever. It is unquestionably composed amidst the mountains, and is one of the most beautiful of its kind, both as to sentiment and originality. The Tomb of the Klepth and the Naval Victory also breathe the bold spirit of the highland Greeks. Most of those chiefs who had acquired any renown perished, either through constant fatigue or tragical accidents, long before the period of old age. The one who figures in this song is represented as worn out with age, and about to die a natural death. He is surrounded by his family and heroes, to whom he gives his farewell address, declares his last will, and gives instructions for the erection of his tomb. This song is, of its kind, one of the most beautiful and celebrated. It is sung throughout all Greece, with variations, which attest its popularity. The reader will be struck, we think, with the exceeding naïveté of the idea, and the vigour and courage which breathe in the last words of this old Klepth, carrying with him to his grave the desire of still combating the Turks, and the hope of respiring once more the free air of his mountains on the return of spring.

" Iotis dying.

" I arise from dreams of night ere the stars their farewell take,
And I bathe me in the waters of the pure and limpid lake;
I hear the pines that murmur, I hear the oak-trees groan,
And the Klepths weep in their citadel, their captain they bemoan.
O rise, O rise, Iotis! sleep no more that slumber deep,
Thy raging foes surround us all, upon thy band they leap.
Ah! what unto my children brave, my heroes, can I say?
My wound is mortal, deep the ball; lift up my head, I pray!
O place me on my seat, and bring in haste the purple wine,
That I may drink, and then forget once more that I recline,
And sing all sad and mournful songs. O would that now I stood
Upon the lofty mountain's top, or the dark and sombre wood,
Where feed my flocks, divided from the goatherd's neighbourhood!"

" The Tomb of the Klepth.

" The sun had reigned, and Dimos gave his orders:—Go, my son!
Go seek for water for this eve, ere daylight's hour be done.
Thou, Lamprakis, draw nigh to me; my nephew, sit thee down.
Hold! take my arms, be thou the chief, as foremost in renown;
And you, my heroes, take my sword—my poor sword take, and hew
The green and verdant boughs from yonder overarching yew;
And make my couch, that I may rest; and the old confessor bring,
That I may haste and shrive my sins ere yet my soul takes wing.
A Klepth, the foes of Greece I slew in many a hecatomb;
For fifty years an Armatole; but now my hour is come!
Then make my tomb both large and high, with room around, above,
That I may charge and combat, and my sabre freely move.
Leave on the right a window, that the swallows, too, may come
And the spring announce to me; nor let the nightingales be dumb,
But sing to me the month of May and the flowers' sweet perfume,
When breathe their grateful odours round my green and verdant tomb."

" Iannes Statha.

" A sable ship in calmness floats along Cassandria's coast,
And sable sails o'ershadow her dark prow with gold embossed;

Right onward comes a corvette with a blood-red flag, and cries
Strike—strike your flag! I shall not strike! I am not one who flies.
What! think you I'm a girl betrothed?—a new-made bride to make
A reverence to your worship, or before your pride to quake?
I am Iannes Statha, son of Dimos Constantine!
Throw quick the grappling-irons, boys!—Bring down the Crescent's sign!
In torrents make their blood to flow!—Spare not the Infidel!
The Turks who boarded turn their prow, so fast their numbers fell.
Iannes foremost leapeth now with sabre in his hand;
The blood streams through the ports, the Turks, before that lion-band,
Cry Allah! Allah! Then their swords surrender at command."

The subject, or motive, of the following piece cannot be indicated with precision. The most evident intention we can perceive in it is, that of recalling, in a general manner, the ineffable regrets of those who love at the hour of inevitable separation, and to characterise the all-powerful charm of existence to human beings. If this be not the end which the poet has expressly contemplated, it is that, at least, which he has arrived at, in representing to us those who are no more, being yet filled with the idea of what they loved when they were in existence, and longing, with a passionate desire, to arrest some of the simple and common impressions of life. The motive of this fragment is, at least, sufficiently plain to feel its beauty and effect. The wonderful originality of the idea, or, if you please, the *reverie* which is its foundation, becomes still more apparent from the extreme naïveté of the execution and details. It has been translated by Goethe into German, along with a few others. The wife of Kalliakondas is a composition of the islands of Scio, or Ipsara, or of some of the milder inhabitants of the Archipelago, and has consequently a more tender and less warlike tone than those of the simple mountaineers. Our next is a little composition, full of grace and poetry. To those who like to compare the productions of different times upon similar subjects, we may recall to mind the fourth Idyll of Theocritus (Pharmaceutria): Πᾶ μοι ταὶ δάφναι; φέρε, Θέστυλι· πᾶ δὲ τὰ φίλτρα;—if the modern one be inferior in the richness of its detail, and in the elegance of its diction, it will not, perhaps, be found to be inferior in delicacy and poetical inspiration. The Pallikar at the gate of his Mistress; the Children's song of the Swallow follow next.

Charon's Refusal.

" Why look the mountains dark and drear? Why seem they sad and dim?
Say, does the wind torment them, or the showers their vales o'erbrim?
'Tis not the warring wind torments, nor showers of slanting rain,
'Tis Charon passing o'er their heads with his dead in sable train!
He makes the young to march before, the old men far behind,
The little, tender children next, in cruel bands confined.
The aged pray, the young implore, while lingering slow along,
For one last hour of rest and peace their memory to prolong.
'O Charon, halt! some village nigh, or bank of limpid fountain;
The old will drink, the young will throw the disk, and o'er the mountain
The little babes will wander, gathering every blooming flower.'
'I shall not halt near hut nor town, nor fountain, bank nor bower;
The mothers who for water came would know the babes they bore.
The wives and husbands all would know the face they loved before;
And from their clinging arms I could divide my flock no more.' "

Kalliakondas.

" O wherefore am I not a bird, that from these flowery banks
I might fly afar and cast mine eyes towards the land of Franks!
Towards the mournful Ithaca, to hear the tender spouse
Of Kalliakondas how she mourns her desolated house,

And sighs, and sheds her bitter tears, and like a turtle dove
Will not be comforted, but tears her hair for grief and love.
All sable as the raven's wing her garment shades her brow;
She sits all day, and from her tower awaits each distant prow;
Across the solitary sea sometimes aloud she cries,
O ships, and golden brigantines, say if your course now lies
Towards sad Valtos, then I pray you, gallant ships, inquire
How fares my noble husband? O! last night we past the fire
Of the gallant Kalliakondas, nigh to Garrolimis coast,
Where with his Klepths he keeps his watch, and mountain herds they roast,
Whilst twice ten Beys his turnspits are, the captives of his host."

THE IMPRECATION.

" Bright wandering moon! thou pilgrim of heaven's lone and pathless way!
Ere yet thou sleep'st, go hail my love who stole my heart away;
He kissed me, and, in tears, he cried,—' I will forsake thee never.'
But, like a field that's shorn and gleaned, he hath left me now for ever.
All lonely as a church that's banned—a village lost and won,
I wish to curse; my heart it melts before a word s begun.
My bosom heaves in tenderness, my soul is pained for him;
I tremble now with rage or love, in tears mine eyes they swim.
No matter; it is best to curse, and let God's will be done.
Hereafter with my pains and sighs, my sorrows every one,
Aloft may he, from a cypress tree, to gather the blooming flower,
Upon the grass fall, crushed like glass flung o'er a dizzy tower;
Or may the faithless one be passed, before the Turkish ranks,
Well sabred, or expire beneath the bayonet of the Franks;
And past the power of man to help, and leeches ten to cure,
Though all the art in Greece should join his healing to ensure."

THE PALLIKAR AT THE GATE OF HIS MISTRESS.

" At the gate of Salonichi
Sits a noble Pallikar,
O'er his neck his hair is hanging,
By his side his scimitar;
Thus he sang, the while uplifting
In his hand a light guitar:—
' O ye shining golden windows,
Crossed with every brilliant bar,
Tell your gentle mistress, quickly
Must she rise, for, from afar,
Come I now to gaze upon her,
With each gallant Pallicar,
Tell my lovely one to fear not,
These, my comrades, but unbar—
Lions are they not to eat her;—
Lions though they truly are."

CHELIDONISMA.

" The swallow has come
O'er the bright sea from far,
And leads back the spring
In her silver-throned car:
And there, on a bough,
Doth the nightingale sing
Her sweet roundelay;
O sweet month of May;
O sweet month of May!
Art thou come? and dost thou,
O gloomy December,
Midst snow and midst rain,
Once more remember
'Tis Springtime again?"

WRITTEN ON THE SABRE OF KONTOGHIANNIS.

" To him who fears no tyrant powers,
Who, in this world, lives free from wrongs,
Whose life is honour bright as ours,
To him alone this sword belongs."

FRAGMENT.

" Enjoy this world, O haste, enjoy this day too while you may.
To-morrow comes, beneath the tomb, for thee there shines no day;
O dearest son, Iannes! be a cloud and cleave the sky.
And thou, my darling Constantine, like a little swallow fly,

Fly o'er the Danube hither; and my Heliodora, too,
Return, ere it be late, and bid your father dear adieu!"

Our next piece is in a peculiar metre, of which it is the only example, and was probably composed in honour of some Dimos, who fell a victim to his courage. Such is the catastrophe to which the song seems to allude in a mysterious manner. The first verses are a little prologue detached from the body of the piece, in which the poet addresses himself directly to his hero to avert the peril to which his courage and magnanimity have exposed him. The remainder is the relation of an ominous dream which strikes Dimos as a presentiment of his approaching fate,—a catastrophe which, in the intention of the poet and imagination of the reader, can be no other than that with which he was menaced, viz., falling unawares under his Albanian assassins. It is probably of ancient date, and belongs to the mountainous districts. After this comes the voice from the tomb, and a war song, written with a fire and gaiety which might have pleased the soul of Hotspur himself.

The Dream of Dimos.

ΤΟ ΟΝΕΙΡΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ.

" O Dimos! and have I not told thee once,
Or told thee now fifty times,
To cover thy turban and cover thy cross,
That gaudily glitters and shines;
For fear the Albanian tyrants see,
And fire and bring thee down,
For sake of thy silver and gold, and for sake
Of thy haughtiness and renown?

" The cuckoos they sing on the mountains,
The partridge she lights in the fields,
And a little bird flies, and, round Dimos' head,
Warbles, and flutters, and wheels.
'Tis not like the song that a little bird sings,
A swallow or nightingale:
But discreetly he speaks, with the voice of a man,
And repeats his melodious tale.

My Dimos! and wherefore art thou so wan,
Thy cheeks so haggard and pale?
O little bird, since you demand of me now,
I will tell what it is that I ail!
To slumber once more am I now returned,
A sweet little sleep to take:
And I thought in the sleep I was plunged, that I dreamt,
And then from that dream I did wake;
And I saw that the heavens were troubled, the stars
Like the colour of blood were turned,
And blotted with blood my Damascus sword,
I looked on its blade and I mourned."

The Voice from the Tomb.

" Daylight had waned, and the night followed after,
Now waned our feast, and now finished our wine;
Our Captain, prolonging the song and the laughter,
Sent for some more, and that errand was mine.
By moonlight I wandered unknown, and a stranger,
Pacing a path that was shaded by trees;
Sad moaned the wind, as foretelling my danger,
Still I walked on, still I climbed by degrees

Hills high as mountains, with tombstones all covered,—
Covered with tombs—and all tombs of the brave:
Far from them all, by no moonlight discovered,
Stood, undistinguished, a horrible grave.
I saw not,—I trampled the ground where 'twas lying.
A voice thundered forth from the realm of the dead.
O tomb! what art thou that thou moanest? replying
I cried—is the marble oppressing thy head?
O 'tis not the earth nor the black marble shading,
My pain, my affront is, thou treat'st me with scorn;
O'er my head thou hast marched, on my head thou art treading—
Can I feel that, can I feel and not mourn?
Have I not also these thickets unravelled,
And a young warrior watched through the noon?
Have I not also an Armatole travelled,
Travelled by night by the light of the moon?"

War Song.

" No happier death is in the world
Than with the foe to fight,
On the grass so green, in the open field,
With warriors brave in sight.

" In the narrow bed, why all alone
Must I mix with the mortal clay,
But here shall I find good company,
Fallen, like the leaves in May.

" I say without
Reproach or doubt,
No happier end
The world can send,
Than thus to fall,
The sky your pall.
No priest to embalm,
Or song or psalm,
But trumpets twang,
And rifles clang,
Above the grave
Where lies the brave.
Then for his name
Immortal fame.
Each hero bold,
All stark and cold,
Who poured his blood to see
His fatherland made free."

There is not a more curious little piece in their whole poetical literature than the fable of a young maiden who abandons her home on account of the persecutions her beauty occasions, and perishes in the vessel on board of which she had embarked, through the brutal haste with which the captain throws her into the sea, when she has only fainted through alarm at his rudeness. But nothing is more original than the concluding verses. Every one who has seen a similar ghastly spectacle is aware of the effect of the imagination in investing every object with the predominant idea; and the rude and unlettered poet has expressed this effect in the most natural and striking manner. This ballad belongs to the literature of the Archipelago. We conclude with "Love's Witnesses" and another little piece containing the lamentations of the mistress of that captain whose death is recounted above. This little poem, in its extreme simplicity, has something impassioned and touching in it. It is sung and danced to in

different parts of Greece,—particularly in Etolia and Thessaly. The name Dimos, a corruption for Demetrius, is very common, as the numerous songs testify.

THE YOUNG DAMSEL ERRANT.

"Lovely maiden, lovely maiden,
For thy beauty sore distrest,
Thou wouldst wander from thy country
Seeking from thy lovers rest!
For the hiring of a galley
Ninety sequins offered she,
And a hundred more she offered
For respect and courtesy;
But when far beyond the harbour,
Many a mile apart from land,
Lo! the captain, faithless captain,
On her bosom laid his hand!
And for shame and virgin honour,
Fainting without life or motion,
Fell the maiden, and the captain
Plunged her in the unfathomed ocean,
And the ocean soon it wafted
To the Moreat wells the maid:
All the Moreat dames and damsels
Seeking water hither strayed;
Now they throw each one her pitcher,
And the pitchers lift her hair.
Day and night! O horror, horror!
See a body young and fair!
See those fingers long and slender,
Fitting for the pen to hold.
O! behold those lips for kissing,
Pale and bleeding, pale and cold;
I have kissed them, I have kissed them,
Yes, those lips so crimson red,
And mine own with fear though pallid
Soon with crimson they were spread.
I have wiped them with a mantle,
And the mantle it was dyed;
I have bathed it in the river,
Tinged with purple was its tide;
Tinged the river bank, the ocean,
And a galley tinged beside;
Red the river, red the ocean,
Red the fishes ran and died."

ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ.

"Αὐτὰ τὰ μάτια, Δῆμο, τά 'μορφα,
Τὰ φρύδια τὰ γραμμένα,
Αὐτὰ μὲ κάμνουν, Δῆμο, κ' ἀῤῥωστῶ,
Μὲ κάμνουν κ' ἀπαιθαίνω.
"Εϐγαλε, Δῆμο, τὸ σπαθάκι σου,
Καὶ κόψε τον λαιμόν μου·
Καὶ μάσε, Δῆμο, καὶ τὸ αἷμά μου,
'Σ' ἕνα χρυσὸν μαντυλι·
Σύρε το, Δῆμο, σ' τὰ ἐννεὰ χωριὰ,
'Σ' τὰ δέκα βιλαέτια.
Κ' ἂν σ' ἐρωτήσουν, Δῆμο, τ' εν' αὐτό;
Το αἷμα τῆς ἀγάπης."

Dimos.

"Thine eyes, my Dimos, those beautiful eyes
They have won my love !
My heart is faint, and I fain would die
All alone, my love !
My beloved ! thy sword bury far within
This tempestuous breast,
Then at length will the wanderer find repose,
And the weary rest.
In a golden veil then receive the blood
Of thy paramour,
Through the forest, the field, and the mountain go,
Through the dreary moor !
And if, perchance, from whose veins it flowed
One should ask thy pride,
O say 'tis the blood that beat round the heart
Of thy love—thy bride !"

Ο ΕΡΩΤΑΣ ΦΑΝΕΡΩΜΕΝΟΣ.

" ' Κόρη, ὄντας φιλιωμαστον, νύκτα ἦτον· ποιὸς μᾶς εἶδε ;'
Μᾶς εἶδ' ἡ νύκτα κ' ἡ αὐγὴ, τ' ἄστρου καὶ τὸ φεγγάρι·
Και τ' ἄστρον ἐχαμηλωσε, τῆς θάλασσας τὸ εἶπε·
Θαλλασσα τό εἶπε τοῦ κουπιοῦ, καὶ τὸ κουτὶ τοῦ ναύτη,
Κ' ὁ ναύτης τὸ τραγούδησε 's τῆς λυγηρῆς τὴν πόρτα.

Love's Witnesses.

"Love ! when we, last night embracing,
Sighed, farewell ! who saw us part ?
Was it night, or sly Aurora,
Or the stars or moon who heard ?

"A star shot down and told the ocean !
Ocean told a mariner :
Then the sailor told his mistress,
She—she told it everywhere."

Upon contemplating these rude records of the heroes of Hellas, it is possible, we think, to discover the germs of an original and beautiful literature, if the seeds of peace were allowed by Russian intrigue and barbarian venality to take root. They are as yet the only original works of which she can boast since the period of her regeneration ; for her young men of talent have hitherto wisely confined themselves to translating from foreign languages. There may probably arise, hereafter, some poet to celebrate the war of independence, when these frail memorials, living only in the ears of the peasantry, will become the mere records of the "Fortes ante Agamemnona ;" but at present the Greek of education, upon looking back to the rich inheritance of his forefathers, and beholding his present offerings to the Muse, must contemplate them with the mingled feelings of pride and regret with which Lais in the Anthology hangs up her mirror in the Temple of Venus.

"Je le donne à Vénus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle :
Il redouble trop mes ennuis;
Je ne saurois me voir dans ce miroir fidèle,
Ni telle que j'étois, ni telle que je suis."

HOW TO TRAVEL.

WHEN Tom Sheridan told his father that he had been down in a coal-pit, Richard Brinsley very properly asked him what could be his motive for such an expedition. "That I might say that I had been there," answered Tom. "You might have said so," rejoined his father, "without taking the trouble to do it."—Such-like question and answer might be very applicable to many travellers. They travel for the sake of saying they have travelled, and when they return, this is all they know of the matter. These are the very lowest grade of travellers;—they cannot make a book! Is it possible to conceive a degree of imbecility and stupidity so great as that of a human being who cannot make a book? The difficulty one should rather suppose would be to avoid making a book.—But let that pass: with such travellers as these we have nothing to do, our business is with those who bring their travels home with them. The natural torrent of questions to a traveller is, "What have you seen? Where have you been? What have you heard? Come tell us all about it." Such is the natural vanity of the species, that these questions are considered to imply an interest in, and a sympathy with, the traveller himself, who forthwith begins to swell with an exceeding conceit, and to dilate himself into the semblance of a peacock's tale or a quarto volume; and instead of Mr. Such-a-one's travels in a certain country, we have nothing but the history of the gentleman himself while dwelling in and passing through the country. Avoiding this too-inviting error, other travellers bring home memorials only of what they have seen, and relate it in such style as if nobody else had ever seen it before them, or was likely to see it after them. They are merely itinerant land-surveyors; their only travelling companions are their eyes and Cocker's arithmetic. There is also a great difference between the styles of travelling, according to the nature of and the general acquaintance with the countries visited. The style of Sterne's Sentimental Journey would not be quite the thing in exploring the centre of Africa or crossing the Andes. There is a certain degree of freedom and familiarity to be observed in visiting countries, as in our intercourse with our neighbours, which must be proportioned to our acquaintance with them. A gossiping tour in China would be quite abominable; and a didactic peregrination of France, describing the aspect of the towns, and the dresses of the people, and the fishes of its rivers, and its constitution, laws, and government, would be equally ridiculous. The one would be impertinent familiarity at first acquaintance, and the other would be treating an old acquaintance with all the formality of a new one.

We have been led into this train of thought by an unpretending volume, which has been recently published, entitled "Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée." The book begins thus:—

"We left Paris on the 1st of June, 1832, in torrents of rain, which scarcely allowed even the gloomy Bicêtre, rising on an eminence to the right, the receptacle of three thousand victims of crime or misfortune, to make itself visible through the aqueous medium in which we for a moment leaned forward to contemplate it. Fortunately there is but little philosophy necessary to reconcile the traveller to not seeing his road before him, on going out of Paris; the more general complaint is, that it is seen too clearly; for never capital was less fortunate in its suburbs and immediate environs; and one long dull straight line, always beyond what the eye can reach, soon informs those who are entering upon it of the monotony and tedium they have to encounter before they attain the end."

Here are two excellent traits of travelling on the very threshold of the book. Here is a pleasant optimism reconciling itself to an inconvenience, and so promising an agreeable travelling companion; and here is a topographical picture of the environs of Paris, not given in the form of information, but merely as the result of an impression. This is the spirit that pervades

* Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1833.

the whole volume, and gives its charm to the tour. It is a kind of sentimental journey without the affectation of sentimentality. The tourist is a lady, —a lady of good taste and good feeling. Very pleasant is it to gain information in this incidental way, so that we are not receiving it in the way of dry instruction, but by the channel of a pleasant ramble. There is a charm and a tact in her mode of describing places to you, as though you had been familiar with them, and yet giving an image of them to one who has not visited them. For instance:—

"Passing the ancient château of Beau-désir, and of Mont St. Louis, we soon arrived within sight of Tours, the garden of France, the classic ground of her most interesting recollections. The noble avenue by which we entered, the fine bridge, stretching to a length of one thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet, the venerable cathedral, the widening river, and the increasing masts that here begin to give it the character of commerce, all prepossessed us in its favour; and as we drove down the Rue Royale, justly esteemed one of the finest streets in Europe, and at that moment thronged with military, on their way into La Vendée, and with peasants from all the surrounding villages, in their gayest attire, preparing for the feast of Pentecost, we acknowledged we had not seen in France a place so likely to charm the gaze of strangers."

There is nothing in the above extract at all remarkable in point of thought or expression. The beauty of it, as of the volume throughout, is in its pure and appropriate good taste; it supposes the place to be known, and at the same time makes it known to those who were previously unacquainted with it. Such a description of a city in China, or even in Hindostan, would be altogether inappropriate and out of keeping. With all the good taste that pervades this pleasant volume, there is also an abundance of good feeling and unstrained sentiment. The tourist travelled with heart as well as eyes open. Here is a pretty picture:—

"After wandering over hill and dale, more and more delighted at every step, I bent my course back to the town. In descending the hill, I turned round by a sharp angle of rocks; and there, sitting all alone in a hollow, with wild flowers springing around her, twirling her distaff, and watching a solitary cow grazing beside her, sat the prettiest little creature I ever beheld; she was not above eight years old: the first moment I saw her I thought of Annette Nicholas, and fancied that love-model of humble piety must have been such another; but the next I seemed to see in her my own sweet Alice, the gem of her father's heart, and kissed the flaxen locks and dimpled cheeks that recalled her so forcibly to my remembrance. She was no way embarrassed by my caresses, and returned them by smiles, and a heightened bloom that made her look prettier still: 'Et aimes-tu beaucoup ta vache, ma petite?'—'Ah! oui, Madame, beaucoup, beaucoup.' 'Et l'embrasses-tu quelquefois.' 'Oui, quelquefois, quand on la trait.' So we kissed her again, and made her happy by giving her a few sous. It was thus, on the opposite side of the Loire, that Madame de Maintenon kept sheep in the days of her infancy; and better had she never left her native fields, than sat at the side of a doting monarch to procure the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an act alike of injustice and impolicy, of whichs he is generally supposed to have been the instigator."

Our tourist is not always sentimental in the graver sense of the word, but a pleasant humour frequently displays itself in her pages, as may be seen in the following exhibition of an English traveller:—

"It is astonishing, go where you will, to see how the English may always be distinguished from all the world besides, by their invariably choosing to do every thing in a manner and at a time that no one else would. I never saw an English person at a table-d'hôte, that I did not instantly know him to be such by his deportment. One in particular amused me, by the solemn sense he seemed to entertain of his own importance: when he took his place at dinner, he left space enough for half-a-dozen more between the

other guests and himself; and thus sitting in solitary grandeur at the bottom of the table, he reminded me of

> '——the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
> Where cheerless Saturn, 'mid his watery moons,
> Girt with a lurid zone, in gloomy pomp,
> Sits like an exiled monarch.'

He consoled himself the first day in his insulated greatness, by calling for wines which the house did not afford; and when they were at length procured for him, he found them so novel to his palate, and ungenial to his stomach, that he was obliged to have recourse to the vulgarity of qualifying them with cogniac; which, however, he asked for in an octave lower than he had done for the wine. After dinner he remained alone, with his dessert and wine at a small table, but alas! the newspaper, that silent, best companion of an Englishman's self-concentrated sociability, was wanting; and to supply its place, he gravely took out his passport, and with an abstracted, business-like air, held it at arms' length from his eyes, and, with both his legs on a chair opposite to him, read it through, probably for the hundredth time, from beginning to end, no doubt charmed with seeing his name at full length, accompanied by an appropriate description of his age, height, and complexion. He was a little man, but had a laudable ambition always to hang his hat on the highest peg in the room: one day, in disengaging it from its 'high estate,' it fell upon his nose, and rolled under the table. 'Give me leave, Sir,' said a good-natured young Frenchman, who spoke English like a native, diving at the same time in search of it; but the little man was offended at being addressed in his own language, and replied stiffly, 'Non, Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligé, mais je puis le lever moi-même;' and with this specimen of his proficiency in French, he stooped down,

> 'Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.' "

From this entertaining volume we might select many extracts illustrative of the writer's happy tact in knowing what to look at and how to look at it.

On the whole, we regard this work as one of the neatest and pleasantest specimens of what should be the mode of travelling through a country, known, yet unknown. The book is one of the most agreeable companions that we have recently met with, and derives a peculiar interest from the agitations which are yet moving amid the scene of its descriptions.

SONNET.

ON FIRST READING THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

We tread the teeming earth with half-shut eyes.
  Beauty and glory from the prodigal urn
  Of Nature lavish'd, woo, at every turn,
The trampling step to pause—but on it flies:
A thousand floral things of heavenly dyes
  Flit with the summer and with spring return,
  Again to flit, that florists never learn
Ope bud or petal to the west-wind's sighs.
A thousand pomps and glories deck the skies,
  That make nor bard's nor painter's mimic strife.
  Avarice may pine where scarce-hid store is rife;
Hunters despair a spear's length from the game;
  And I have lived through half a poet's life,
And known a Wordsworth only yet by name!

G * * *.

Bishopwearmouth.

RRAN PATH.

A CORNISH STORY.

Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest war.
BYRON.

HENRY NORTON was—— but it does not signify what he was; suffice it he was poor and in love—had nothing, indeed, but the half-pay of a service which he had not health to remain in, while Mary Franklin was rich, and her parents intended her for a much higher rank in society than the life of a "half-pay luff," as they used contemptuously to call him. But women are obstinate in these cases; and, moreover, even if there had been no opposition, she would very likely have fallen in love with the young sailor; and as her fortune would be her own when she was of age, the odds were very much in her favour. But the parents were aware of this also; so, from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they watched their daughter with lynx-eyed vigilance, but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to meet, though, it must be confessed, it was but seldom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a grove, or by a lake; but they met not there. Sweet are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazaars; but they met not there. But, as the grey dawn was breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff,—as the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock clearly in the haze of the morning,—as the lengthened wave was curling along the white and seemingly endless beach,—they would meet on the dizzy height of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love. But as it was impossible for them to give each other notice when these meetings would be, it was Norton's business to be on the cliffs by daybreak every morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish. Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely miner, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, according as they were or were not engaged (as almost all Cornish peasants are) in assisting the landing of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff, thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and frequently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise, in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain that he would not be able to see her that morning, he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promontory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a woman, standing and waving a handkerchief. With the speed of a lover he rushed to the place, but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam, and it was a spot where no woman could have dared to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the next morning he went again. But again there was the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The next moment Mary came; and, telling her the story, they walked towards the place where he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called her; but she was not visible, so they laughed and forgot her.

"And is this to last for ever, Mary?" said Norton. "Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two words of welcome, before we have to say good bye, to meet again we know not when?"

"Be patient, Henry—be patient; and if, when I have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse—why, I will give my consent without waiting any longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune-hunter."

"But what does that signify? I do not think so. Is not that sufficient, Henry? And if we do our duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our friends that our love is real and enduring, they may at last consent, and Heaven will——."

"Curse, curse ye!" cried a voice from beneath them; and a woman started from the rock, and sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribbons. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the other a stout riding-whip, such as is used by farmers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down over her forehead, while her pale features looked much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are ye, and what are ye," continued she, coming up to Norton, "that, for this third time, have frightened him away? for I have called, and he did not come; I have sung, and he hath not heard me: for you have scared him away with your false vows,—you have driven him away the while I was sleeping, and he will not come again. But I'll away to your father, Mistress Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned round the hill before he could overtake her, and on reaching the spot, he could see no traces or signs of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not faint, was so frightened, that on his return, Norton found her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as to be unable to walk without assistance. This, under existing circumstances, was particularly agreeable. Upon going a little way, she found it impossible to go farther without resting, and it was getting late. This was still more agreeable. She had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were awake and stirring, and they stared, and wished her good morning;—they would have known her a mile off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, however, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery; but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat; and no one had met them —except the inhabitants of the village. She was entering the house, somewhat cheered by this circumstance, when she met her father at the door.

"You are early, Mary," said he. "It is too cold now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill, child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice behind them, which made the old gentleman start, "that heeds not the mother's bidding. Well, well! I called, and he came not; ye called me not, but I am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr. Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer," said Rosa Rosevargus; "I will answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of the disobedient has kept him away. Three mornings have I called him, and he remained behind,—for why?

the daughter was with her lover, though the command was upon her that she should have heeded; and she was away from the home where the father was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which one of the strong ponies of the country was tied; and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an instant. Mary would not live so near her lover, and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enraged father heard all the story, and her meetings with Norton were, of course, put a stop to. And many long and weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Norton, guessing what had happened, yet having no certain information; and often did he see the "grim white woman," and often did he attempt in vain to overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she would spring on her rude saddle, and gallop off with her usual parting of "Aha! I wish you well—aha!" In answer to his inquiries, Norton could only hear that she was the "Mazed woman," who lived at Mr. Herring's, at the far end of Cuthbert parish; and it was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an opulent farmer, and had once rented a large tract of land. But the times and his landlord both pressing him at the same time, he was obliged to give it up. He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the times continued bad, it was determined his daughter Rosa should, as the Cornish express it, "go out in service." But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible heart, and so had the butler; and Mr. Rosevargus was a monied man. He had formerly been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he was Mr. Rosevargus, and a monied man. Accordingly it was agreed that he should take a small farm; and for some time fortune favoured them exceedingly, for, speculating in mines, they became very rich. But their happiness was of short duration. A few years after their marriage the husband died, leaving behind him only one son. Robert did not, however, inherit his father's industry. The wrestling ring, the hunt, and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion for all these, that not only were his mother's persuasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts could not reform him. She even threatened to find another and a steadier sweetheart without effect; so she tried another plan, and said, if he would live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now this said Anne Roberts was, his mother thought, exactly the person Robert should not marry, being fond of dress, and excessively extravagant. Accordingly, she expostulated and reasoned; but it was no use. So the day was fixed, and she was obliged to consent, though, as she said, no good would ever come of it. However, she was somewhat appeased by a white gown and bonnet Anne Roberts sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a joint gift from both of them; and so the day was fixed. Two nights, however, before the wedding-day, two friends of the young farmer came to his house, and insisted on his accompanying them on a fishing ex-

cursion. This his mother insisted very strongly on his not doing; but his friends laughed at him, and he went, and never returned. The boat was swamped in one of those sudden ground seas, which are so frequent on that coast, and which the most expert seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every one on board perished. From that time the senses of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her father took her home, and she grew better in time, still she would frequently put on the white dress—her son's last present—and mounting her pony, would ride off to that part of the coast where it was supposed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was only still at sea, and would be too late for the wedding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and then ride home, and say he was coming. At times she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dangerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It was in one of these fits she first met Norton; and having sense enough to remember Mary Franklin, and to know the reason she was there, she avenged herself for the interruption in the manner we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took another turn. She fancied that he was just upset, and that she would go and look for his body. The fishermen, to humour her, would say they would take her out for a pound; but as they never trusted her with money, she would only answer them with her usual salutation, and ride on. One day, however, she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the bridle, she exclaimed—

"And have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin? have ye heard of my loss? Willy—ye know Willy the fisherman?—Willy tells me that my poor boy is drowned; and Willy says he will take me out for a pound —for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now, your honour would not refuse the value of a pound to poor Rosa Rosevargus for this cause?"

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa was not satisfied with this refusal; she went twice afterwards to the house, and demanded her pound; till at last the squire lost his temper, and sent her rather rudely out of the house. A short time afterwards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met her. His horse was awkward at opening the gate, and the rider, as usual, lost his temper.

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried Rosa. "Ye have turned from the mother's prayer, and ye would not help her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and she shall not answer; ye shall seek her, and ye shall not find. For ye would not help the childless and the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baffled. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

It was the very next morning that Norton was taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat down on the same place where he had first seen Rosa,—probably blessing her in his heart for all the misery she had caused him.

"Mary," said he aloud, "I shall see you no more. They tell me that you are going to London, and I am too poor to follow you; or if I was, I would not, for I could not bear to see you happy without me. But we are separated for ever, and I will leave this place ——"

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried a well-remembered voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock as before. "I curse ye, for ye heard not the widow's prayer, and her son is unburied on the waters."

"Woman!" cried Norton, springing on her, and seizing her by the arm, "what did you——"

"I will tell ye, then," interrupted Rosa; "I will tell ye what I did. I did the thing which makes me sleepless, and I will do the thing which will give me rest. Ye said ye were separated for ever; ye said ye would leave this place,—ye were a fool to think it. Did I not give the wound —will I not heal it? Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

"What mean you, woman? what are you——"

"Mr. Norton," said she, in so altered a tone that her hearer started, "they say I am mad, because I forget not my dear boy—my only son; because I come here to weep for him. You came to interrupt me, I thought,—to mock me, as others do; but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think it; for I am not mad, indeed I am not. I have done the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no note—no message? trust me with it, and it shall be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are deceived, by a mad person's temporary return to reason, and agreed to meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But he more than half repented having done so, when, at the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness returned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed woman. Ye shall call, and none shall answer; ye shall seek, but ye shall not find; ye shall run, but it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And springing on her pony, she was out of sight as quick as ever.

"Fool that I was, to trust her," said the lover. "She will give the letter to Mr. Franklin, and it will hasten Mary's departure, and she will be guarded more strictly than ever." He was, however, mistaken. That night, as Mary was looking out of the window of her room, thinking of the comparatively happy time when she used to sit there and watch for the first light of the morning to steal out and meet her lover,—she heard a low voice singing, to the tune of one of the ballads of the country, the following words:—

The wild waves are breaking still loud on the shore,
But the call of the childless is answered no more.
The lover is there by the dawn of the day,
And the widow is mixing her tears with the spray.
The mother is mourning for him that is not,
But the maiden is sleeping—her love is forgot.

But he'll be flying, he 'll be flying
Over land and over sea,—
He 'll be dying, he 'll be dying,
Like the child that's lost to me.

I stood upon the cliff, maid, to sorrow for my child,
And I curst ye, and I curst ye, for my grief had made me wild;
But the sorrow of the lover I have sense enough to feel,
And the wound that I have given, he has sent me here to heal.

Mary thought she must be deceived—that she was dreaming, or mad; but she listened again, and found she was not mistaken. At this moment the dogs began their nightly conversation with the moon, and she heard no more. The next night she heard the same words again; but just as she was about to answer the signal, her father entered her room,

at and lectured her for an hour for sitting at the openedwindow; and when he left her, the singer was gone. The next night, however, the same song was again repeated, with this additional verse:—

> The burning tear is bursting from the childless mother's eye,
> And the lover's heart is thirsting with the hope that will not die.
> I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on the shore,
> Answer, false one, answer, shall I say you love no more?
> I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on the hill,
> Answer, maiden, answer, shall I say you love him still?

Mary no longer doubted, but opening her window, she repeated the last line. Immediately the white woman was under her window, and delivering the note on a long forked pole, almost instantly disappeared. Eagerly did Mary read it; and there is but little doubt that it was punctually answered. In this manner they kept up for some time a constant correspondence; till at last it was agreed upon that Norton should pretend to leave Perran; and it was hoped by that means that Mary might have more liberty. The trick succeeded, and they accordingly effected a meeting in the following manner.

Mr. Franklin, fancying that Norton was gone, and believing, from his daughter's increased spirits, that she had forgotten him, gave a grand pic-nic party on the beach. It was low water; and at that time of tide there is an excellent uninterrupted gallop along the beach, on hard sand, for two miles. On the right, towards the farther end from the Path, there is a road, which leads across a desert of sand, which extends for miles, and across which it is difficult, without much custom, to find a way; for it is not a level plain, but innumerable hills of sand. It was a common thing with Mary to gallop to the end of the beach; but on that day, no sooner did the cliffs hide her from the rest of the party, than turning her horse's head towards the sand hills, and galloping up the road, she was with Norton in a second. The undisguised joy of the lovers brought tears into the eyes of Rosa Rosevargus. Dressed the same as ever, she looked like the genius of the place, as, sitting by her pony, she watched them in silence. They had been long together, when Mary said,—

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he; "for we will never part again."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor, "this: I have a chaise and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-night; and I claim your promise, Mary, for you are now your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there is something in leaving the home of their childhood, the friends that have loved them, the parents that gave them birth,—to leave them, and offend them for ever, perhaps, —to live without their blessing,—to die, perhaps, without their forgiveness,—which requires all the courage that women are possessed of. It is an undertaking which requires long consideration, and few dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"Ill come," cried Rosa, when she heard her determination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that can desert the wished and the lovely; ill come to the eyes of the maiden that can see their true-love in trouble

and can look round for a richer to keep her company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

Mary was frightened, but not persuaded; but the last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jealous lover.

"And is it so, Mary?" said he. "Is there then another, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You are silent. Is it so? Farewell, then, Mary; I do not blame you for leaving me; it is natural—it is right. But why deceive me?—why write to me?—or, if you did write, why not write the truth?

"I did, I did, Henry,—I did indeed; and rather than you should doubt me, I will——"

"Oh! end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly with me."

She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch us—they will stop us; and how are you going?"

"Rosa lends me her pony."

"And you know your way over these sands? Oh! if you do not, it is useless to attempt it now. Let us wait another opportunity."

Norton was puzzled. This was the first time he had ever been across the sands; and there were old mine-shafts and pits, and but one road, scarcely to be recognised as such except by the most practised eye. He could not answer, and Mary was about to turn.

"Well, then," cried Rosa, "and what ails ye now? Away, ye can ride,—away, ye can ride; and old Rolly (so she called her poney) wants neither whip nor spur, nor guide. Away!—Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

Norton jumped on the pony, and his companion's, though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with old Rolly, who went off home, as if quite as mad as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill opposite the sand-hills, he turned to see if he was pursued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa, waving her handkerchief, on the high sand-hill opposite the small village of Ellenglese. He answered her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the Bristol steamer.

The consternation of the pic-nic party at the long absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at first the father agreed with her. But when he considered the impossibility of the lovers holding any communication with each other—that Norton, as was reported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had fallen into a shaft drove every other suspicion out of his head. For the whole night they were looking for her. Lanterns, torches, were in great requisition; horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of making her hear was resorted to, but she did not answer. The moon went down, and the last hour before daylight was completely dark. About this time Mr. Franklin was by himself, separated from the rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just expiring, and he was trying to trim it, when it went out entirely; and he could see nothing but the lamps of his companions, at a considerable distance, and that only now and then, as they ascended and descended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch them; he called, but they could not hear. At last he gave it up; and fearing lest he should fall into a shaft, he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even the cries of his companions became

at length inaudible, and he almost fancied himself in another world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, however, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she. "Ye turned from the mother's prayer,—ye have refused to assist her to find and to bury the child she took delight in. Did I not tell ye? but ye did not hear; did I not advise thee? but ye were deaf. And now ye are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye seek, but ye cannot find; ye run, but it is past the time. What do ye here? She is away with the loved and the true; for Rosa gave, and Rosa healed the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the widow,—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the childless. Away, then, for she is not here,—away, then, for she is not home. For Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And holding her lantern close to the face of the astonished father, she repeated her last usual parting words, "Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he was startled—he was agitated; and his companions found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would forgive their daughter. At last, however, discovering that further resistance was not only useless but ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents. After their first visit, they were again invited to spend a longer time. The next time they were entreated to stay still longer; and at last the old people found that they could not live without them, and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves, on condition they lived with them always. In the meantime poor Rosa, after the stimulus of avenging herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was positively necessary, for the peace of the neighbourhood, that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton would by no means consent to this, before something had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her own expense, an eminent physician was sent for; and by his advice it was settled that she should be deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son. The plan succeeded. For one year she would constantly visit the spot where the old church had been for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her son to be buried; but after that she gradually recovered her senses. We need not say that Mr. and Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had done them; for though she did not live above two years after the recovery of her reason, she spent them in the service of those she had been the means of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I shall be quite content if, for the space of ten minutes, you are half as much pleased as I was with the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it first in the small room of the little inn at Perran Path.

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.*

The modesty of the preface, in which the gallant author of the work before us apologizes for the possible imperfections of his performance, on the plea that his whole life, from fifteen years of age, has been passed in the active discharge of military duties, would have inclined us to view with indulgence the attempt he has made to open a new chapter in British literature, even if that attempt had proved a failure. But the public voice has already declared its approbation of the "History of the Coldstream Guards," and we think with justice. The history of a regiment is an unpromising subject. When a writer proceeds to examine his materials for such an undertaking, he finds that they consist of battles already known in all their details, of marches and counter-marches, and those minor incidents of warfare which, however important they may have been to the individuals concerned in them, are little calculated to afford amusement, or convey instruction to others. At the outset, therefore, Colonel Mac Kinnon had to encounter the difficulty of endeavouring to give fresh interest to campaigns and combats which had long been familiar to the recollection of a majority of readers, or had ceased to be recollected in consequence of their want of interest; but this difficulty he has been enabled to surmount by the grace, spirit, and clearness of his narrative, in treating of occurrences destitute of the attractions of novelty, and by the introduction of extracts from ancient documents, and a variety of curious facts and circumstances which his laborious researches have brought to light. The style he has adopted is concise, unaffected, and lucid.

Colonel Mac Kinnon commences his history with an account of the first formation of the regiment under General Monk, at the time when Cromwell, who was well aware of his military talents, "persuaded him to accept an appointment in the army then preparing to invade Scotland;" and the following quotation informs us, that the fact was thus noticed in the Journals of the House of Commons:—

"Die Martis, 13 Aug. 1650. Colonel Jones reports from the Council of State, that the Lord General hath thought fit, upon his marching into Scotland, to draw five companies out of the garrison of Newcastle, and five out of Berwick, and to put them under the command of Colonel Monk; by reason of which the strength of these garrisons is very much diminished.—To move the Parliament that Sir Arthur Hazlerig and Colonel Fenwick may be empowered to recruit their regiments to their former numbers, and that the regiment of Colonel Monk may be taken on the establishment. —Resolved that the House doth agree with the Council of State therein."

"Thus formed," says Colonel Mac Kinnon, "the regiment entered Scotland, and did not return until General Monk, on January 1, 1659-60, quitted his head-quarters at Coldstream to restore the monarchy, and give peace to his distracted country. From the place whence these brave men set out on their splendid undertaking, and where the plan had been matured, the regiment derives its distinctive appellation; an event which Gamble, the chaplain of General Monk, has thus recorded:—'This town hath given title to a small company of men whom God hath made the instruments of great things, (and though poor, yet honest as ever corrupt nature produced into the world,) by the no dishonourable name of Coldstreamers.'"

It appears, therefore, from the evidence collected by Colonel Mac Kinnon, that the Coldstream Guards are of English origin, and that their Scottish title was only intended to perpetuate the remembrance of their valour in seconding the efforts of their cautious and determined leader. The narrative of the operations in which the regiment was concerned during its stay in Scotland is replete with interest and information. The battle of Dunbar, where Monk bravely advanced with his half pike in his hand against Tower's regi-

* Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mac Kinnon. 2 vols. Bentley, London.

ment, is the first that occurs in the "History of the Coldstream;" and it is thus noticed:—

"In August the regiment was present at the taking of Collington-house and the storming of the garrison of Redhall. On the 29th it returned with the rest of the troops to the camp near Musselburgh; on the 30th the whole army marched to Haddington, and on Sunday, September 1st, (1650,) arrived at Dunbar. In making this retrograde movement Cromwell was closely pursued, and found himself in a very critical position, as he had retired on a narrow neck of land with the sea in his rear. The Scots army, well supplied and full of hope, was posted on a hill in front. From this situation there was no escaping except by the pass of Coppersmyth, (Cockburn's-path,) which was strongly guarded by a detachment. A council of war was therefore assembled. Cromwell, seeing the enemy descend into the plain, proposed to charge. Monk volunteered to lead the attack with his own regiment and other troops. His plan was adopted, the enemy were driven from their position, and the memorable victory of Dunbar was gained."

The letter of Cromwell to the Speaker Lenthal, describing the battle, is printed in the Appendix from George III.'s collection of tracts in the British Museum, and the following extract from it will, we think, prove acceptable to our readers.

"The next morning we drew into an open field on the south side of Haddington, we not judging it safe for us to draw to the enemy upon his own ground, he being pre-possessed thereof, but rather drew back to give him way to come to us if he had so thought fit; and having waited about the space of four or five hours to see if he would come to us, and not finding any inclination in the enemy so to do, we resolved to go according to our first intendment to Dunbar. By that time we had marched three or four miles; we saw some bodies of the enemy's horse draw out of their quarters, and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar their whole army was upon their march after us, and, indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence if not their presumption and arrogancy. The enemy that night we perceived gathered towards the hills, labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick, and having in this posture a great advantage through his better knowledge of the country, which he effected by sending a considerable party to the strait pass at Coppersmyth, where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us, wherewith the enemy reproached us with that condition the Parliament army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall. By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England, believing that their army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption; it being told us we know not how truly, by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, that their King was very suddenly to come amongst them with those English they allowed to be about him; but in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them. The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages, we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantage, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us shared, that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the mount, and in the mount the Lord would be seen, and that he would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us; and, indeed, we had our consolations and our hopes. Upon Monday evening, the enemy—whose numbers were very great, as we hear about 6,000 horse, and 16,000 foot at least, ours drawn down as to sound men, about 7,500 foot, and 3,500 hundred horse—the enemy drew down to their right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse, to the right wing shogging also their foot and train much to the right, causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the enemy intended to attempt upon us or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl of Roxborough's house and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy, to which he immediately replied, that he had thought to have said the same thing to me, so that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk and showed him the thing, and coming

to our quarter at night, on demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels they also cheerfully concurred; we resolved therefore to put our business into this position, that six regiments of horse and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van, and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary General, and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business, and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse. should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling in to be by break of day, but through some delays it proved not to be so till six o'clock in the morning. The enemy's word was 'the Covenant,' which it had been for divers days; ours 'the Lord of Hosts.' The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary General Whaley, and Colonel Twisleton gave the onset, the enemy being in very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse; before our foot could come up, the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty, being overpowered by the enemy, received some repulse which they soon recovered; but my own regiment under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goff and my Major White, did come seasonably in, and at the push of pike did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot, this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did with a great deal of courage and spirit beat back all opposition, charging through the bodies of the enemies horse and foot who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. Indeed I believe I may speak it without partiality, both your chief commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this war. I know they look not to be named, and therefore I forbear the particulars.

"The best of the enemy's horse and foot being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout, our men having the chace and execution of them near eight miles; we believe that upon the place and near about it were about three thousand slain; prisoners taken of their officers you have the enclosed list, of private soldiers near ten thousand, the whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder, and bullet, all their artillery, great and small, thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than fifteen thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near two hundred colours which I herewith send you. What officers of quality of theirs are killed. we cannot yet learn; but yet surely divers are and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsdel, the Lord Liberton, and others; and that, which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men.

"Dunbar, September 4, 1650. "O. Cromwell."

On receiving the news of this important victory, Parliament voted that the two hundred colours captured from the enemy should be hung up in Westminster Hall, and that "the officers and men which did this excellent service should be presented with gold and silver medals."

From the period of the battle of Dunbar the regiment was actively employed in the subjugation of Scotland, and the particulars of its services, as related by Colonel Mac Kinnon, are, in many instances, novel, and in all well told. An extract from one of the diurnals, published in the year 1655, informs us, that

"The forces are peaceably settled in their winter quarters and not any visible enemy at all stirring, although this year there was not any captain of the watch as formerly, yet not so much as the stealing of a cow or horse from the lowlanders, even so that through Providence Scotland is wholly brought into the most peaceable condition that ever it was since the memory of this age." Two years after this "addresses were sent by every regiment in the army to the Lord Protector; among them was one from the Lord General Monk's regiment of foot and Colonel Talbot's, both of which were quartered in Edinburgh. Monk, from his services, had become so great a favourite with the people and the troops under his command, that it occasioned some uneasiness to Cromwell. In one of his letters to Monk he writes, 'there be that tell me there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to be in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart; I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him and send him up to me.'"

At this period Monk does not appear to have taken a single step that could justify ever a remote suspicion of his future intentions; but the sagacious Protector seems to have been sensible of the instability of the government he had instituted, and with his usual tact conveyed to the commander of the army in Scotland an intimation that he was on the watch, taking care at the same time to assume a tone expressive of good-humour and unbounded confidence. The death of Cromwell soon followed.

"On the 9th of September, 1658, Richard was proclaimed, in Scotland, Lord Protector, by order of Monk and the Council; but in the early part of the subsequent year the new Protector was compelled to dissolve the Parliament he had so recently called together, and in April resigned his office."

The progress of Monk towards London with his own regiment, and other troops, to the amount of 5000 men, to restore the king, is related with minuteness and accuracy.

"Soon after the arrival of the Coldstreamers in London, General Monk received orders from Parliament to reduce the citizens to obedience, some of the principal of whom had shown a disposition to coalesce with the usurping Committee of Safety: accordingly, he led his army into the city, destroyed the gates, portcullis, and other means of defence; which, as there was no danger of foreign invasion, could only have been made subservient to factious purposes. The troops then returned to their quarters." "The first act, therefore," says Colonel Mac Kinnon, "of the regiment whose services are now recorded, on their arrival in the metropolis, was to repress anarchy, to enforce due obedience to the laws, and secure that respect for the civil government with which the welfare and happiness of a country are at all times so closely interwoven."*

After the Restoration,

"The army was disbanded by act of Parliament, with the exception of the Lord General's own regiment, which, at the request of the Lord Chancellor, was not broken up. His fears of insurrection, added to his dislike of all sectaries, induced him to conjure the King to retain Monk's regiment. The King resolved to constitute them his household troops for the security of his person and government."

We regret that we cannot follow the historian into more recent times; but we direct the attention of the reader to the battle of Fontenoy and the defence of Hougomont as examples of excellent and faithful description. The skilful arrangement of the book, its accuracy, its variety of information for the general purposes of military reference, and as a record of every fact and name connected with the history of the Coldstream Guards, its amusing anecdotes, and the power it possesses of entertaining readers of every denomination, can only be fully appreciated by the perusal of the work itself. And we have spared, from regard to the gallant and enthusiastic soldier, all mention of certain political declamations which intersect his narrative, and prove how seldom in this day and in this country the sentiments of men with swords by their sides can agree with those of peaceable and liberal citizens.

* A dangerous sentence in the mouth of a soldier, and which may serve to show the peril of standing armies.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Dignity of the Bar v. the Dignity of the Press—Trial by Battle—The Importance of Princes to Themselves—The Gaol Delivery—Characters of Servants—Reform in Municipal Institutions—Fancy Fairs—Physicians' Prescriptions.

THE DIGNITY OF THE BAR v. THE DIGNITY OF THE PRESS.—In a late trial, in the Court of Common Pleas, before Mr. Justice Parke, the defendant, the Editor of the "Examiner" had been erroneously stated, by some of the parties concerned, to be a barrister. On the mistake being cleared up, the Judge expressed his satisfaction, and seemed to congratulate the bar, that they had not the editor of a newspaper among them. It was a very absurd conclusion to draw, that because Mr. Fonblanque was not a barrister, that therefore the bar had no editors among them. There is no profession that has had so much to do with the press as the bar; and in the case of many barristers and judges of great eminence, it has been to their labours on the press that they have been indebted for avoiding starvation during the barren times of the profession. But is the press so low, or the bar so high, that people are to rejoice that no barrister is the editor of a newspaper? What then is the duty of the editor of the newspaper? Is it not to discuss all public questions—to guide the public opinion on momentous questions—to perform the part of guide and instructor in all those points where the interests of the whole community are concerned? Minor duties he also has, which, though he may not perform himself, are done under his eye. News is transmitted from one corner of the kingdom to the other; it is he who binds remote countries together; and so combines distant masses, that they are enabled to think, and feel, and act as one. He supplies the minds of men with intellectual roads, which are for every thing that can be conveyed through the medium of the intelligence, that which canals, roads, rail-roads, coaches, boats, are for the material intercourse of commerce. We would not depreciate the usefulness of the barrister; and to lower the estimation of the bar would be a positive injury to society—the prey as it is of law and lawyers. It is absolutely necessary to keep up the artificial defence of honour and respectability in the bar, or no man would be safe. This necessity of entrenching the bar is, however, no proof of its intrinsic merit. If Holland consisted of high ground, there would be no necessity for its enormous dykes. The various duties about a newspaper demand persons of various capacities and various station. The same may be said of the law: no one confounds the barrister and the bailiff; it is, however, from some equally palpable blunder alone that Judge Parke could be persuaded that it was a source of satisfaction that the Editor of the "Examiner" was not a barrister. What has he been thinking of? Did he confound the editor of a paper of the very highest standing with the reporter of prize fights, or the penny-a-line men, who record the departure of Mr. Justice Parke on his circuit? A far more distinguished judge than any one now on the bench, said to Mr. Rush, the American Ambassador, complaining of the smallness of the courts—"Sir, we sit in the newspapers daily." But it is only such judges as Mr. Justice Parke, whose eyes can read no type but law-stationer's text, that for one moment undervalue the importance of a public journal, or the qualifications ne-

cessary to a public instructor; and yet, even such men as Mr. Justice Parke cannot exist without their daily journal. We would stake something that Mr. Justice Parke himself is a pretty assiduous reader of the despised journal. If testimony of its utility were wanted, it would be found in a circumstance almost contemporaneous with the amusing congratulation of Mr. Justice Parke. On that very morning, the Chief Justice Denman had saved a life by the newspaper, which, like other men, judges and judged, he reads at breakfast. It is Cox's case that is alluded to, whom the carelessness of the Recorder had condemned to death, and who would have been hanged had not a timely discovery been made by the Chief Justice, from seeing the notification of the blundering decree that had gone forth in the morning paper. Mr. Justice Parke could not have been more unfortunate in the choice of his victim. The Editor in question happens to be a man about whom there can be no mistake. The genius with which he has now for years discussed the affairs of this country in the columns of the "Examiner" has saved his writings from the usual ephemeral fate of daily writing. There is no judge of either wit or style—we do not allude to Judge Parke—that has not already confirmed the public opinion, that here, at least, of all our modern writers, here is a classic; and that, since the time of Swift and Arbuthnot, we have had nothing so indelibly impressed with the marks of endurance as these very writings on temporary occasions. There is not a barrister at the bar, nor a judge either, that has ever looked beyond a record, who would not hail, not merely the public companionship, but more especially the private society, of a man of unblemished character and extraordinary genius, whose labours every week are looked for with eager delight, by those even against whose ends his conclusions make open war.

The name alone might have spoken to a duller ear than Mr. Justice Parke. Is it a name so unknown in the annals of law? Does not Mr. Justice Parke himself remember looking up with respect to the first barrister that bore it—the friend of Fox and Erskine—a chief in more illustrious times than these, and who now, in the decline of years, still proves the solid ground on which his former fame was built? If it had been a serious thing to the bar, that Mr. Albany Fonblanque, the Editor of the "Examiner," was a barrister, how much more serious must it be, that his brother is a judge! Is the honour of the bar safe, think you, Mr. Justice Parke, when it might any day be made to appear in court, that the brother of the Editor of the "Examiner" presides in a department of the bankruptcy court?

Trial by Battle.—Colonel Bricqueville, a French Deputy, in a speech to the Chamber, vehemently impeached the character of Marshal Soult, and in his presence. The Marshal replied nothing; but his son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, proceeded to challenge the accuser. They fought with small swords, tumbled down once or twice in each other's presence, and ultimately rolled in the dust, locked together in a fast embrace. The seconds, says the French official account, seeing that the affair had become one of mere personal strength, interfered, stating, that they could not permit the continuance of so obstinate a duel. "The combatants separated, interchanging marks of a frank and cordial esteem." What a wonderful thing is a tustle with small swords, especially if accompanied with a roll in the mire! Here is a son coming

to the field breathing vengeance against the calumniator of his venerable parent: he quarts and tierces for twenty minutes, slips, drops, and rolls, pulling his antagonist along with him, and, behold, he rises full of a frank and cordial esteem for the man whose life he has thus been fiercely seeking, and whose denunciation of his parent remains just as it was! This is honour—this is duelling; and we call ourselves rational creatures, and have the impudence to despise the beasts that perish, and whom we, having the gift of speech, name brute!

The seconds interfered because the affair had become a struggle of mere personal strength: what was it before— a struggle of mere personal skill? Why not decide by strength, as well as skill? The one has about as much to do with the merits of the case as the other. The Marquis of Dalmatia might have been the adroitest swordsman in Europe, and yet Marshal Soult the greatest traitor unhanged. Prejudice has given something more of gentility to tilting with a long steel wire than to floundering and buffeting in the dust; but were the man in the moon to be asked what he thought of the two schemes, he would give his preference to the least dangerous; for, however careful gentlemen may be, they will sometimes hurt each other with the pointed wire.

The English plan of pistolling, instead of strength or skill, makes accident the chief arbiter in disputes. One person is injured or insulted; he therefore contrives that both parties shall be subject to the consequence of a brace of pistols being simultaneously discharged, each fired severally in the direction of the injured and the injurer. Skill is not permitted to have much play here, and strength none Accident may, or may not, sometimes be guided by skill; generally speaking, however, the hits are made by the greater blunderer. It would be a purer method of settling disputes, if accident alone were paramount; for instance, to cast lots as to who should be shot at, the party shooting being blindfolded. There is, however, no reason why death should ensue at all, save in the more deadly offences. The penalty might be various; a little mutilation would be more becoming than random pistol-shot wounds; for instance, were it the law of honour that two parties, who had challenged each other, should cast lots as to which should have the tip of his nose cut off, there is no doubt but that it would have a most wholesome result.

To understand the nature of duelling, it is absolutely necessary to recur to the social and moral condition of the people amongst whom it arose. When the very existence of a community, even to the supply of its daily bread, depends upon the personal valour of the individuals that compose it, the moral sentiments are quickly moulded in such a manner as to produce a universal impression, that personal valour is the paramount virtue; that its absence makes all other qualities naught, its presence dispenses with every thing else. In case, therefore, of injury or dispute, as to affairs which were all held to be far below valour or skill in arms in price, it was natural for the rude people to reason thus: "As to looking into the right of this matter, it is tedious, and after all we may never reach the truth; the short way is, who is the best man? by him we will stick." The combat is got up, the result is held to be decisive, not of the merits of the dispute about which there was little public concern, but as to the merit of the men according to the popular notion of merit. The circumstances of society have altogether changed, and yet we retain both the rude idea of the value of courage, and the institution adapted to it. In modern society, it is of extremely little

consequence whether a man is brave or cowardly; personal valour is unnecessary, except in the hired defenders of the country. The law is intended to be all-powerful, and the law decrees that personal valour shall not be called into play between man and man; it in fact nullifies courage, and any demonstration of this quality is punishable. Law, however, has its foundation in public opinion, and so also has the law of honour; and, as yet, the public opinion not having eradicated the old notion of the paramount value of personal bravery, still maintains its authority above the law of the land, and duelling continues, in spite of its absurdity when surrounded by modern institutions.

The Importance of Princes to Themselves.—When Prince George (afterwards Geo. III.) was told of his father's death, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, "I am afraid, Sir, you are not well." He replied, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew*." The position of royalty is very curious; the very condition of it is, that the personage born to it can feel nothing but the sentiments which nature has given, and art cannot take away. Royalty lives for itself; it watches itself, and, according to the observation of what passes in its own breast, acts and speaks. In every other relation of life, we think less of what we absolutely feel than of what others may feel respecting us; but a royal education makes self omnipotent and omnipresent. "Why do you weep?" said the young Napoleon to his governess—"*I* am very well." Poor boy! he had been taught not by words, but by actions and observances, that, in point of fact, that which he felt was of the chiefest importance to all mankind. Any other boy than a royal Prince, when told that his father was dead, would have recollected that people would expect grief from him, and he would have lamented, or seemed to do so; but the Prince feels exactly as any other boy would do; but marks his feeling as an event, and compares it to some other sensation of a similar kind. It was not that his father was dead, but the death of his father made him feel just such a feeling as he had when the men fell from the scaffold at Kew.

If there ever was a monarch who escaped this peculiar but princely egotism, it is our present sovereign. Placed far from the throne by the precedence of two hale and flourishing brothers, and put into a profession where delicacies are least of all understood, Prince William became a shipmate, took a turn of labour with his fellows, was exposed to common dangers, and thus was made as much a citizen as a prince. The result is evident in an unprincely disposition to meet his subjects on the footing of fellow-citizens, in his love of popularity, and the kindness and expansiveness of heart that so frequently exhibit themselves to old acquaintance, or on occasions of festivity and good fellowship.

The Gaol Delivery.—If the Solicitor-General carries his bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, he will have saved more undeserved suffering than perhaps either Clarkson or Wilberforce. Among all the monstrosities of law, the most monstrous is that of depriving a man of the power of paying anybody or anything, because he cannot pay somebody or something at a given time. The present law of debtor and creditor entitles a man to say, Sir, you owe me money, either pay me or be immured. The answer to this might be, Sir, I owe you no money. It

* Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, just published.

matters not, says law; go to gaol until we see whether you do or not, or find security for your appearance to *four* times the amount the man pretends to. Or, again, the answer may be, Very well, I owe this sum to you, but I have no means of paying you but from my professional income; in a year or two I shall be able to save all that is due to you and others. No, says law, speaking the language of a revengeful creditor, go to gaol and starve—neither pay me nor anybody—go and be ruined: base is the slave who cannot pay; go and be ruined in gaol; I want not my money, I like to see a scoundrel punished. The answer, again, may be this—True, I owe you money, but I have property to pay you ten times over—give me time—let me sell it—let me look out for a good purchaser. No, says law, if we had your property, it would satisfy our debt a thousand times over, but we cannot touch it, but your liberty is in our power; go to gaol, then you will have no opportunity of disposing of your property to advantage, but you may rid yourself of it at a sacrifice, and on the proceeds lead a jolly life in prison. Much will be wanted for the officers of the law; and since ruin necessarily comes upon you, make the best of your situation—it is not to be expected, treated as you have been like a felon, that you will now ever voluntarily reward the person that has thus dealt with you by the payment of his debt. Assuredly he has had his money's worth in cruelty.

This is the morality of imprisonment for debt beween one creditor and another. The debtor does not, however, suffer alone; all the other creditors are injured to the amount of the debts, or, at least, to the value of the chance of payment. Because one impatient person pursues, the law permits the body to be thrown into gaol, and the property to be squandered among the extortioners who surround it. In the ruin of character, of income, and from the circumscription of personal movement, not only is involved the destruction of the hopes of creditors, but the prospects perhaps of every member of a family. When parental surveillance is taken from children or young persons; when the reputation of the house is sunk, and the overtures of its inmates met with contumely, then comes the reign of temptation. The great upholder of honest pride or self-respect is gone, a loose is given to low inclination, and the means and the instruments are never far off. It may be safely said, that there never was a greater disproportion between any two things than a sum of money *alleged* to be due, and the loss of liberty in a father of a family, the earner of an income, the protector of his wife, and the guardian of his children. The relation between the property of a debtor and his debts is very precise, and he is not an honest man who will hesitate to satisfy one with the other: but we Englishmen, who, above all others, are deemed most of all to value liberty in the mass, are they, of all others, who most carelessly sacrifice it in detail; and not merely liberty, but morals. What prisoner leaves the gaol—haunt of vice, intemperance, and chicanery—untainted? Who will answer for the purity of his wife and daughters who daily visit him, making their way through an ordeal of temptation? How many a youthful criminal dates his first crime by the epoch of his father being dragged to gaol!

There is nothing to be said for this heinous offence against reason and morality. The creditor gets nothing, saves nothing; on the contrary, he more commonly loses all, save the pleasant reflection that the man who owes him money is morally and physically rotting in gaol. Credit is more facile under this law, but it would be far better for both parties if

such credit were not; it is a temptation to both parties—to the tradesman who speculates on the "body pledge," and the sanguine consumer who hopes he shall be able to pay, but who may be seriously deceived. No man should have credit who has not means; if he has means, it is on these means, and not on kidnapping the person, that the creditor should depend.

Why is it that this great question has not excited more sympathy in the guides of public opinion? How feebly has Sir John Campbell been supported by the "instructors of the public!" save, indeed, the humane and indefatigable "Herald," and, in one Sunday paper alone, by the intelligent "Spectator." What ink has been shed for Africans!—what wrath outpoured on Ireland!—The assessed taxes have almost raised the newspaper-press *en masse*; and yet the sufferers by the slave-trade would, in a very few years, be equalled by the traffic of the gaol-trade: the poor prisoner is a thousand times more oppressed than the most injured Irishman; no coercion bill was ever so harsh as that which has for ages peopled the King's Bench: the assessed taxes do not equal by one-half the law-taxes, and are immeasurably more just; and a hundred thousand times less mischievous.

Characters of Servants.—This is a chapter of great difficulty in domestic life, and it is a pity there is not some easy and pleasant mode of settling differences that arise out of it, without the interference sometime of police-magistrates, where the case is mixed up with the hearing of charges of felony and other infamous crimes; or, on the other hand, without taking up the time of the courts of law, the judges of the land, and involving the parties in the enormous expenses of litigation. A case has just occurred in which a lady's-maid, suddenly discharged owing to the receipt of anonymous letters, applied for her character to her former mistress. A character was given which stated the cause of dismissal, and added the recommendation that the person should not be placed near a newly-married lady: this was, certainly, tantamount to a bad character, and it might or might not be deserved. The servant brought an action against the lady; but as no malice could be proved, a juror was withdrawn—a step taken simply to prevent the poor plaintiff from being saddled with costs. The expenses on both sides in this paltry affair,—paltry as regards the country, most important as regards the servant,—will not cost less than one hundred pounds altogether: and there is no good done. The servant is where she was as to character,—the charge is not investigated,—the lady has been put to much trouble and expense,—and the lady's-maid will probably be thrown into gaol for the costs of the suit. Now, in France, the whole of this business would have been settled without the payment of one halfpenny. A *juge de paix*, a retired gentleman, sitting in a pleasant parlour, being informed of the complaint by the suitor, would have summoned both parties before him,—heard the statements of each,—and, after about half-an-hour's conversation, would himself have drawn up a definitive character, such as the servant, to whom character is bread, might depend upon—according to her deserts. The *juge de paix* is a stipendiary magistrate; has no interest to warp him; and as any one may be present—as public opinion is pretty just—his decisions will depend altogether on his judgment, and in these simple matters he cannot err far. In future, it is probable matters

of this sort will be settled before local courts such as those about to be instituted; but the intervention of a jury is neither useful nor desirable: it would be far better if the president of these local courts had the power of sitting in equity upon such matters as characters of servants, domestic disputes, cases of defamation, and other the civil branches of police, if they may be so termed.

At present very great inconvenience exists from the unsettled state of the law on this matter, small as it may seem. It greatly disturbs the harmony of families, and frequently a servant is unjustly and capriciously ruined by his or her master or mistress, most commonly the latter, who, for some reason of offence, or may be mere tyranny, refuse a character altogether, or so colour it that it amounts to a regular sentence of destitution.

Reform in Municipal Institutions.—This subject is typified in the Hackney Coachman's remark on Pope's exclamation of "God mend me" "Mend thee!" said the fellow, "he could *make* a dozen while he was mending thee." So it is with our municipal institutions; they are so crooked, irregular, and misshapen, that to put them into any uniform and efficient form for duty is almost impossible, whilst but slender projecting powers could quickly arrange a totally new system, which would be a great relief after the old corrupt and corrupting institutions, which have, in the course of ages, altogether shrunk from their original uses, and grown into all sorts of unseemly excrescences and deformities. The very spirit in which these institutions were founded is hostile to the interests of a commercial society well understood; it is a spirit of exclusion. To be a freeman of a corporation is to enjoy advantages of trade for which other parties are taxed; these taxes are not productive of public advantage, and they are of great public disadvantage. The produce is consumed in petty peculation, and in feasting on no petty scale; to the public, the result is a monopoly in bad and inefficient hands. The use of corporations hitherto has been election-packing. This office is somewhat curtailed. Few things can be more absurd than the jurisdiction of these corporations: sometimes they only extend to about one quarter of the town they preside over, in consequence of the place having outgrown its government; and sometimes they have a jurisdiction over an extensive rural district where the town only was. Sometimes their recorders are lords who never see the town, and sometimes they are the only persons in the corporation with a grain of sense or knowledge, and it is to be lamented that they are generally going the circuit, or residing in London away from their magistracy. On the other hand, while the towns are saddled with an expensive bellyocracy, the citizens have not a shadow of police, unless it be some wretched constable who would not offend his customers for the world, and who, in case of any violence, runs to hide himself and his staff behind the impenetrable barrier of a petticoat entrenchment These are not times for what are called "sweeping" measures: a cry of corporation-robbery on the part of the Tories would destroy the best scheme that ever was devised; otherwise, it would be easy to say what ought to be done. The corporation property should be sold, the funds should be invested for the support of a system of national police; the whole country should be classed in clumps of parishes, every clump having its stipendiary magistrate and its corps of police. Corporation tolls should either be abo-

lished, or be paid alike by all; any man should be entitled to start in business or open a shop on the same footing with every other British subject. Apprenticeships may or not be continued, but if they are, corporations have nothing to do with them. The trades or guilds might still associate and establish bye-laws to be recognized by Act of Parliament, for the assurance of skill and the prevention of imposture.

Fancy Fairs.—These fairs are indeed a strange fancy; charity, it seems, has no naked charms, she must be attired in the robes of merchandise. The frequenters of fancy fairs have a few guineas to spend, but not on relieving misery or succouring the distressed, but in pleasing themselves; the contrivance, then, is to combine the gratification called pleasure with the principal object for which the guineas are to be extracted. It is effected by a series of pretences; a lady of rank enters into a compact of this kind with the subjects she intends to work upon. She says, "Now I suppose I am worth looking at anywhere, but more especially to that kind of person that has few chances of seeing a lady of fashion at her best I will therefore dress myself up in my most becoming style, and consent to show myself in a stall to all those who will pay a certain sum to the charity. But I must not stare like a figure in a glass case; the show will then be too barefaced; I must make the pretence of having something to sell, and these somethings to sell will also be useful in extracting gains even beyond the admission-money. Though no one wants the articles; though they are not worth a tenth of what I shall ask for them, yet, out of compliment to me, and for the pleasure of making purchases from one of my rank, many will buy; and the pretence of selling will be a most agreeable way of exhibiting all those advantages of air, and shape, and graciousness, which I suppose myself to possess. All this is sheer gain to the charity, my vanity is gratified, and the curiosity of the spectators satisfied."

None but a very mercantile people surely could hit upon the expedient of playing at trade for charity; and it is still further characteristic of this most aristocratical and most commercial land, that the merchandise should be baited with rank and fashion. The combination of a love of truck and barter with the well-known reverence for aristocracy is particularly ingenious when considered as emblematic of the national character. The fancy fair is then, or ought to be, the beau-ideal of John Bull; for in one room he finds commerce and charity hand in hand, rank and trade, beauty and begging, splendour expanding all her gilded wings to shield a poor object who could have lived a year on the mere gilding of the said wings; benevolence going about in the mask of vanity; in short, a grand contrivance to do good, but in such a manner as to do it a bargain.

Physicians' Prescriptions.—The question of the language in which the prescriptions of medical men ought to be written is discussed about once a year in the public papers; but the practice of couching them in dog Latin does not alter; neither, it must be confessed, are the arguments always very convincing. On the one hand, it is alleged that an unknown tongue may cause mistakes; and, on the other, that being written in an universal, though a dead language, that the prescriptions are intelligible in every land, and may be dispensed by every disciple of Galen, no matter the jargon to which he may be born. Now and then

the physician's prescriptions may travel abroad; but, if Latin be an inconvenience, to subject ourselves to it constantly, for the sake of the chance of its being, some time or other, useful abroad, is as absurd as the carrying a perpetual umbrella, lest it should rain. It is not very often that prescriptions travel about very much, unless they are prepared for travellers, and then Latin might be used *pro re natâ*, to use their own term Generally speaking, however, on the Continent it will be found far more difficult to procure the medicines in the form prescribed, than to read the prescription, in whatever language it may be written. Medicaments are nearly as national as language, and the drugs used in one country are rarely those employed in another; or if they happen to be virtually the same, the form is altogether another, and as such may be incapable of being compounded in the manner described. Not merely are the medicaments different, but different also is the treatment of disorders: that which an English physician would expect to cure his patient with, would be deemed poison by a German or Italian: the calomel upon which we so chiefly rely is looked upon in France with little less than horror. For these reasons, wherever the English are settled on the Continent, you will find both English prescribers and compounders; they follow in the train of emigration as absolute necessaries, so far is medicine from being an universal art—so far is the human body from being the same physical entity.

The Latin of prescriptions is not Latin; it is hieroglyphican: made still more Egyptian by the art of illegibility. A prescription is a *crux medicorum;* it must not be too plain, lest too many should understand; and the darker its configuration, the more probable is it that its mysteries will be solved only by the archiatros of the drug-shop. *Ite profani!* the medicine-compounder cries to his apprentices, when a peculiarly ill-written prescription is laid on the counter of his dispensatory. It is a thing worth his own peculiar attention when nobody can fathom its deep and darkling meaning but himself; and there he stands, putting the thing for the sign, with all the satisfaction and self-complacency of an astrologer reading the horoscope drawn by some famous master of the art. It is a truth, that a part of the examination of incipient apothecaries is in bad writing: the sages of remedial law, who hold their conclave somewhere in the precincts of the Blackfriars, retain in their portfolios some most obscurely illustrious specimens of ill-written prescriptions. These are submitted to the neophyte, as tests of his ability. So that, after all, the Latin is the least obstacle in the way of reading a prescription. It would, therefore, be a preliminary to any change in the drawing up of prescriptions, to insist first upon medical men taking a degree in writing plainly.

They who argue that prescriptions should always be written in the vernacular tongue should be reminded that the actual names of drugs are Latin or Greek; scientific nomenclature being drawn from these languages: so that all these reformers could possibly do, would be to cut off the terminations of the words, to make the Latin look like English; and this, be it observed, the physicians do in their love of abbreviations. In the directions for use alone might or need a change be made: there seems no reason why *mix* should not be written as well as *misce*, or *bed-time* as well as *horâ somni*, unless indeed it be that the practice demands some little education in the apothecary, which will lead the way usefully to his botanical, chemical, and mineral studies; the nomenclature and

terminology of science being, for excellent reasons, couched in a universal tongue.

Let it not be supposed that the Latin of prescriptions is the cause of mistake. It will always be found, that error in dispensing has arisen not from misunderstanding Latin or prescription signs, but from being ignorant of the drugs, or generally from being careless of the matter in hand. Lately, we have seen death ensue from administering hydrocyanic acid for hyoscyamus, not because the young murderer did not know language, but because he did not know one thing from another. These mistakes in things occur as readily in English as in Latin;—the infant children of Colonel Stistead have been destroyed, within these last few days, by sending for red poppies instead of syrup of white poppies. The fact is, drugs are "edged tools," and no one should handle them that is not fully aware of their use.

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena negotia centum."—*Horat.*

EMENDATORY CRITICISM.

Sir,—The field of criticism is divided into three portions:—Editorship, commentatorship, and that of translating. The first is that which I sit down to treat, and which has enticed, from its difficulty, so many scholars, and exercised their time and brain: and to prove how gainful sometimes the profession of editor, we need but mention, among Latin scholars only, Lipsius on Tacitus and Seneca: Bentley, the skilful repairer of the "old Horatian way;" Ruhnkenius on Vell. Paterculus; all of whom may be termed, without straining courtesy too far, the restorers of their several authors.

When the learned rubbish, sorry witnesses of the old-faced philosophers, poets, and historians, who graced antiquity, were dragged from the secret recesses of monasteries, and brought before a dark, unlettered, and bewildered world, even then there were some who entered themselves on the lists as champions of ancient literature, vying with each other for the olive branch in endeavouring to restore their favourite authors to their pristine purity: laying the ground-work on which their successors were to build. To my task then:

"To alter is more easy than to explain," says that dictator in the republic of letters, Sam Johnson, "and temerity is a more common quality than diligence." Be it so. The same literary colossus, that the world might not impute to him the quality on which he would seem to throw a disadvantageous reflection, has, emulating the Roman doctrine, that "'twas more praiseworthy to save a citizen than kill an enemy," by his own confession been more careful to protect than attack, in his critiques on Shakspeare. An editor indeed should be well familiarized with his author's style, his cast of thought and turn of expression, ere he presume to correct; and then he might only correct where it is evident the ignorant copyist has made an error in transcribing, and not merely to improve the sense, and make it suit to his own ideas of propriety of speech: since by misunderstanding, and then emending him, he makes his author appear inconsistent. If a statuary or painter were to take the eyes and forehead from the original he might be copying, and misunderstanding, or if, disapproving the beauties of the nose or mouth, he should supply one coined from his own fancy, he might give the leer of overweening impudence to a countenance of "modest grace," and plant an

angry nose on a placid countenance; so an author might be made to appear equally ridiculous, by imprudent corrections from the busy pen of the editor. To frolic in conjecture, then, is indeed a game of hazard, and can be diverting only to the agent: and an agent of this peculiar mould we cannot picture to ourselves, but as a "freshman," or a too adventurous practitioner in the mysteries of the craft. Were this way of emending universally prevalent, the remains of antiquity would soon be rendered (to use the term of Bentley) "a fardle of nonsense."

Bentley, the prince of critics, not only proposed but received into the text of his edition of Horace, (Reader, "thereby hangs a tale!") readings unbacked, so to speak, by the authority of MSS., and he tells us in his preface, that he esteems those most worthy of reception: "Plura igitur," he writes, "in Horatianis his curis ex conjecturâ exhibemus, quam ex codicum subsidio; et, nisi me omnia fallunt, plerumque certiora." If this be urged as an excuse, we should answer, (in the chaste and happy language of Johnson, though he does not himself allude to Bentley in the passage,) "Bentley had that intuition, by which his author's intention was immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect, which dispatches its work by the easiest of means." The emendations of Bentley, as I have often heard my former Orbilius say, and he was a scholar, deeply imbued with classic lore, came over his mind like lightning. His emendations were such as required little of the argument, which was within the grasp of his vast mind, to prove them firm, nor more to prove the vulgar-lection corrupt. It is a wise maxim, that example is more prevailing than precept; I will therefore produce an instance of Bentley's ability in discovering errors, one which had prevailed, (as we learn from Pliny, B. xxxv, chap. 6.) since Vespasian's age: I would allude to Virgil's 4th Bucolic, v. 45.

> Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
> Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti
> Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera luto:
> Sponte suâ sandyx PASCENTES vestiet agnos.

A reader would methinks be tempted to exclaim, by the time he had conned the last line, with Hierocles,—"As many mysteries as words."—But the mystery presently disappears, when Bentley emends NASCENTES: the justice of which happy restoration strikes at once the dullest mind. I would notice this the more particularly, since the old corrupt lection has been employed by the succeeding commentators, for which carelessness, a true lover of Virgil would be very ready to engage in a "wit-combat" (as the quaint and rugged Fuller terms controversies) against the whole tribe: if such be ever undertaken, we will furnish a motto, culled from the exquisite lawyer in the old play:--"Commensabo actionem contra omnes et singulos: et habebo pinguia damagia: et trounsabo vos, ut homo nunquam fuit trounsatus in toto mundo. Debet enim surgere per tempus qui me decipit." But we wander from the given subject.

Scholars are apt to treat conjectural emendations in general, unless the reading be against metre or sense, and is evidently an error of the transcriber, with neglect. I will quote two passages, from scholars who were constellations of learning in their age, Brunck and Grævius, the one treating an Athenian, the other a Roman author. (Br. ad Æsch. p. v. 265.) "Tales emendationes, quia sæpenumero succedunt, non inde sequitur eas contra veterum librarum fidem recipi debere." Grævius (Pref to Cicero's Duties,) "A priscis libris non recedendum, nisi aut librarii aut scioli peccatum sit tam testatum, ut ab omnibus qui non caligant in sole, videri possit."—There are other ways of transforming authors than by infirm corrections. Dryden's publisher represents Æneas with a Roman nose, in compliment to the reigning King. Can any thing be more nauseous to a classic taste? But we have done. As I have not made any apology for trespassing on the public's attention, I have begged Mr. Editor to insert my private note to him.

SIR,—Vanity or some such demon has suggested me to offer these remarks for insertion; but the lover of literature may find another, and more

worthy excuse, in an essay to rescue that happy restoration by Bentley from an unmerited oblivion.* I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your humble correspondent,

May 7th. P.

* Bentley would not have had so good and universal a reputation had he not been called upon by calumny to publish refutations of the same; and then he would always examine, says Boyle, his memorandum books. The Christ Church club, at the head of which was the smoker Aldrich, seemed to hold fast their opinions with astonishing firmness, though they had all argument, and the master-piece of Nature as their antagonists. "This opinion," the club seemed to intimate to the magnanimous hero, Bentley, "fire cannot quench out of us; we will die in it at the stake."—Bentley possessed the great requisite of a critic, (as it certainly is, and as Gibbon says also,) viz. ARGUMENTATIVE POWERS: it is the deficiency in this which renders Burman as a Latin, and Addison as an English writer, sometimes spiritless, (I had almost said tedious.)

Brunck was a polite scholar, skilled in languages, but though he had much genius, yet no nicety of taste to direct his judgments. His edition of Sophocles must ever be the ground-work of future editions, and his Aristophanes is perfect, were the readings of the Ravenna MS. incorporated. They were afterwards published by an ignorant lawyer.

Græviu was too hasty in his publications, but possessed much and various information. But both Brunck and Græviu were too well acquainted, if I may arrogate to myself a judicial character, with the printer's devil.

We regret much that we have hitherto been quite unable to insert the "Captain," the "Old Maid," and other communications of "W. T. H."—We hope to insert one or the other at an early opportunity; but the author who sends articles of no immediate relation to the day, to a crowded periodical, must fortify himself with patience.

Communications are left in Marlborough-street for the authors of "The Infected Village,"—"Hartland, a Tale of Modern Athens,"—"Jean Paul," and the critique on "Barbier,"—"The Adventures of an Unsuccessful Candidate at the last General Election,"—"Camoens and his Translators."

To Mr. Mackenzie we offer our best thanks for his communications,—we shall not hesitate to apply to him should we require his kind assistance. To Mr. E. Condy we make the same reply.

We regret that we cannot promise inserting all the "Last Leaves of a Poet," but will select one or two as occasion serves.

We must decline "The Philosophy of Hunger."

To our Correspondent from Naples, we say "Publish your book,"—we wish we had time to reply to his long and interesting letters.

Peter Clifford, a young author of Virginia, asks Paul Clifford to recommend him a system of reading for a desultory mind that dislikes the labour of reading at all. Paul Clifford answers thus:—"Since you have the literary capacities, my dear Peter, *write* a book that *requires* learning—the course of reading necessary will seem easy with an object in view—the delight of composition beguiles the sense of study,—by the time the book is written, the mind will have grown accustomed to exertion."

To the "Dialogues of the Damned"—Echo answers "Damned."

Zain will find his paper "On the Influence of Habit" in Marlborough-st.

We have read with great attention the various communications of Captain B——, viz.:—"Tour to Mount Ætna, Sicilian Stories," &c.: they will not suit our purpose, but they certainly merit publication,—they are sent to the publisher's.

"The Adventures of a Poet" have terminated in Marlborough-street.

"Paganini's Fiddle" under consideration.

Many thanks for the beautiful engraving of Mary, Queen of Scots, distributing presents to her dependents on the night previous to her execution. —It is full of sentiment and pathos—but the face of Mary might, we think, be handsomer—the execution is rich and mellowed.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Sir John Malcolm was born on the farm of Burnfoot, near Langholm, on the 2d of May, 1769. This farm was granted to the paternal grandfather of Sir John, at a low rent, by the Earl of Dalkeith, in 1707; it subsequently became the residence of George Malcolm, the father of Sir John, who married Miss Pasley, daughter of James Pasley, Esq., of Craig and Burn, by whom he had issue seventeen children, fifteen surviving to maturity. Burnfoot is still inhabited by the Malcolms.

In the year 1782 young John Malcolm, then scarcely 14 years of age, went out as a cadet to India. The first service of any moment in which he was engaged, was the celebrated siege of Seringapatam, in 1792, where his abilities attracting the notice of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship appointed him to the situation of Persian interpreter to an English force, serving with a native prince. In 1794, the state of his health, impaired by hard service, obliged him to revisit his native country; and in the following year he returned to India, on the staff of Field Marshal Sir Alured Clarke: he afterwards received the public thanks of that officer for his conduct at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1797 he was made Captain, and from that time to 1799 he was engaged in a variety of important services, when he received instructions to join Nizam's contingent force, with the chief command of the infantry, at the head of which he continued to act, as well in a political as a military capacity, till the surrender of Seringapatam, where he prominently distinguished himself. In the same year, he was selected by Lord Wellesley to proceed on a diplomatic mission to Persia-- a country which no British ambassador had visited since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Upon his return to Calcutta, he was appointed private secretary to the Governor-General, who stated to the secret committee, that "he had succeeded in accomplishing every object of his mission, and in establishing a connexion with the actual government of the Persian empire, which promised to British natives in India political and commercial advantages of the most important description." In January 1802 he was raised to the rank of Major; and on the occasion of the Persian ambassador being accidentally shot at Bombay, he was again entrusted with a mission to that empire, in order to make the requisite arrangements for the renewal of the embassy, which he accomplished in a manner that afforded the highest satisfaction to the Company. In December, 1804, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the June of the following year he was appointed chief agent of the Governor-General, and he continued to serve in that capacity until March, 1806, having successfully concluded several very important treaties during that period.

Upon the arrival in India, in April, 1808, of the new Governor-General, Lord Minto, Colonel Malcolm was sent by his lordship to the court of Persia on a very important mission--that of endeavouring to counteract the designs of Bonaparte, then in the zenith of his power, who threatened an invasion of India by way of Persia, supported by the Persian and Turkish governments. In this difficult embassy Colonel Malcolm did not wholly succeed. He returned to Calcutta in the following August, and soon afterwards proceeded to his residence at Mysore, after having, to use the words of Lord Minto, "laid the government under additional obligations to his zeal and ability." Early in the year 1810, he was again selected to proceed in a diplomatic capacity to the court of Persia, whence he returned upon the appointment of Sir Gore Ouseley as ambassador. So favourable was the impression which he made, on this occasion, on the Persian Prince, that he was presented by him with a valuable sword and star, and, at the same time, made a khan and sepahdar of the empire: to that impression, indeed, may be ascribed much of the good understanding, both in a political and commercial point of view, which now so happily subsists between this country and Persia. During this embassy, while at Bagdad, Colonel Malcolm transmitted to the government at Bengal his final report of the affairs of Persia—a document so highly appreciated, that the government acknowledged its receipt to the secret committee in terms of unqualified praise.

In 1812, Colonel Malcolm again visited his native shores. He was met by the Court of Directors of the East India Company with the deepest regard and acknowledgment of his merits; and, shortly afterwards, he received the honour of

knighthood. He returned to India in 1816, and soon became engaged in extensive political and military duties; he was attached, as political agent of the Governor-General, to the force under Lieutenant-General Sir T. Hislop, and appointed to command the third division of the army, with which, after taking Talym by surprise, he acted a prominent part in the celebrated battle of Mehidpoor, when the army under Mulhar Rao Holkar was completely beaten, and put to rout. His skill and valour on this occasion were the theme of general admiration. A vote of thanks was awarded him, on the proposal of Mr. Canning, by the House of Commons; and the Prince Regent expressed his regret that the circumstance of his not having attained the rank of Major-General prevented his creating him a Knight Grand Cross: but his intention to do so was ordered to be recorded, and, in 1821, he accordingly received the highest honour which a soldier can receive from his Sovereign. After the termination of the war with the Mahrattas and Pindarees, to which Colonel Malcolm's services so eminently contributed, he was employed by Lord Hastings in visiting and settling the distracted territories of Mulhar Rao, which, and other services, he accomplished in a most satisfactory manner, and gained to British India a large accession of territory and treasure. In April, 1822, he returned once more to England, with the rank of Major-General; and shortly afterwards he was presented by those who had acted under him in the war of 1818 and 1819, with a superb vase of the value of 1,500*l*. It was during this visit to England, too, that Sir John received a proud testimony of the favour of the East India Company, and acknowledgment of the utility of his public career, in the grant, passed unanimously by a General Court of Proprietors, of a thousand pounds per annum, in consideration of his distinguished merits and services.

Sir John had quitted India with the determination to spend the evening of his life in his native country; but the solicitations of the Court of Directors, and of his Majesty's ministers for India affairs, induced him to again embark in the service of his country, where experience had so fully qualified him to act with advantage. In July, 1827, he was appointed to the high and responsible situation of Governor of Bombay, which post he continued to fill until 1831, when he finally returned to England, having effected, during the few years of his governorship, incalculable benefits for this country, our Indian territories, and every class of the inhabitants there. Upon his leaving Bombay, the different bodies of the people seemed to vie with each other in giving proofs of the esteem and high consideration in which he was held. The principal European gentlemen of Bombay requested Sir John to sit for his statue, since executed by Chantry, to be erected in Bombay; the members of the Asiatic Society requested a bust of him, to be placed in their library; the native gentlemen of Bombay solicited his portrait, to be placed in their public room; the East India Amelioration Society voted him a service of plate; the natives, both of the presidency and the provinces, addressed him as their friend and benefactor; and the United Society of Missionaries, including English, Scotch, and Americans, acknowledged with gratitude the aids they had received from him in the prosecution of their pious labours, and their deep sense of his successful endeavours to promote the interests of truth and humanity, with the welfare and prosperity of his country and his countrymen. These were apt and gratifying incidents in the closing scene of his long and arduous services in our Indian empire. But whether at home or abroad, all parties who knew anything of his career concurred in awarding him the highest praises, both as a civil, military, and political character; and the brief encomium of Mr. Canning in Parliament, that he was "a gallant officer, whose name would be remembered in India as long as the British flag was hoisted in that country," is only in accordance with the universal opinion of his merits.

Shortly after Sir John's arrival in England, in 1831, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Launceston, and took an active part in the proceedings upon several important questions, particularly the Scotch Reform Bill. He frequently addressed the House at length; and his speeches were characterized by an intimate knowledge of the history and constitution of his country, though neither voice nor delivery were much in his favour with that assembly, at once so popular and so fastidious. Upon the dissolution of Parliament, in 1832, Sir John became a candidate for the Dumfries district of burghs; but being too late in entering the field, and finding a majority of the electors had promised their votes, he did not persevere. He was then solicited to become a candidate for the city of Carlisle, and complied; but it was at the eleventh hour; and being personally unknown to the place, the result of the first day's poll

decided the election against him. Sir John then retired to his seat, near Windsor, and employed himself in writing his work upon the Government of India, which was published a few weeks ago, with the view of elucidating the difficult questions relating to the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. His last public act was his able speech in the General Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and the introduction of his resolutions relative to the proposals of government respecting the charter—which resolutions were, after several adjourned discussions, adopted by a large majority.

As an author, the name of Sir John Malcolm will occupy no mean place in the annals of his country's literature. His principal works are—A Sketch of the Sikhs, a singular nation in the province of the Penjamb, in India; the History of Persia, from the earliest period to the present time; Sketches of Persia; a Memoir of Central India; and his last work on the Administration of British India. Sir John had also been engaged for some time past in writing a Life, and editing the papers of Lord Clive; and we trust the work will yet be given to the public.

Sir John married, on the 4th of June, 1807, Charlotte Campbell, daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell, Baronet, who was Commander-in-Chief at Madras, by whom he has left five children, viz., Margaret, married to her cousin, the present Sir Alexander Campbell; George Alexander, a Captain in the Guards, whose regiment is now in Ireland; Charlotte Olympia; Ann Amelia; and Catherine Wellesley.

GENERAL ARTHUR SANDES.

In the city of Cuenca, Colombia, on the 6th September, 1832, after a tedious illness, which terminated in dropsy, General Arthur Sandes, of the Service of the Republic, son of the late John Sandes, Esq., of Listowel, in the country of Kerry. This distinguished officer early took part in the war of the Independence of South America. From the beginning of 1818 he accompanied Bolivar, the Liberator of three nations, successively through all his campaigns, from which period he took an active part in most of the enterprises of that great man. In the battles of Pantano de Vaigas, Boyaca, Carabobo, Bombona, and Ayacucho, he displayed the genius of an accomplished soldier, combined with a chivalrous valour, which reflected honour on his country. In the first-mentioned of these bloody affairs which took place on the 25th of July, 1819, (Bolivar's birthday,) he received two severe wounds at the head of the victorious regiment, the Rifles, while commanding that corps as Major; and finally, his horse being shot under him—unable to stand from loss of blood, he supported himself leaning against the carcass of the dying animal, and could not be prevailed on to quit the field until victory was proclaimed, and at Ayacucho he was named General on the field of battle He was brother of Captain Sandes, 47th, and Lieutenant Sandes, 9th Regiment, in the British service.

NICHOLAS IPSILANTI.

At Odessa, on the 3d of April, Nicholas Ipsilanti. This gentleman was the younger brother of Alexander Ipsilanti, who began the Greek revolution, by a movement in Moldavia and Wallachia, in 1820 Nicholas served under his brother, and commanded the celebrated corps called the "Sacred Regiment," which contained in its ranks a number of Greek youths belonging to the first families, many of whom had studied in foreign universities. Nicholas distinguished himself at the head of those enthusiastic youths, who were nearly all destroyed. He was afterwards immured in the state prisons of Austria, with his brother, for many years, and the confinement had a fatal effect upon his naturally delicate constitution. After his liberation, a few years ago, he returned to Kischenew, in Russia, where his relations resided; but for the last fifteen months he lived at Odessa. He survived his elder brother about four years, and he was only about thirty-five when he expired.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The History of Dissenters, from the Revolution to the Year 1808, by David Bogue, D.D., and James Bennett. Second edition, by James Bennett, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

"I solemnly believe blue and red baboons to be more popular in England than dissenters. When a country squire hears of an ape, his first feeling is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the county gaol, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped." Times are altered since the facetious Peter Plymley thus described the state of general feeling in this country towards the descendants of the Puritans, the seceders from the established church. Great and surprising events have concurred with the illumination of the popular mind to remove much of this ignorance and prejudice regarding that class of the community of whom Hume nearly a century ago asserted that "the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and preserved, and to whom the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution."

Though far from being dissenters ourselves, we cannot help thinking that Nonconformity has received hard measure from the beginning—that its principles have been scandalously traduced, and that even in the eye of liberality serious misapprehensions are entertained on the subject of its political influence and its religious character. In attempting to account for all this, we shall perhaps be able to do justice to all parties, while we rescue the injured from a large portion of their unmerited reproach. Nonconformity may not, indeed, be all that its zealous friends maintain that it is; but had it been what its adversaries describe and denounce, outraged humanity would long ere this have exterminated its very name.

The nature of dissent, the very first principle which it implies, renders it peculiarly liable to misapprehension, and to that kind of misapprehension which usually produces hatred and contempt. It stands in the repulsive attitude of assumed superiority, and its advocates seem to say, "We are wiser and better than others." It assumes to be disgusted with that which satisfies the rest of the world—that its intellectual and moral taste is of a finer quality than theirs, and utterly irreconcileable with it. Thus, in the eyes of the majority, Nonconformists appear as their practical censors before the bar of whose judgment they are silently arraigned. Dissent in this view is even more provoking than avowed opposition; men would far rather be assailed than avoided; they prefer conflict to contempt. Nonconformity has drawn down upon itself the hatred and the censures of its numerous adversaries, from its necessary interference with the interests of a very influential class of the community. It was to be expected that the chief priests and rulers of the synagogues would regard with jealousy a rising sect which threatened the extermination of their power. This alone is sufficient to account for the persecution of Christ and his disciples at Jerusalem;—and that the silversmiths and shrine-makers to the Temple of Diana should involve all Ephesus in an uproar for the purpose of driving from the city men who refused to lend themselves to their craft, and to worship their divinity, was no more than the dictate of that selfishness which predominates in human nature. Perhaps the fiercest form which selfishness can assume is that of religious intolerance; and whoever calls bigotry into action may reckon upon having provoked a ceaseless and inveterate foe. Ecclesiastics, to whatever church they belong, are sufficiently tenacious of their privileges; and, when these are invaded, they never fail to fulminate their vengeance against the offender. With an adroitness peculiar to their order, they constitute every offence against themselves an offence against Almighty God; making Heaven itself a party to their quarrel; and he that presumes to question their dogmas, or to secede from their communion, is in direct league with the Prince of Darkness.

Nor is this all;—it has almost grown into a sacerdotal axiom, that the enemy of the church is the enemy of the state; and that to dissent from the one is to subvert the other. Thus, the priest arms both worlds against the miserable wretch who ventures into the forbidden ground of Nonconformity. As in this Protestant country the clergy do not consider celibacy a virtue, they are diffused through all the gradations of society; almost every family is immediately or remotely connected with an individual of the clerical profession, so that the prejudices and enmities of the clergy are, to a certain extent, the prejudices and enmities of the nation; and

as these have for ages been directed against every species of Nonconformity, we are not to wonder at the persecutions it formerly endured, nor at the gross calumnies with which it has now to contend. Another reason which has operated against Nonconformity in the popular mind is, its utter want of those appendages which have an imposing effect upon the imagination and passions of men. Contrasted with the external grandeur of the dominant church, and even with the decayed splendour of the barely tolerated church of Rome, what has Nonconformity to boast? The religion of barns can rear no mitred front amid "the dim religious light" of abbeys and cathedrals. Its worship is as simple as that of the primitive Christians, who assembled in an upper room for prayer and breaking of bread; the garb it wears is that of the carpenter's son of Nazareth; it inherits only his poverty;—its associates are Paul the tent-maker and the fishermen of the lake of Gennesareth; the badge of its ministers is not the crosier, but the cross: it sits not like a queen to command and to receive the homage and the wealth of nations, but with its few weary pilgrims it labours up the steep ascent of suffering; its path to heaven is not the broad road of worldly distinction where thousands greet and applaud, but the narrow way of loneliness and self-denial; it neither soothes the senses, conciliates the prejudices, nor tolerates the propensities of mankind: therefore, all manner of evil is spoken of it falsely.

A remote cause of the odium which stains the character of Nonconformity is the undeniable fact that it was a great fermenting element in a political convulsion which shook the foundations of society. The subtle and malignant enemies of Nonconformity, who, on this question, are equally the enemies of the constitution and liberties of their country, have taken infinite pains to cast the onus of the civil war, which ended in the dethronement and execution of the first Charles, upon the Puritans—the Nonconformists of that day. This is one of the most atrocious falsehoods in history, and which no writer in the nineteenth century can reaffirm, without incurring the guilt of deliberately bearing false witness against his neighbours. The *ultima ratio* of kings, which is generally their first as well as their last reason for tyranny, is *really* the *last* ever resorted to by an oppressed and enslaved people. The sword is seldom unsheathed by subjects against their government, until it becomes their only defence. This, at least, was eminently the fact in the case before us. The nation, driven to desperation by the aggressions of an odious religious faction, who deluded the monarch, and artfully made his power the instrument of their vengeance, against all who dared to exercise the right of private judgment, and to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, rose up, *en masse*, to assert its rights, and to save from utter destruction its expiring liberties. It has been well observed of the ill-fated Charles, that "he was neither by nature nor by nurture wise." He was first weak and then wicked. The false incense of a crafty and bigoted priesthood,—offered to him for the sake of securing, not his prerogative, but their own domination,—he mistook for loyalty. Flattered by their hypocrisy, he obeyed the impulse of gratitude, and never failed to yield to their wishes, though at the expense of justice and humanity. But in making them more than subjects, he made himself less than a sovereign. He broke the constitution because it would not bend, and banished the laws because they would not flatter. He sacrificed the crown to exalt the mitre; and oppressed his subjects to support the crown. Monarchy and the Church became at last hateful; by making themselves dreadful, and by grasping at too much, lost all. The nation, after ten years' patience, under the continued assaults of rapine and tyranny, had a fortuitous but favourable opportunity put into their hands to relieve themselves. They soon found that they were strong, and therefore resolved to be free. The monarch would not, during any period of the struggle, accept of constitutional obedience; the people would not submit to be slaves. The sequel is sufficiently known.

Notwithstanding the misrepresentations and calumnies which disgrace this part of our written history, the Commonwealth presents one of the brightest pages in our annals. The Lord Protector well became the greatness of his station. He maintained the dignity and glory of England abroad, and the people were comparatively happy at home. Under his administration, men of the first order filled the most important offices in church and state. Cromwell's chaplains would have adorned the golden age of letters; as they were undoubtedly the brightest ornaments of religion. Milton was his secretary;—wisdom sat in his councils, and valour gathered for him unfading laurels in the field. "Canting Hypocrite" as he has been termed, he stilled the fury of persecution, and though religious controversies were keenly agitated, the civil rights of the contending parties were held sacred. But ere the

system of government and law thus introduced could be perfected, and just as its benefits were taking root and beginning to flourish, the Restoration came as a withering curse and swept it all away. The triumphant despotism brought with it irreligion, profaneness, and vice; the national character was suddenly transformed; the whole current of opinion was changed; and with one voice both the court and the nation announced their degeneracy by calling "evil good and good evil." The tyrant who fell a victim to his own breach of the laws, and who forfeited the crown by confiscating the property and shedding the blood of his unoffending subjects, was denominated "a blessed martyr." The war of patriotism against oppression was termed rebellion; the glorious heroes who died in the conflict of freedom were stigmatized as traitors; Episcopacy was proclaimed, the religion, the only religion of Protestants; persecution was confounded with zeal for the true church; and intolerance was enforced as the first duty of the state. Then it was that Nonconformity was denounced. All other parties ashamed of their share in working out the liberty of their country, and ready to bow their necks to a worse despotism than had been overthrown, meanly transferred what was now deemed an inexplicable disgrace from themselves to the Puritans. The Puritans did not shrink from the imputation. It was their glory that they had taken part with the nation in denouncing a tyrant, who, as Dr. Southey says of the Second James, would have "brought back the Romish superstition, and together with the religion would have overthrown the liberties of England.*"

During the entire reign of Charles the Second, those who had espoused the cause of the Parliament against his father, and all who adhered to their principles or inherited their spirit, were proscribed and disgraced. The poets and historians of the time united to cover them with unmerited obloquy. Ridicule held them up to derision, and malignity invented the most shameless and palpable falsehoods to make them objects of universal detestation. The errors, mistakes, and crimes of individuals were painted in the most hateful colours of exaggeration, and then imputed to the whole body of the Puritans; and since that period to the present, ignorance, fanaticism, injustice, malice, cruelty, and, in fine, rebellion, have been currently, and in all popular and courtly publications, charged upon Nonconformity. The misfortunes of a cause, whose short-lived triumph rendered its fall signally disastrous, have been converted into atrocious offences, and subtilely, zealously, and perseveringly mingled up with its principle; while a powerful and victorious reaction of other principles has mainly contributed to perpetuate the calumnies and keep alive the animosities of its foes. The High Church party have been humorously described,—and it is scarcely a caricature,—as having adopted this standing maxim—"That all the Dissenters who ever lived, or shall live to the end of the world, must be the very individual men that murdered King Charles the First with their own hands." The "Quarterly," the "British Magazine," *cum multis aliis*, are ever and anon tracing the descent of modern Nonconformity to the regicides. According to one clerical novelist, the author of the "Velvet Cushion," they are all regularly descended from those arch-fiends who "rebelled upon principle, and murdered the monarch for conscience sake." These are rather intemperate epi-

* By the by, how exquisite is the consistency of this Laureate of Church and King! The opposition to Charles the First, he tells his readers, was a rebellion, those who made the noble stand against him are termed "a faction," and the "apostles" and "bell-wethers" of rebellion are the mild epithets employed to designate their leaders. But the enforced abdication of James, the exile of that illustrious fugitive, with all the branches of his family, and their utter and everlasting exclusion from the throne of their ancestors, he describes as glorious to the pure and irreproachable church by which it was effected. Will the Laureate condescend to extricate himself from this dilemma? If the Revolution of 1688 was necessary, so was that which dethroned Charles the First. If resistance in the one case was a duty, was it not imperiously so in the other? Why, then, should one be termed the "Grand Rebellion," and the other the "Glorious Revolution?" May not the guilt that forfeits a crown deserve a greater loss? None but a *capital offence* can merit the first penalty; and, if this be committed, what but mercy can shield the criminal from the last severity? The right of deposing implies the right of inflicting condign punishment, if it be deserved. When the former is conceded, what becomes of the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance? and when this is practically renounced, as it was by its most strenuous advocates in the instance of the Revolution, where is the guilt of those who sacrificed a tyrant to save the nation? The same Divinity that hedged round the sacred person of Charles encircled that of James; and what are we to think of the pious logicians who apply the principle to one monarch, and practically deny it in their conduct to another? Are the clergy of the Church of England so far privileged, that, with impunity, they may preach one doctrine and practise another?

thets, and might have been spared, especially when the want of final success is the only crime with which the people of England were chargeable, in deposing a king whose son and successor the dominant church drove from his throne, and therefore effected, not a grand rebellion, but a glorious revolution.

> "Rebellion! soul-dishonouring word,
> Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
> The holiest cause that tongue or sword
> Of mortal ever lost or gained."

Nonconformity is doomed to bear this reproach; but had not England's sons, in the day of her utmost peril, stood up against the tyrant and his army of cavaliers, and thus given the example which was followed in a subsequent reign, where would have been our charter and birthright? The curse of the Stuarts would have been upon us for ages, and a greater the vengeance of Heaven has never yet inflicted upon a sinful people.

Other causes combine to render Nonconformity an object of general aversion to a world that takes its religion upon trust, and allows not the spirit of scriptural piety to operate in forming its character. Our limits, however, will not suffer us to enumerate them; yet must we, in conclusion, advert to that which has been a never-failing source of ridicule and contempt. It cannot be denied that Nonconformity has been occasionally associated with fanaticism; that its abettors have been distinguished by manners as singular as their opinions; that their phraseology on common topics of discourse has been that of the Holy Scriptures on the most sacred themes; that both in their religious services and their intercourse with each other, their language has been peculiarly susceptible of perversion; that the solemn has bordered on the profane, and the sublime on the ridiculous; -the whole has been inconsiderately stigmatized as cant and hypocrisy: the circumstances, the education, and the habits of the men have seldom been taken into the account; and this sweeping censure has been cruelly, and from age to age, passed upon them. To form a just estimate of their character we must look at their deeds. As a body they have never dishonoured their strict profession of Christianity: they have been men of many virtues; and we know not where to look for the community which has given

> "Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven."

The work which has drawn from us these observations is a "History of Dissenters," written by members of their own communion, thoroughly acquainted with their excellencies and faults, and they are, for the most part, impartial. The public may now read and judge for themselves. We recommend this "Book of Nonconformity" to all who are admirers of Dr. Southey's "Book of the Church." We cannot exactly say they are suitable companions for each other; but, as antagonist powers, their being brought into collision will be of great service to the cause of our common Christianity. The Dissenters are, in some things, wrong; the Church is not always right We should be glad to see a comprehension large enough to embrace in one communion the devout and the virtuous of every existing denomination of Christians.

Americans. By an American in London. 12mo.

Jonathan has buckled on his armour to some purpose. What havoc has he made with the Halls and the Trollopes, and the heavy artillery brought up to support them by their faithful allies, the "Quarterly" and the "British!" The Captain may "go to bed;" he can have nothing more to do in this breathing world. But will he sleep?—

> "In that sleep what dreams may come!"

Poor man! he is discomfited, and we cannot find it in our hearts to pity him. The lady will probably attempt to brazen it out. She is of the sex, but not of the class, to betray even the infirmity of blushing. Her education is complete: she is, we fear, incorrigible; the state of her conscience will not allow her to feel remorse. Judging from her books, she can have no compunctious visitings of nature. Mr. Stuart's book was sufficient to throw discredit upon all that she has written; but the present work has left her without defence. She saw little of America, scarcely anything as exhibited in those circles where a correct estimate could be formed of the manners of its people; and all that she has seen she has grossly, shamefully misrepresented. The strong language of one of her advocates, that if, in a particular statement, she is not borne out by the facts, she

is guilty of an *intolerable calumny*, applies, in all its force, to every statement, and from beginning to end her narrative is false. We should not deal thus unceremoniously with a lady, were we not compelled to sacrifice gallantry to truth, and did we not feel that when the character of a whole nation is at stake, all personal considerations are insignificant. This very lively and manly publication, from a writer of undoubted veracity, of competent knowledge, and whose every page and every line is a refutation of the recent falsehoods put forth against his country, will do more to disabuse the public mind in Europe on the interesting topics brought under discussion than any other work that has hitherto appeared. It is written in perfect good temper: the author feels his strength; and it is often the prowess of a giant that goes forth to battle sure of the victory. We are rather curious to see what the "Quarterly" will do with him. Will its magnanimous editor make the *amende honorable*? If he eats his words, it will be as the redoubtable Pistol ate the leek—with wry faces and "hatefulest disrelish," his mouth "with soot and cinders filled;" but, perhaps, like Falstaff, he will not do it on compulsion. Will he give up his Trollope? He must either do this, or part with his last shred of character. Even in these degenerate days, reputation is of some importance to the accredited advocate of High Church orthodoxy. But how can he expunge from his pages the loathsome extracts which describe "the Revivals" and "the Camp Meetings?" By transferring them to his work has he not made them his own? And now that they are proclaimed to all the world, not merely as caricatures, but as gross and scandalous libels, will it be a satisfactory apology that he received them as veracious, without investigating their truth, or even their probability? We leave the "British" to its consistency; and congratulate ourselves that we have not been the dupes of calumniators, but that we have ever denounced them as the enemies of their country and of all mankind. Mr. Colton's book is too *piquant* not to be read, too reasonable not to be believed; and so triumphant in its conclusions, that America may even thank her traducers for having called forth in her behalf so powerful a defender. Even Captain Hall must acknowledge that there is at least one American that understands the English language; and Mrs. Trollope will scarcely have the effrontery to deny that he has treated her with the urbanity of a gentleman. She has received at his hands far greater forbearance than she deserves; and this, we are persuaded, will be the universal conviction both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic.

Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot). Vol. v.

Positively these gossiping volumes have in them such a power of fascination, that the moment we commence the perusal of any one of them, we cannot lay it down till it is finished The Duchess is a charming writer: the woman—the French woman—appears in every page; she does not write, she speaks, and we hear her voice; she does not describe herself or others, but she comes into the room leading them by the hand, and they stand before us in all the freshness of life and nature: the scenes startle us as a reality. We shall be sorry when the drama closes upon us; but all things have an end.

Turkey and its Resources: its Municipal Organization and Free Trade; the State and Prospects of English Commerce in the East; the New Administration of Greece, its Revenues and National Possessions. 8vo.

The Turkish empire, that so long tottered on its base, is now prostrate. At the present crisis, it is a subject of intense and awful interest to the civilized world. We trust Great Britain will not be unmoved at the spectacle, and that her Government will feel that the moment is arrived when, in relation to Turkey and to Europe, they have a great duty to perform. Mr. Urquhart thus describes the position of Turkey, as implicating the interests of four out of five of the great states of Europe:—

"One," he observes, "has for its chief end to create anarchy in Turkey; one, that order and tranquillity should be maintained, but under the most despotic form of government; the third endeavours in vain to conciliate a general system of support with a particular scheme of dismemberment; and the fourth, which alone has a direct and philanthropic interest in preserving its integrity, and in reforming its abuses, unfortunately, by the very absence of a specific and interested object, is either unprepared or interferes when too late."

This being, as we are persuaded, the true state of the case, we enter fully into the author's views in the next paragraph.

"It is the deep conviction that the future condition of Turkey hangs at this moment on foreign policy, and that to this country will belong, as the event will decide, the honour or the reproach,—nay, more—the profit or the loss,—of her preservation or her destruction,—that induces the writer of the following pages, at so critical a moment, to publish his opinions on the elements of re-organization which Turkey possesses."

We recommend the work as containing full information on every topic connected with the present state and probable destiny of the Ottoman power. The opinions of the writer are sometimes bold; but a little reflection convinces us that they are just. The work fully answers to its title, and is the best condensed account of Turkish affairs that we have yet seen.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. Part XII. and Last.

The size and beauty of this part, and the immense number of cuts which it contains, would make it extremely valuable, even if the letter-press were a mere description of the cuts: this, however, is by no means the case. In this part, which concludes the work, Mr. Loudon has given what he considers the theory of Architecture, under the title of the "Principles of Architectural Criticism." We have read the pages devoted to this subject with great attention, and have been exceedingly pleased with the good sense and sound information which they contain. We advise every one to study them who may wish to know in what the merits of an edifice consists, or who wishes to make one what it ought to be. Mr. Loudon lays down three fundamental principles:—First, that every building should possess the conveniences necessary for the uses for which it may be designed,—secondly, that its outward appearance should express its use; for example, a house should be distinguished at first sight from a stable, &c.,—and thirdly, that it should possess a certain degree of architectural style; that is, that its outward appearance should be arranged according to regular laws, and that all its parts should be in harmony with each other. These principles are clearly laid down and fully developed. Mr. Loudon is an enemy to all mystery; what he treats on he explains *au fond*, and in language that may be understood by the general reader. It has hitherto been generally asserted by most architectural writers, that architecture is an art of imitation,—*purely imitative* one writer calls it,—and that the type of Grecian style was a wooden hut, that of the Gothic an arbour, that of the Egyptian and Hindoo a cave, and that of the Chinese a tent. This Mr. Loudon denies. He contends that architecture is an art of utility, springing from the wants of men, and varying in different countries, from local circumstances, or the different habits and inclinations of mankind.

The illustrated portion of this part is excellent. We were particularly pleased with the fountains, some of the designs for which were so elegant, and had such a cool, refreshing air, that we almost longed to repose beside them, and listen to the gentle dripping of the water. The interiors of rooms in villas are also very beautiful: those in the Elizabethan and Gothic styles struck us as particularly good, and some of the furniture to correspond. Most of these are designed by a young architect of the name of Lamb, whose taste and skill in drawing are so conspicuous, that we scarcely ever were struck with a beautiful design but, on turning to the name, we found it was drawn by Mr. Lamb. Altogether, we have seldom seen a work which we think more deserving of public patronage; and we have no doubt that the time will soon come, when not only every architect and artist, but every country gentleman, will think his library incomplete, unless Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Architecture" is upon its shelves.

History of the Christian Church. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., &c. Vol. I. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

We notice this elegant volume merely for the purpose of announcing that the historical series of the "Cabinet Library" has commenced as auspiciously, and is executed thus far with as much ability, as those which have already so deservedly obtained the patronage of the public. The peculiarities of Mr. Stebbing's "History of the Church," as distinguished from those of his predecessors and contemporaries, as well as the character of the work as a literary performance, we hold ourselves engaged to present to our readers as soon as we receive the complete series.

Facts not Fables. By Charles Williams. 12mo.

We do not quite comprehend Mr. Williams's logic; he argues, that if *Fables* be good, *Facts* must be better We do not perceive the *sequitur*. As sources of instruction, fables and facts cannot be compared; that is best which best answers its design; a fable may teach better than a fact. This He well knew who generally spake in parables, and instructed men in the science which makes wise to salvation, through the medium of stories which he invented for the purpose. We are pleased, however, with Mr. Williams's "Facts" It is just the book for children, and its whole tendency is to imbue them with the spirit of humanity towards the whole animated creation. The most effectual way to prevent cruelty to animals is to render the rising generation familiar with such beautiful narratives as those which we have great pleasure in recommending to every domestic circle in the empire.

The Infirmities of Genius illustrated, by referring the Anomalies in the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq., Author of "Travels in Turkey," &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

The title of these volumes is too general and indefinite. "The Infirmities of Genius!"—what does this mean? "Anomalies in the Literary *Character*" is nearly as obscure. "Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities!"—do not these comprehend the very infirmities of which they are represented as the origin? Precision, indeed, in terms does not seem to be one of Mr. Madden's distinguishing qualities as a writer. A great portion of the present work does not apply to men of genius at all, but to those who pursue literature as a profession, or who devote themselves to intellectual as distinguished from manual occupation. The first volume is desultory; and several of the topics, which are dwelt upon at considerable length, have a very remote connexion with the general design of the author, which, indeed, he has well described in the conclusion, at the end of the second volume. Mental and moral irregularities frequently lead to physical derangement, and lay the foundation of diseases which strengthen and increase the causes which have produced them; while the habits of sedentary and studious men, a too close application to a favourite and absorbing pursuit, will lead to those eccentricities and deviations from propriety which have so often shaded the glories of some of the most gifted of our species. Mr. Madden is one of the medical profession; and in this character, as developed in the work before us, he appears to the greatest possible advantage. He has applied his science to the subject under consideration with great ability; and his suggestions and cautions, if properly regarded by the literary profession, for whose benefit they are chiefly intended, will be productive of incalculable benefit. The brief sketches which the work contains of the physical infirmities of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Scott, are admirable: these alone entitle it to no mean place among the literary productions of the day. The work is one of high value and deep interest, and will amply deserve the most extensive patronage it can receive.

The Parson's Daughter. 3 vols.

"Mais, Denon, contez nous cela!" was the exclamation of Napoleon to that celebrated *raconteur*, who gave his own peculiar charm—that touch turning into gold—to whatever he narrated. The compliment which the conqueror paid to Denon's style of story-telling in conversation we must pay to Mr. Hook's style of story-telling in fiction. Of all the annals of the day, "contez nous cela" is the ejaculation naturally addressed to him; for who tells them with so much animation and epigram? He paints portraits in words, as Lawrence painted them in colours; full of grace and fashion also, with that indescribable air which marks the present time, and in some instances wrought up to deep and touching beauty. To this the author adds a vein of caricature which had been out of keeping with the painter's high art, but permitted to the variety of the writer. Who that remembers the keen satire, blended with the most *naïve* touches, of "Burton Danvers," or the pathos of the severer delineation of life in "Cousin William," but will readily admit, as a debt of gratitude, the praise we have given? Hook's characteristics are, a lively perception of all the peculiarities and ridicules that float on, or rather that form the surface of, society, together with the secret impulses, the quick vanities, the small motives, that are "the hidden springs of the machine." In his plots he delights, perhaps, too much in improbabilities; but his characters are always true

to nature, and no one brings out their peculiarities with greater effect in dialogue. The "Parson's Daughter" lacks none of his wonted spirit. The first volume is admirable; the last is somewhat conscious that there "must be three of us." As one of our best writers of the shorter tales, we almost regret that Mr. Hook did not add one other tale, and so have shortened its predecessor. Still we are well content to "take the goods the gods provide us," and be duly grateful for a very witty, lively, and interesting fiction. The two feminine portraits are exquisitely drawn, and we strongly contrast the one with the other; Lady Frances deserves to be preserved in a museum, as a perfect specimen of a *fi le* "woman of the world." The worst fault of the hero is that he is too true to nature,—there are plenty of Captain Sheringhams.

We now part from the "Parson's Daughter," only hoping she will bear her future honours meekly, and not have her head turned by the compliments which we predict will fall to her share.

Musgrave's Translation of the Psalms.

A most elegant version, and one to which we ought long since to have done justice. It may be that Mr. Musgrave has adhered too closely to what is termed the classic, but is in reality the old French school of versification; but despite that fault, we must esteem this volume as supplying a great desideratum in sacred literature, and incomparably the most scholastic and graceful paraphrase of the Psalms that we yet possess.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Waltzburg, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1*l* 11s. 6*d*.

Cambridge Classical Tripos Examination Papers, 1831 2-3, 12mo., 2s

Cambridge Greek and Latin Prize Poems, 1832, post 8vo, 5s 6*d*

A Treatise on Astronomy, by Sir John Herschel, being the 43d volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, fcp 8vo, 6s

The Abbess, a Romance, by the Author of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," 3 vols, post 8vo, 1*l* 11s 6*d*.

The Library of Romance, Vol. VI, The Slave King, 12mo, 6s.

The Parson's Daughter, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols, 8vo 1*l* 11s 6*d*

Bridgewater Treatises Rev Thomas Chalmers on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man, 2 vols, 8vo, 16s

Heeren's Historical Researches concerning the Asiatic Nations, 3 vols, 8vo, 2*l* 5s.

Andrew the Savoyard, from C Paul de Kock, 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.

The Infirmities of Genius, by R. P Madden, Esq, 2 vols, 8vo, 21s.

Philosophy in Sport, new edition, 1 vol, 12mo, 8s

Delaware, or the Ruined Family, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1*l*. 11s. 6*d*

The Original Legend of Der Freischutz, translated from the German, 18mo, 1s. 6*d*

Macdonald's Narrative of a Voyage to Patagonia, fcp 8vo, 8s

Ritson's Robin Hood, 2 vols crown 8vo, second edition, 21s

Bridgewater Treatises: Sir Charles Bell on the Hand, 8vo, 10*s*. 6*d*.

Ritson's Letters, with Life, by Sir Harris Nicolas, 2 vols., 8vo, 18*s*.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage and Farm Architecture, 8vo., 3*l*. bds.

Wiffen's Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, 2 vols, 8vo, 2*l*. 2s

Turkey and its Resources, by D. Urquhart, Esq 8vo, 9s 6*d*.

Maxims and Hints for an Angler, 12mo, 7s. 6*d* bds

The Ouranoulogos, by John Galt, illustrated by John Martin, 4to, Part I, 6s sewed, 12s India

Life of William Roscoe, by Henry Roscoe, 2 vols, 8vo, 30s.

Memoirs of Mrs Inchbald, by James Boaden, Esq., 2 vols, 8vo, 28s

Characteristics of Goethe, by Mrs. Austin, 3 vols, 8vo, 30s

Sketches of Canada and the United States, by W Mackenzie, 8vo, 10s

Memoirs of the Court and Character of Charles I, by Lucy Aikin, 2 vols, 8vo, 28s

A New Edition of the Introduction to Botany and Grammar of Botany of Sir J E Smith, by Dr Hooker, 1 vol, 8vo, 16s.

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. LXVIII. and LXXIX, Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, 2 vols, 18mo 7s.

Dr Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall, with Foster's Observations, 12mo 6s

The Tropical Agriculturist, by G R. Porter, 1 vol, 8vo, 21s

Gaskell's Manufacturing Population of England, with an Examination of Infant Labour, 8vo., 9s.

Romances of the Chivalric Ages, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s

The Repealers, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols, 8vo, 1*l* 11s 6*d*

The Shelley Papers; Memoir of P B Shelley, by Captain Medwin, with Original Poems, &c., 16mo., 3*s*. 6*d*

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, edited by Lord Dover, 3 vols. 8vo., 1*l*. 12s.

LITERARY REPORT.

A Tale, understood to be from the pen of Miss Knight, author of "Dinarbas," is just ready for publication, entitled "Sir Guy de Lusignan."

"The National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture," in monthly numbers, and in the best style of outline engraving on steel

Editions, in French and English, of "The Language of Flowers," coloured plates.

A second and improved edition is preparing of the "Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation," by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.

Dedicated, by permission, to the King, (and by subscription,) a "History of Mummies." The whole will be illustrated by numerous plates, &c. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S , &c

A "Treatise on Roads;" in which the right principles, &c. are explained by the plans of Mr Telford on the Holyhead road. By Sir Henry Parnell.

"The Judgment of the Flood," a Poem, by John A. Heraud, author of the "Descent into Hell."

"Old Bailey Experience," &c , by the author of Papers in "Fraser's Magazine," under the title of the "Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate."

Mr. Brockedon's "Journal of his Excursions in the Alps" is about to be published.

A new work is announced by Lady Morgan, to be entitled "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life."

A volume of Poems, by Lady Emmeline Stewart Wortley.

"The Colonies;" treating of their value generally, &c.; by Colonel C. S. Napier, C.B., with lithographic plates.

"On Man; his Motives, their Rise, Operation, Opposition, and Results," by William Bagshaw, Clerk, M.A.

"Travels in the United States of America and Canada; a few Notices of the Geology and Mineralogy of those Countries," by J. Finch, Esq., C M. Nat. Hist. Soc. Montreal, &c.

The third and concluding number of Donaldson's "Collection of Doorways from Ancient Buildings in Greece and Italy."

The Lectures lately delivered by Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, at the Congregational Library

"The Life of Samuel Drew, A.M," author of "Treatises on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," &c.; with selections from his Correspondence and unpublished Papers.

Mr. Andrew Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy," is preparing for publication "Traditionary Stories of Old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History;" with Notes, historical and biographical.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Pasta and Taglioni still remain the grand attractions of the Opera—the Queen of Love and the Fairy of the Dance divide the empire of admiration. The two great novelties of the month have been the Opera of *Norma*, and the ballet of *Inez de Castro*. In the former Pasta outdid all her former doings. People call this wonderful woman the Italian Siddons—she is herself. It is not fair, and it is scarcely complimentary, though we ourselves have done it, to compare these two wonderful women. Pasta is every thing that Siddons was in lofty and soaring conception, in dignity of demeanour, and comprehensive and minute knowledge of effect; but as Siddons never sang and as Pasta never played Lady Macbeth. we will make no more attempts at drawing a parallel. Let the critics see this wonderful Italian with a disposition to study her, and a wish to appreciate, and nothing they can write can possibly approach what they must feel: we consider her quite past our praise, as she is beyond our capacity of criticism. We might write a volume on her acting, we could never succeed in a *critique*. The Ballet has gone off well, but heavily, grand, imposing, dull, and long. Madame Pellerini enacts her part of *Inez* extremely well, and Taglioni, by one step, at once relieves us from the oppressive horrors of its prolixity. That it has succeeded is owing to these two ladies, and not to its own merits. The real story has been abused, and maltreated, and nothing in compensation has been given. It is grand, but it is not good—splendidly tedious, and nothing instructive.

DRURY LANE.

Old Drury has closed, and Cooper, in taking his farewell in name of the lessee, announced that the management for the future would be vested in himself. His speech of adieu was not so well received as such oratory is generally, and when allusion was made to the number of foreign *artistes* that had been procured at such great expense, the disapprobation was most strongly made manifest. The circumstance

of Cooper being the future manager was hailed in its announcement with very considerable applause, and we have no doubt his diligent habits, and his great experience, entitle him well to the office: the deportment of a gentleman, and the experience of a man of the world, are two essential qualities in the choice of a manager; and, in addition to these, the knowledge of stage business he is well known to have by heart.

Though Mr. Bunn is put forward nominally as the lessee of the two theatres, it is stated that Captain Polhill is still the man—certain it is that he is one of Mr. Bunn's securities.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre, it appears, is to be open during the whole year, and the performances will be confined to opera and spectacle, while the other house is to have a *corps dramatique* for our national plays. An arrangement of such a nature is no doubt desirable, and will, we expect, meet with success. The decline of the "legitimate" it is foolish to attribute to high salaries, to large theatres, or to deficiency in dramatic talent. Supply always equals demand—it is in literature as it is in a market of any other producible goods. We cannot pause to discuss this proposition here, as our space will not allow us; but every frequenter of the theatre knows that, when Young played Iago, and Kean Othello, the theatre filled. There is now no Kean, and Young has left the stage, and he has no successor. More than this we remark: the stage will have no genius until some fortunate London manager finds out the talent hidden in a country barn, and brings up the fortunate individual to London to *speculate* on a "hit." Gold "rules the camp, the court,"—the theatre. Captain Polhill and such gentlemen are the Rothschild of the dramatic stock-market, and they elevate or depress taste as their prototype raises or sinks the funds. For instance, Malibran, de Meric, and Vestris, in performing their parts in the "Marriage of Figaro," must, of necessity, have commanded, as they did, an overflowing audience. Let us have for the performance of the plays of our old dramatists, actors who equal in their conception of poetry and personification of character these ladies in the characters they assumed in the "Marriage of Figaro," and we shall hear no more of a declining stage; but as long as acting insufferably dull, ill-advised casts of character, and nonsensical writing is tolerated, we shall have deserted houses and a degenerate stage. But to return to Covent Garden in particular.—Malibran has been ill and she is better, and again in the "Somnambule" she enchants every one. Madame Schrœder Devrient has been performing in the opera of "Fidelio," and her singing was wonderful, and the audience seemed to think so. The novel character to Madame Vestris, of Massaniello, has been attempted, and with success, by this versatile and surprising lady. Many other novelties are in progress, and the management is in high glee at what they consider their flattering prospect. The performance of Mozart's opera of the "Magic Flute" has been honoured by the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Gloucester.

OLYMPIC.

The "Covent Garden Company" still holds out the siege, and the "Wife" has been continued, though the career is for the present stopped. The "Bridal Promise," taken from Herold's opera of "Zampa," has been performed, but with no particular success. The receipts are still good, but do not pay the full salaries.

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uced "Jonathan Bradford," and c
ed his success at the *Adelphi*, whi
formance. Madame Vestris is eng
and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are engaged

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

After a few introductory remarks on the rapid progress of electrical science within these few years, Dr. Ritchie proceeded to the developement of the subject of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity. In examining the principles of the common galvanometer, he showed that its indications could not be relied on; and consequently many points which had been considered as well established were entirely groundless. He showed that his *torsion* galvanometer (vide "Philosophical Trans-

actions") was the only instrument which gave accurate results, and that the laws of the conducting powers of metals, investigated by Sir H. Davy, M. Becquerel, and others, were without foundation. In the second part of the lecture he examined some curious properties of electro-magnets, which he had lately discovered, and exhibited the continued rotation of a temporary magnet round its centre by the action of permanent magnets. The mode of effecting this consists in suddenly changing the poles of the temporary magnet, and thus, at the proper moment, converting attraction into repulsion. In the third division of the lecture a mode of obtaining an almost continuous current of electricity from common magnets was explained, and the apparatus exhibited Dr. Ritchie remarked, that the plan now exhibited had been devised, and the apparatus partly constructed, eight or nine months since; but that the laborious duties of his situation prevented him from completing it till lately. The instrument consists of a series of soft iron cylinders, having ribands of copper surrounding them, as in his mode of detonating oxygen and hydrogen. These cylinders are made to revolve rapidly opposite the poles, so that, before one current ceases to exist, the other is beginning to be formed. By a peculiar arrangement of the apparatus, Dr. Ritchie has succeeded in obtaining a series of sparks from the common magnet, forming a complete circle, which appears in the dark like a circle studded with the finest diamonds, producing a very pleasing effect.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The annual presentation of rewards by this Society has taken place. There were in all, 68 rewards, in agriculture, mechanics, and chemistry.—The silver Ceres medal was awarded to Mrs. Gilbert, of Eastbourne, for bringing sea-side shingle into cultivation; and the large silver medal to Captain Lord John Hay, R N., for a telescope-holder, for the use of a person with only one hand. The gold Isis medal was awarded to Mr. Wilson Neil, of Battlebridge, for his communication on the preparation of varnishes. In the Fine Arts, for the best copies, a silver palette was awarded to Miss Frances Robertson, of Worton-house, Isleworth, for a pencil drawing of figures; and to Miss Rosina Vendramini, of Chiswick Mall, the large silver medal. For originals the large silver medal was awarded to Miss Eliza Manning, of Newman-street, for a model of a bust from life. In architectural studies the silver Isis medal was awarded to Mr. R. W. Billings. Several of the candidates were of very tender years, particularly Miss E. O. Stanesby, of Vivian-terrace, Chelsea, who received the silver Isis medal for a copy, in Indian ink, of figures; and her brother, Master I. T. Stanesby, who received a silver palette for a copy of a head. Miss Caroline Derby, of Osnaburg-square, received the large silver medal for an original composition, in water colours, of figures.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

The general quarterly meeting of this institution has been held at the Theatre, Southampton-Buildings, Chancery-lane, J. Hemmings, Esq. in the chair. The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read and confirmed. The report of the Committee of Management was then brought forward. It is stated that the balance in hand at the commencement of the quarter was 38*l* 19*s*. 1*d*.; the receipts 412*l*. 10*s*. 10*d*.; expenses, 411*l*. 2*s* 8*d*.; leaving a balance of 70*l*. 7*s*. 3*d*. The number of members at the commencement of the quarter was 1,112, the present number is 1,168.

VARIETIES.

Important Discoveries in Magnetism.—I fessor Kiel, of Jena, has made some important discoveries and improvements i he quality and use of the magnet. At a late meeting of the Royal Society, the P 'essor was introduced for the purpose of presenting to the notice of the Fellows s ie of his improved magnets, of a very superior power, as well as explaining their fficacy in the cure of nervous diseases, and to which they have been very extens ly and successfully applied by Dr. Kiel on the continent. It is evident, from the ery far superior degree of power possessed by Dr. Kiel's magnet, that he adopt some mode of accumulating an intensity of magnetic force, superior to any method k own or adopted by English philosophers. A small lyre-shaped magnet, of which he i possessed, weighing but 5lbs., is capable of sustaining a weight varying from 100 130lbs., according to the state of the

atmosphere; magnetism, as well as electricity, being greatly modified by atmospherical influence. This must be acknowledged to possess a greater intensity of accumulation of magnetic force than in any magnets of equal size hitherto known; whilst the Professor assures us that the power contained is permanent, even without the continuous contact of the bar. This magnet is also possessed of very singular properties of inducing chemical action, in reddening vegetable blues, accelerating crystallization, &c. But the most surprising point connected with these magnets is their singular efficacy, discovered by the Professor, in the cure of diseases connected with the nervous system, as in neuralgia, cephalagia, &c, and in alleviating the worst symptoms of tic douloureux, epilepsy, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, spasm, &c. In these complaints the most immediate relief is obtained; and (says Mr. Booth, the lecturer on chemistry) "from various instances of its efficacy in trials which I saw made at a public infirmary, I feel convinced that this discovery of a new branch of the healing art must shortly rank as a new era in the history of medicine. A most singular proof of the susceptibility of nervous sympathy to magnetic influence, was shown *by the diminution of temperature induced through the course of a nerve* by the application of the magnet, amounting to a painful sensation of cold, and sinking the thermometer to five or seven degrees, a fact which must be sufficient to convince the most sceptical or prejudiced observer."

Dividends.—On the 10th of October, 1832, there were dividends due to 33,958 persons on the 3 per cents. reduced; to 26,849 on the 3½ reduced, to 1232 on the 3½ annuities, 1818; to 5636 on the 4 per cent. annuities, 1826; to 24,221 on long annuities; and to 4583 on annuities for terms of years. There were payable, on the 5th of January, 1832, to 95,555 persons on the 3 per cent. consols, of whom 28,722 received less than 5*l*, and six more than 5000*l*.; 147 on the 3 per cent. annuities, 1726; 82,194 new 3½ annuities; 237 new 5 per cent. annuities; and 4839 on annuities for terms of years. The whole number receiving dividends is 279,751.

Irish Judges—The returns respecting the salaries of Judges of the Courts in Ireland in 1792, and at the present period, show the following statement:—

	British Currency.
Lord Chancellor in 1792	£3692 6 1½
Augmented in 1802	6307 13 10½
	£10,000 0 0

The salary was reduced in April, 1832, to 8000*l*.

Droits of Admiralty—By returns which have just been printed, it appears that the droits of the Admiralty, which have accrued during the present reign, have been as follow:—In 1830, nothing: in 1831, 109*l*. 19*s*. 3*d*., of which 36*l*. 4*s*. 9*d*. have not yet been paid; and in 1832, 1*l*. 16*s*. 4*d*. The registrar receives a poundage out of the sums paid, but his chief emoluments depend on the general business of the Court of Admiralty From another return, it appears that the balance in hand, and in Exchequer bills on the half-yearly account of Sir G. F. Hampson, Bart, the receiver-general, ending the 15th of March last, was 1408*l*. 2*s*. 7*d*½., and Exchequer bills, 2000*l*.

Hops.—In the year ending January 5th last, there was imported into Great Britain from the Hanseatic towns 11,167lbs. of hops. During the same period, there was exported from Great Britain to the Hanseatic towns, 44,727lbs.; to the Cape, 944lbs.; to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, 2221lbs; and to the United States of America exactly the same amount of 2221lbs.: total exported, 50,113lbs.

A return has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, of the assessment of one hundred of the highest-rated houses in London and in the country. It appears from this return that the highest-rated house in London is that of the Duke of Sutherland, in Stable-yard, Westminster, rated at the annual rent of 3,900*l*., and that the amount of assessment is 552*l*. 10*s*. Among the other houses in London in this return are—the East India House, rated at 2,500*l*; the Duke of Devonshire's, 2,500*l*.; Apsley House, 1,850*l*.; the Bank of England, 2,595*l*.; Northumberland House (Charing Cross), 1,500*l*.; United Service Club, 1,350*l*; Athenæum Club, 1,300*l*.; British Museum, 950*l*.; and the Mansion-house, 1,500*l*. Among the lowest-rated buildings in the list is the Stock-Exchange, which is set down at the annual value of 700*l*. In the country, among the highest-rated houses, are—those of Mr. Cooper, of Brighton, valued at 1,150*l*. per annum; Mr. Stuckey's, Brighton,

1,090*l.*; the York-house Hotel, Bath, 994*l.*; and the Duke of Bedford's, Woburn, 600*l.* The lowest-rated houses in the country, in this list, are valued at 260*l.*, and there are only eleven estimated at above 400*l.* per annum.

Among the interesting papers laid before the House of Commons, are the extracts of the Correspondence of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the subject of Emigration, with Official Personages employed in the British Colonies. With reference to Canada, it appears that, in 1832, the number of emigrants, arrived and actually settled in the provinces during that year, amounted to 55,000 persons; and that they brought with them a capital of from six to seven hundred thousand pounds sterling; one individual alone having a credit on the Quebec Bank for 16,000*l.*, and another for 4000*l.* The reports speak of the great change observable in the condition of the latest emigrants; they being, for the most part, of respectable character and in good circumstances. The number of emigrants who perished by cholera amounted to 2,350 persons. The demand for labourers appears to be greatly on the increase, and varies from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per diem. The number of emigrants sent out by parish aid, for the year 1832, was 4,988.

A return has just been printed of the quantity of foreign corn "admitted for home consumption" since the last corn-law came into operation, that is, from the 15th July, 1828. The account terminates at the 5th April last, and embraces therefore a period of four years and nine months. The wheat imported was 4,785,746 quarters; the duty received 1 604,190*l.*, averaging for the whole period 6*s.* 8*d.* per quarter.—The whole imports of grain and flour, including that from Canada, and the peas, beans, &c., was about 8,300,000 quarters, which divided among 4¾ years gives 1.750,000 quarters as the average annual quantity of foreign grain consumed in the United Empire. This will be about one-thirteenth part of the grain raised in Britain, and probably about one-fifteenth of what comes to market. The largest imports were in 1831, the quantity of corn and meal of all kinds for that year being 3,528,000 quarters, a great part of which, however, must still be in bond. In 1832 the importation was small. No corn-law protects the British farmer against the increasing imports from Ireland, which now amount to about 2.500,000 quarters annually. The duties on corn, meal and flour imported, have yielded 580,000*l.* per annum to the Exchequer since the present corn-law came into operation.

The quantity of foreign tin imported into the United Kingdom, for the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, was 29.203 cwt. 1 qr. 8 lbs.; the quantity exported during the same period was, British tin, 31,837 cwt. 2 qrs. 3 lbs.; foreign tin, 21,719 cwt. 3 qrs. 13 lbs.

It appears by the latest reports that there are 30.312 subscribers to the following societies:—for Promoting Christian Knowledge—for Propagating the Gospel—Clergy Orphan—Church Building—National School. The subscribers are thus divided:—Clerical, 14,152; lay, 10,883; females, 5,276; leaving out the latter class (in which many clergymen's wives and daughters are included) it appears that the clergy, besides the collections they obtain, personally contribute to these societies for advancing the temporal and eternal interests of the people, very nearly *one-third* more than all the laity of the empire

Statement of the shipping employed in the trade of the United Kingdom in the year 1832, showing the number and tonnage of vessels cleared inwards and outwards with the number of their crews:—Inwards: British—Ships, 13,372; tons, 2,185,980; men, 122,594. Foreign—Ships, 4,546, tons, 639,979; men, 35,399, Outwards: British—Ships, 13 292; tons, 2,229,269; men, 128,293. Foreign—Ships, 4,391; tons, 651,223; men, 34,834.

The number of vessels, with their tonnage, that were built and registered in the several ports of the British Empire, in the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, amounted to—Ships, 759; tons, 92,915. Steam-vessels, 33; tonnage, 2,851. The number and tonnage of ships that have been mortgaged wholly or in part, during the year 1832, is—Ships partly mortgaged, 176; tons, 33,438. Ships wholly mortgaged, 293; tons, 43,544.

The enormous quantity of 6,948,205 imperial gallons of proof spirits were consumed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the quarter ending the 5th of April, 1833.

The number of certificates taken out by attorneys and solicitors, practising in England and Wales, from Easter Term, 1832, to Easter Term, 1833, was 9,221; and the gross amount of Stamp Duty thereon, 79,006*l.*

A valuable paper has been laid before the House of Commons, being a digest of the episcopal revenues and patronage in Ireland. We are prevented by its length from printing the details, but give a summary of the revenue, the number of acres, the number of tenants, and the amount of rent of which each See is in the yearly receipt:

	Revenues of those Sees and Preferments annexed to them.	Number of Acres profitable and unprofitable possessed by each See.	Number of Tenants.	Amount of Rent.
ARCHIEPISCOPAL SEES.	£	Acres.		£
Armagh	17,669	100,563	190	4,634
Dublin	9,320	34,040	151	3,202
Cashell	7,354	20,046	18	2,100
Tuam, and	8,206	64,683	74	1,440
Ardagh		22,216	25	1,289
EPISCOPAL SEES.				
Province of Armagh.				
Meath	5,220	29 269	53	3,065
Clogher	10,371	22,591	96	2,536
Down	5,896	30,245	36	1,352
Derry	14,193	77 102	200	2,593
Raphoe	5,787	1,392	137	1,451
Kilmore	7,477	28,531	69	1,537
Dromore	4,813	18,422	151	1,518
Dublin Province.				
Kildare	6,451	5,075	51	2,630
Ossory	3,859	21,730	64	1,015
Ferns	6 550	26,294	70	2,096
Cashel Province.				
Limerick	5,368	12,985	43	2,452
Waterford	4,323	13,189	12	2 493
Cork	4,345	11,486	58	1,461
Cloyne	5,008	12,182	83	1,341
Killaloe	4,532	16,766	78	1,345
Tuam Province.				
Elphin	7,034	42,843	126	2 044
Clonfert	3,260	11,745	24	543
Killala	4,081	45,543	111	1,280
Totals	151,127	669,247	1,922	45,258

The amount of duty paid by the following principal fire assurance companies for the quarter ending the 25th December. 1832, was as follows:—Sun, 29,107*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*; Phœnix, 19.614*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*; Protector, 16,300*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*; Royal Exchange, 14,273*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*; Norwich Union, 20,799*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The duty received on gold and silver plate, for the year 1833, was as follows.—gold, [illegible],398*l.* 5*s.* 6*d*, at 17*s.* per ounce, and on silver, 62,582*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per ounce.

It is calculated that the profits of the Crown, from the sale of quack medicines amounted, during the last year, to nearly 50,000*l.*

The receipts of the Church Missionary Society during the past year have exceeded those of the previous year by 7,850*l.*

The number of persons in Great Britain, who have been summarily convicted of smuggling since the passing of the act, the 6th of Geo. IV., was 1827; of this number 97 paid the penalties, either in whole or part, 596 were sent to serve on board his Majesty's ships, 1226 were imprisoned, and 158 still remain in confinement.

A return has been presented to the House of Commons of "the number of persons indicted and tried at the last Michaelmas and Epiphany quarter sessions for each county in England and Wales, for offences which, prior to the passing of the acts 2 and 3 William IV., c. 24, 62, and 123, would have been capital felonies." By this return it appears that the number in England was 69; in Wales there were none.

In the year 1832, 15,294 tons 15 cwt. 1 qr. of British hardwares and cutlery were exported from Great Britain; the declared value being 1,433,297*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*

The number of yards of stained paper, on which duty was charged in the United Kingdom, during the year 1832 was 7,140,347. The duty received amounted to 52,065*l.* 0*s.* 7¼*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Precious Metals.—A paper laid before Parliament decides the question as to the comparative productions of the American gold and silver mines during the last ten years, ending with 1829, and the periods immediately preceding. This return exhibits a material falling off; and although much of the diminution may, perhaps, fairly be attributed to the unsettled state of the countries in which the mines are situated, still there is abundant reason for concluding that the source itself is approaching to exhaustion. From this curious document we make the following abstract:—From 1790 to 1809, the mines of Mexico yielded gold of the value of 4,523,378*l*, silver 94,429.303*l*.—those of Panama, gold 223,518*l*., silver —— —Chili, gold 863,974*l*, silver 944,736*l*.—Buenos Ayres, gold 1,862,955*l*., silver 19,286.830*l* From 1810 to 1821, Mexico yielded gold 1,913,075*l*., silver 45,388,729*l*. —Panama, gold 23,603*l*., silver ——; Chili, gold 1,901,514*l*., silver 878,188*l*— Buenos Ayres, gold 2,161,910*l*., silver 7.895,842*l*.—Russia, gold 3,703,743*l*., silver 1,502,981*l*. The returns from Monte Video are too vague to lead to any safe results. The comparative increase or decrease in periods of ten years is as follows:— Mexico, from 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold an increase of 16 1-10th, in silver a decrease of 2 2-5th, on the whole a decrease of 1 3-5ths, as compared with the first period—from 1810 to 1819, in gold a decrease of 30, in silver a decrease of 48 3-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 47 4-5ths, as compared with the first period—from 1820 to 1829, in gold a decrease of 78 7-10ths, silver a decrease of 56 2-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 57 2-5ths. as compared with the first period. Panama, from 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold a decrease of 11 7-10ths, as compared with the first period—from 1810 to 1819, a decrease of 93 3-10ths—1820 to 1829, a decrease of 86 4-5ths. Chili, from 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold an increase of 65 4-5ths, silver a decrease of 31, on the whole an increase of 4 3-5ths—1810 to 1819, in gold an increase of 330½, silver an increase of 30 4-5ths, on the whole an increase of 119 3-5ths—1820 to 1829, in gold an increase of 55 2-5ths, silver a decrease of 81 3-10ths, on the whole a decrease of 31 9-60ths. Buenos Ayres, 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold an increase of 45 4-5ths, silver a decrease of 23 4-5ths. on the whole a decrease of 19 1-5th—1809 to 1819, in gold an increase of 42 3-5ths, silver a decrease of 51, on the whole a decrease of 51½—1820 to 1829, in gold an increase of 42 3-5ths, silver a decrease of 70, on the whole a decrease of 62 3-5ths. From 1820 to 1829, Russia produced in gold 3,703,743*l*., in silver, 1,502,981*l*. On the produce of the whole of these mines, therefore, from 1790 to 1799, and from 1800 to 1809, there has been, as compared with the first period, in gold an increase of 26 4-5ths, silver a decrease of 6 3-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 4 4-5ths—from 1810 to 1819, in gold an increase of 20 2-5ths, silver a decrease of 49½, on the whole a decrease of 45 4-5ths—and from 1820 to 1829, in gold an increase of 74 3-5ths, silver a decrease of 56 3-5ths, and on the whole a decrease of 49 7-10ths.

Parisian Statistics.—A table of the births and deaths in the twelve arrondissements of Paris, during the year 1832, which has lately been published, presents the following results:—In the course of the year there were 45,675 deaths and 26,364 births; namely, 28,565 deaths and 21,322 births in private houses, and 17,010 deaths and 4902 births in the hospitals: thus, one-fifth of the population are born in the hospitals. Among the births in private houses there were 16,553 of legitimate children, and 4769 of illegitimate. In the hospitals only 499 were legitimate, and 4498 illegitimate. Thus, of the total births, above one-third were illegitimate children. The deaths exceed the births by 19,371; but, by subtracting about 19,000 occasioned by the cholera, there remain nearly 25,000 deaths, which number corresponds with that of former years. The seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth arrondissements lost in private houses, in 1832, the twenty-second part of their population; whilst the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth lost but one thirty-fourth. This disproportion becomes still greater if to the number of deaths in private houses we add those which took place in the hospitals, and which chiefly consisted of individuals belonging to the last six arrondissements of Paris. The arrondissements where the mortality was greatest are the most unhealthy quarters of Paris, where the streets are narrow and the houses very lofty.

There is now being cultivated in Sweden the plant called by Linnæus the *Astragalus basticus*, which is found to be a very good substitute for coffee, and begins to

be much used as a beverage in that country. It endures the coldest climate, and Dr Bauhammer, of Wurtzbourg, offers to send gratuitously 100 grains to all who wish to cultivate it, and will communicate to him the results of their management.

In Wythe county, Virginia, in a spur of the Alleghany Mountains, called the "Tobacco Row," is a perpendicular ledge of rock fronting the south-east fifty feet high—an open sunny situation. Thirty feet from the base, a horizontal crack or fissure opens in the rock, from half an inch to six inches in width, and extending near eighty feet in length. This fissure is full of bees. Their numbers are so great, that, in the summer time, they hang out in huge clusters for several feet above and below the fissure, in its whole length. A short distance above are two other cracks, containing earth, in which grow some little chinquapin bushes, and these are covered with the bees. They frequently go off in huge swarms, like a barrel or hogshead in bulk, and are often compelled to return, finding no place large enough to contain them. In the spring, previous to commencing their labours, the dead bees, remnants of comb, and cleanings of the habitations, which are brought out and dropped by them, make a winrow of a foot in height, the whole length of the opening.—*American Paper.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

Hints on the laying out of Pleasure Grounds.—The first general rule is, not to plant too thickly. Light and air are essential to vegetation; and, unless trees have room to expand their branches, they become weak and etiolated, and are neither ornamental in the landscape nor useful for timber. Air is also indispensable for giving colour. The leaves of trees in crowded shrubberies never attain their proper colours, and on the variety of their tints much of the beauty of the scenery depends. A skilful landscape gardener arranges his trees so that the colours of those placed near together may harmonize, and he includes a suitable proportion of evergreens, that the shrubbery may present an appearance of beauty and luxuriance in winter as well as summer.

To produce fine effect in planting, it is necessary that the landscape gardener should study the natural character and habits of every tree. These peculiarities are always essentially the same, and though in some instances, from crowded situations, bad soil, &c., they may appear to differ, yet there are always certain grand leading features which invariably distinguish one genus from another; for example, the lilac, the elm, and the holly have all a striking air of solidity and heaviness, very different from the airy lightness of the birch, the laburnum, the arbor vitæ, or the tamarisk. Some trees rise to a considerable height from the ground without branches, having a thick, bushy head, while others form a wide spreading base on the ground and rise gradually to conical, or pyramadal tops. The shades of colour in the leaves are also as distinct as the forms of the trees; the green of some is pale, of others dark, sometimes it appears shaded with brown, sometimes with purple, and occasionally it is tinged with yellow, pink, and white. In some cases the under side of the leaves is of a different colour to the upper side, and thus many various shades are presented when the branches quiver in the wind; and in other cases the leaves assume a variety of different tints in spring, summer, and autumn. Some leaves are persistent, that is, remain very long upon the tree, such as the beech and hornbean; others fall all at once, like the dios pyros; the wood of some trees is yellow, and of others it is red, &c. All these varieties of colour and form ought, of course, to be carefully considered by every one who desires to plant or lay out grounds and the landscape gardener who wishes to attain any eminence in his profession ought to study them profoundly. It is easy to acquire a knowledge of lines and mathematical forms, but a man must possess the eye of a painter, and some degree of poetical feeling, to produce a fine effect in planting pleasure grounds.

The art of planting pleasure grounds is not confined to the mere mechanical operation of putting trees into the ground; attention should be paid to their form, size, and colours; and the effect should be considered which they will produce at different periods of the year. One of the most important points is to arrange a plantation in such a manner as to make it afford an agreeable landscape at every season of the year. Flowering shrubs should be mixed with evergreens, and these again with loftier deciduous trees, which should be so contrived as to present a

variegated outline to the sky. When a lawn is to be surrounded by a belt of trees, dwarf and bushy shrubs should be planted near the grass, and behind these should rise others increasing in height, so as to form a bank of foliage. In this bank, the different kinds of green should be mingled so as to combine harmony with variety; and attention should be paid to the colours which the leaves of the different trees are likely to assume in autumn, so that their foliage at that season also may produce a beautiful and harmonious effect. The most difficult part of planting pleasure grounds is the arrangement of single trees; since nothing can be worse than to see a lawn dotted over with them. When introduced, they should be planted sparingly, and so contrived as to give the last finish to the picture, like touches from the hand of a master. Single trees should always be handsome ones, depending solely on their individual beauty of form and foliage, and not upon their flowers. Flowering shrubs are seldom compact enough for single trees. A weeping ash, forming a tent with its long and regular branches; a parasol acacia, stretching out equally on every side; a purple beech, sweeping the turf with its foliage and rising gradually to a conical top, and, in short, all trees which look well all round, are best adapted for this purpose.

Flowering shrubs should always be planted in masses of one kind; and, as most families consist of plants of a great variety of sizes, the pyramidal form may be preserved when it is wished to have a group of flowering shrubs on a lawn, by arranging the dwarfs nearest the grass, and placing the tallest in the centre. The Rhododendrons form a very handsome family; their blossoms are splendid and of every hue, generally from pure white, to pink, lilac, and scarlet. These shrubs are mostly very hardy; and the common sorts vary in height from the R. maximum, which grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet, down to the R. hirsutum, and R. ferrugineum, both of which almost creep upon the ground. Rhododendrons usually flower in May; they require a great deal of moisture, but most kinds are perfectly hardy, and blossom freely; there are twenty-four different species besides innumerable hybrids, but those most commonly found in gardens and shrubberies are the R. ponticum, and the R. catawbiense.

As it is a great object to have a brilliant show of flowers early in the season before the roses and annuals eclipse all the beauties of the gardens, it may be advisable to enumerate a few hardy flowering shrubs, which blossom in April and May. One of the first and most beautiful of these is the Magnolia conspicua. The flower consists of large white velvet looking petals, with a rich yellowish spike in the centre.

The Tulip.—The cultivation of the Tulip, which is now become a fashionable amusement among the Nobility and Gentry, is a most interesting pursuit, and a source of endless variety. Tulips are divided into three classes: the rose, which is rose on a white ground; the hyblæmen, which is purple on a white ground; and the bizard, which allows of any variety of colour on a yellow ground. In forming a tulip bed, it is usual to have one-third of each colour, which is found to be the best mixture. It is necessary, however, before a tulip is admitted into a bed, that it should possess the requisite properties, which are, a good cup shape, rather broad at the base, or, as it is termed, the shoulder; petals, six in number, round and even at the edges; to be perfectly clear round the staminæ; the colour dark and clear, and well pencilled on the edge, forming a perfect feather round each petal—this is termed a feathered flower. A flamed flower is where the colour is marked up the rib of the petal, flaming on either side; in all cases it is desirable that the ground colour should be pure, neither a faint yellow nor a bad white. Any tulip possessed of the above properties may be admitted. It is then only necessary to arrange them according to their heights, having the tallest in the middle row, and shortest on either side. The bed being thus arranged, they may be planted any time from the 1st to the 20th of November. They will not require any care from the time of planting until the second week in February, when it will be desirable too hoop them over, and to protect them in frosty or very wet weather with mats. It is by no means so troublesome as it appears; a very little arrangement will render it quite simple. In raising tulips from seed, it is necessary, before commencing, to have a good stock of patience, as it requires many years' growth before a seedling comes to its perfect colouring. It is desirable, when persons wish to raise tulips from seed, that they should select, at the time of flowering, some of the most perfect sorts; these they should impregnate with other sorts, of equal beauty, avoiding as much as possible any of the creamy-white grounds, or faint yellow. There is also one other point which should be attended to, which is, when any late-blooming sort is selected

for seed, it should be crossed with an early sort, by which means the seedlings are more likely to flower at the proper season. There is no rule for the mixture of the different shades of colour, as it must be entirely left to the taste of the person making the cross. The seed should be sown in November, in a cool frame, where it will grow freely, but the bulbs must not be taken up until they have made two years' growth; they may then be taken up and preserved till November; when they should be planted in the garden. In June they will require to be taken up again: and this planting and taking up must continue until the bulbs are seven years old, when they will begin to bloom, as they seldom flower until they are that age The trouble, however, does not end here; for most of them, if not all, will come whole-coloured, or, as they are called, breeders: these must be cultivated until the colour separates or breaks, which will sometimes take place the first or second year, but more generally they continue whole-coloured for many years. It is from these breeders the new varieties are obtained; and, as it is quite uncertain whether the flower when it breaks will be good, of course when a very superior kind is produced, it fetches a high value. There are, however, now so many fine varieties, and at such moderate prices, that a tulip-bed, instead of being, as formerly, a very expensive thing, is now to be obtained for a small amount—an average, for instance, of 5*s.* per root would produce a beautiful bed.

From a report on agriculture in Flanders, we learn that, in that country, the method of shoeing horses is far superior to the English method. The shoe is so formed that the whole of the foot has a bearing.—This strikes us to be necessary. Whereas the English farriers' shoe causes a bearing only on the edge of the hoof. To this is attributed many of the incurable lamenesses to which the horses of this country are subjected, such as corns, thrushes, contracted heels, &c.

USEFUL ARTS.

New Lanterns for Ships.—Capt. de Conin f the Danish Navy, has invented a new kind of signal-lantern, found to be of eat utility in the Navy, the light of which is much more brilliant than that at esent in use. It is obtained on the argand principle, without the use of glass, y conveying a current of air through the lantern. The lamp contains sufficient to last several hours, and is not liable to the effects of bad weather It is said to e been tried with complete success in a gale of wind. The above officer has also pplied the same principles to the construction of deck lanterns, eight or ten of wh h, when placed midships, are sufficient to give light to the guns on the deck of the la gest man-of-war. The light is so well secured from external effects, that it withstands the concussion produced by the firing of guns, which so frequently extingui es the lights of common lanterns.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

A very decided improvement has taken place during the past month in the state of our manufactures, and a feeling of confidence in the returning prosperity of our commerce is daily gaining ground. At Leeds, Halifax, and Wakefield, the manufacturers have scarcely any woollen goods remaining on hand; and in Lancashire, the demand for cottons is such, that orders cannot be executed for two or three weeks after they are given. The prospect of the great questions respecting the Charters of the Bank and East India Company, and still more of that of the Emancipation of the Negroes, being brought to a conclusion without any violent convulsions, has seemed to [illegible]oncile the public generally to the somew[illegible] extravagant terms at which the purchase is made, and to lead to a sense of security which is highly favourable to legitimate mercantile speculation The aspect of foreign affairs, too, as regards the interests of trade, is brightening, as well by the removal of the impediments which obstructed our relations with Holland, Belgium, and Germany,

as by the satisfactory intelligence that Russia, by withdrawing her forces from Constantinople, will leave us under no apprehension of differences arising upon that score. A less satisfactory reason, however, must be assigned for the improved price maintained by some articles of colonial produce;—the accounts from several of our West India possessions state, that from the excessive drought in some places, and otherwise ungenial weather in others, aided by a tendency to insubordination among the labourers, the sugar crops in some of the colonies will not yield more than half an average produce; and, in many, the coffee will be greatly deficient.

However, the stock of sugar on hand, in this country, is considerable; that of West India being now 28,131 hds. and trs.; and of Mauritius, 132,439 bags: showing an increase, as compared with the same date of last year, of 5872 casks of the former, and 52,555 bags of the latter.

The demand has been moderate of late, to what it was at the commencement of the month, but prices have not given way. Jamaica is quoted, brown, 50*s*. to 52*s*.; middling, 52*s*. to 53*s*; good, 54*s* to 56*s*.; and fine, 57*s* to 59*s*. Lately, by public sale, 136 hhds. Barbadoes brought 54*s*. 6*d*. to 58*s*. 6*d*. At the India-House, 8366 bags of Bengal sugar sold as follows:—fine white, sound, 28*s*. 6*d* to 29*s*.; damp, 27*s*. to 27*s* 6*d*, ordinary, sound, 23*s*. to 25*s*. 6*d*.; damp, 2*s* to 25*s*., being an advance of 2*s* 6*d*. to 3*s* on the prices of the preceding sale.

Mauritius sugar maintains steady prices, 5142 bags sold by auction, brown, for 45*s*. to 51*s*; yellow, 52*s*. 6*d*. to 55*s*. 6*d*.

The Refined Market remains in the same hopeless state of inactivity.

The last average price of sugar is 1*l*. 9*s*. 6¾*d* per cwt.

British Plantation Coffee continues to advance in price; the improvement during the month has been full 3*s*. per cwt By public sale, 189 casks of Jamaica sold at 106*s* to 109*s*. for good middling, 95*s*. to 96*s* 6*d* for middling, and 85*s*. to 94*s*. 6*d* for ordinary to fine ordinary. There is little alteration in Foreign and East India Coffee, except Mocha, which is higher; ordinary, mixed, 80*s*. to 81*s*., good, 90*s*. to 97*s* 6*d*, fine yellow, 125*s*.

Cocoa is dull of sale, and prices are lower, 100 bags of Grenada, offered for sale, were bought in at 55*s* 6*d*.

There is a pretty good demand for Rum at present, and the holders are tenacious for the improved quotations; Jamaica, fair quality, 30 over proof, 2*s*. 10*d*. to 2*s*. 11*d*.; common quality, 35 over, 31*s*.

The late advance in Indigo, amounting to 1*s*. to 1*s*. 3*d* per lb. on last sale's prices, is fully maintained; the near approach of the ensuing sale, which takes place on the 9th, not allowing time for the examination of a large quantity.

The Cotton Market is very steady at the advance of ⅛*d* to ⅜*d*. per pound, which has lately taken place, the principal transactions have been in Surats, which have sold, ordinary to very good, at 5¼*d*. to 6⅝*d*.

The Tea Sale finished on the 19th, and prices generally were from 1*d*. to 2*d*. per pound higher than at the March sale; fine Congous, however, were an exception, being about ½*d* lower

The Corn Market has not presented any great fluctuations throughout the month; in the early part of it, the continued dry weather caused an advance in Oats and a brisk demand, but this has been checked by the late rains The accounts from the Hop districts generally are exceedingly favourable, and the duty is estimated at 175,000*l*.

Considerable fluctuations have taken place in the Money Market during the past month; Consols, which at one time rose to 91¼, were subsequently as low as 88⅞, from whence they partially recovered, and are now 89⅞ to 90 An extraordinary advance has taken place both in Bank Stock and in East India Stock, amounting, since the date of our last, to 10 per cent in the former, and to little less than 20 per cent. in the latter. The fluctuations in the Foreign Funds, generally, have followed the variations in Consols.

The following are the closing prices of the 26th —

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, shut, ditto for the Account, 89 seven-eighths, 90 —Three per Cent. Reduced, 88 three-fourths —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 95 three-fourths, 96.—New Three and a Half per Cent, shut —Four per Cent. (1826), 102 half, three-fourths —India Stock, for the account, 247 to 248 —Bank Stock, 203-4 —Exchequer Bills, 50-51.—India Bonds, 29, 31 —Long-Annuities, 17 one-sixteenth.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 91, one-half, 92 — Brazilian Five per Cent. 67 one-half —Chilian, 25 one-half, 26 one-half —Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 23 one-half, 24 —Danish Three per Cent. 73 one-half, 4 —Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 49, one-fourth.—Dutch Five per Cent 90, one-fourth.—Dutch Three per Cent 77 one-half, 78 one-half.—Greek Five per Cent 38, 40 — Mexican Six per Cent 36, one-half —Portuguese Five per Cent. 59 one-half, 60.- Portuguese New Loan, 2 one-half, one-fourth discount —Russian Five per Cent. 104 one-half, 105 —Spanish Five per Cent. 19 one-eighth, three-eighths.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 11, 12 —United ditto, 11 10, 12 —Colombian Mines, 8 10, 9 10 —Del Monte, 25 10, 26 10.—Brazil, 61 10, 62 10.—Bolanos, 127 10, 132 10.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MAY 28, 1833, TO JUNE 25, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

May 28.—R WOODWARD, Lime-street-square, tailor and shipowner. W WOOLCOTT, Exeter, grocer. H WYATT, York-street, Covent garden, boarding and lodging-house-keeper R and H COLLIER, Witney Oxfordshire, blanket-manufacturers. F. THIRLWELL, North Shields, wine-merchant J KABERRY, Leeds, leather-cutter. J GARDNER, Preston, Lancashire, builder. G C HALL, Alfreton, Derbyshire, money-scrivener R LLOYD, Liverpool, [illegible] J TURNER, [illegible] Eastover, [illegible]shire, corn factor R. OAKES, [illegible] painter C H LINTER, Portsea, [illegible] W GIBSON, Pendleton, Lancashire, [illegible] S. B GRANT, Redcliff-street, Bristol, hatter. J JONES, Tywyn, Dydweibog, & G JONES, Llandewning, Carnarvonshire, cattle dealers C M. WILKS, Greetham, Rutlandshire, innkeeper

May 31.—W. DICKINS sen, Northampton, plasterer. J ELLING Warminster butcher. T SHERWIN, London wall, cheesemonger M C BUCHANAN, Golden-square, boarding-house-keeper J. L. BRAND, Nelson-street, Old Kent-road, fishmonger G. BILTON, York tailor J P. DURANT Plymouth, chemist W HAZELDEN, Goudhurst, Kent, butcher.

June 4.—R and S ASHBY, Upper Thames-street, mealmen T JACKSON, George-street, Minories, wine-merchant J. A. HARVEY, High-street, St Giles's, clothes-salesman S SMITH, King William street, Strand, saddler. J CORNISH, Shepperton-street, New North road, stone mason H. MILLEDGE, Milton-street, Dorset-square, Marylebone, carpenter. G GLOVER, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.

June 7.—G YOUNG and J HANDCOCK, Hatton-garden, card-makers T BOWLERING, Devizes, baker. P. BOND, Worcester, wine-merchant F HOAD and J WADEY, Prospect-place, St George's-fields, bricklayers. J. WESTON, jun, Albemarle-street, tailor. P ACTON Manchester, joiner and builder. R. E. TIPPET, Marazion, Cornwall, broker. J. BLIEKHORN, Manchester, commission-agent B. MELLOR, Keighley, Yorkshire, innkeeper. J. HUBBARD, Oxford, grocer. W. RYAN, Strand, carpet-dealer. W. NEVILLE, Earl's-court, Kensington, surgeon.

June 11.—G BARLOW, Stepney-green, iron and coal merchant G GIDLEY, Cateaton-street, button-maker C HAYNES, Altcham, builder J. STAMMERS, Jermyn street, St James's, cabinet-maker. J. MORREY, Nantwich, corn-dealer. M. [illegible] G. H. BETTS, Liverpool Eastover, Somersetshire, linen-draper.

June 14.—E PASMORE, Maidenhead, grocer. S SHEPHERD, Upper Bryanston-street, Portman-square, wine merchant. T. COOPER, Brighton, hotel-keeper J GRAY, Chichester, salesman H. FLETCHER, Finsbury-place South, bookseller. W JERVIS, Truro, innkeeper J ROUND, Stourbridge, plumber F JONES, Cornhill, silversmith.

June 18.—P POWELL, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, lace-merchant P EAST, Tavistock-street, Covent garden bookseller. B LAW, Northampton, biscuit-baker J C, J., and R RICHARDSON, Manchester, commission-agents W. ALLURED, Liverpool, tailor W G ROLFES, Fenchurch-street, tobacco-broker S. SHEASBY, High Holborn, furnishing ironmonger W HULL, Coventry, watch manufacturer. J W PAYNTER, Manchester, dealer G LONGMIRE, Barnard Castle, Durham, draper. S M COX, Exeter, scrivener. W R MOTT, British and Foreign Coffee house, Throgmorton-st., tavern keeper.

June 21.—A DOUGLAS, St. Benet's-place, Gracechurch-street, merchant W. HOLMAN, Hertford, slate merchant. J YOUNG, T BRACKEN, G BALLARD, J C C SUTHERLAND, and N. ALEXANDER, Calcutta, merchants and bankers J V SIMPSON, South Sea Chambers Threadneedle st., perfumer J MORLAND, Broad st., Ratcliffe-cross, corn-dealer.

June 25.—C. WILLSHER, Strand, bread-baker J SMITH, Cavendish, Suffolk, butcher. J WELCH, Birmingham, iron-merchant W PAYS, Leeds, coach-builder. W. BAXTER, Oxford, printer. J WHITE, Shrewsbury, auctioneer.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 20.—The Duke of Wellington, on presenting a petition from Newcastle, complaining of the Dutch embargo, said he would have entered into remarks on the subject, but that he understood that circumstances were not unlikely to justify the removal of the embargo.—Earl Grey expressed his satisfaction at those noble Lords abstaining from any remarks at present, and added that he hoped, when the proper time arrived, he should be able to justify the conduct of the Government. He was as sensible as any one of their Lordships could be of the inconvenience arising out of the present state of things; it was only to be justified by circumstances.

June 3.—The Duke of Wellington moved for an address to the King, that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to preserve neutrality between the contending parties in Portugal. His Grace charged the Government of this country with having persisted in a long course of injustice towards her ancient and faithful ally, and entered into various details in support of that opinion, such as the neglect of the ministers to induce France to postpone the claims, while the Portuguese government was immersed in difficulties—their permission of the seizure of the fleet at Lisbon, and their refusal to prevent the sailing of expeditions and the fitting out of armaments in this country. All this, he maintained, was a violation of treaties, and an abandonment of the spirit of neutrality upon which they professed to act. Another argument on which the noble Duke appeared to lay great stress was grounded on the fact of our interference to prevent Spain from taking any part in the contest between the two brothers, coupled with the assumption that while the British Government enforced that demand with respect to Spain, they adopted a contrary course in their own policy. If the Government were really determined to assist Don Pedro, he contended it would be more honourable in them to say so at once than to make professions which were contradicted by their conduct, making what he called an underhand war against the *de facto* ruler of Portugal. He warned the House that if Don Pedro should succeed with the aid of British adventurers, the consequence would be a civil war not only in Portugal but in Spain. After recommending that his Majesty should at once recall his subjects who were engaged on both sides of the contest, the noble Duke concluded by moving the address alluded to above.—Earl Grey admitted the importance of the subject as a branch of our foreign relations, and expressed his strong sense of the expediency of preserving an alliance with Portugal; but he denied that the noble Duke had any ground for his motion, which was a motion of censure upon Ministers. Their conduct had been the reverse of what it was described—it had been that of strict neutrality. His Lordship then described the state of Portugal before he came into office, and alluded to the treacheries and perjuries under which Don Miguel had ascended the throne, and availed himself of the presence of a British army to assist his usurpation, making the power and influence of this country a sort of accomplice in the transaction. He appealed to the House whether the Government of this country could have taken a part against the legitimate Queen of Portugal, whose rights had been usurped by a violation of all engagements. As for the obligation of treaties, he asked whether they could bind this country to resist every attack on Portugal, right or wrong? Government he maintained had done everything to preserve neutrality. A British fleet had been sent out, at the request of British merchants, but orders were repeatedly given to preserve the strictest neutrality. Besides, British merchants in this country had a right to furnish arms, ammunition, &c., to any and to all parties in a country with which we were at peace, and they had done so. After entering into various details descriptive of the conduct which Ministers had pursued, the noble Lord reiterated his appeal to the candour of the House to reject the proposition before it.—Lord Aberdeen, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Eldon, and the Lord Chancellor followed.—The House then divided, when the result was a majority of 12 against the Ministers.

June 6.—The Marquis Wellesley reported his Majesty's answer to the Address adopted upon the Duke of Wellington's motion respecting Portugal. "I have already taken all such measures as appeared to me to be necessary for maintaining the neutrality which I have determined to observe in the contest now carrying on

in Portugal."—In presenting a petition from Barnstaple, against the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, the Bishop of Exeter spoke in support of its prayer, and maintained that interference with Church property, sanctioned by the Sovereign, would be a violation of the Coronation Oath.—Earl Grey replied that, when the Bill came before them, he was sure it would be seen that it did not deserve the character given of it; and added, he was persuaded that no good could arise from observations such as those of the Right Rev. Prelate; and that there were no persons in their Lordships' House more desirous of supporting the interests of the Protestant religion than were those who constituted the Government. He repelled, as unfounded, the opinion that the Bill violated the Coronation Oath.

June 13.—The Duke of Richmond moved the second reading of the Agricultural Labour Rate Bill; and, in doing so, his Grace observed that the plan of the present Bill had been tried in many places and counties, and had been successful in reducing the poor's rate and in promoting industry.—The Bishop of London opposed the Bill, on the ground that its principle was vicious, and that the measure would promote the injury of the parties it was intended to benefit, as well as the income of the Church.—After an extended conversation, the Bill was read a second time.

June 14.—The Limitation of Actions Bill (a measure resulting from the Law Commissioners' Reports) called forth a considerable discussion; but its progress was not impeded.—The Earl of Eldon observed, that if the numerous projects for the amendment of the laws were carried into effect, it would be requisite that professional men should recommence the study of the law, and, after the session, think of the new statutes, instead of contemplating the approaching game season.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 20.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having moved that the House resume the consideration, in committee, of the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill,—Mr. Gillon moved an instruction to the committee to provide "that the revenues of the Church be applied to purposes of general utility, after the demise of the present incumbents."—After some short discussion, the House divided on and negatived the proposition.

May 21.—Sir S. Whalley brought forward his resolution declaratory of the expediency of repealing the house and window taxes. He declared that the feeling against their continuance, on the ground of their injustice and partiality, possessed every part of the country, and that the threatened resistance ought to induce the Ministers to ascertain and make manifest whether it was just or unjust.—Mr. S. Rice said, that all practicable relief had been proposed; and that the contemplated reductions would afford very extensive relief. The motion led to considerable discussion.—The House eventually divided on the question; and the numbers were—for the motion, 124; against it, 273.

May 22.—Mr. Tooke brought forward his motion on the subject of defects in the Reform Act, not with the view of impeaching that measure, or of touching any of its principles, but mainly for the purpose of remedying defects and adjusting contradictions in the system of registering votes. Instead of moving for a bill, he proposed the appointment of a committee, to ascertain what were the defects in the Act. He said, he would gladly have left the subject in the hands of the Ministers, but they declined to undertake it; and as he deemed it requisite that a remedy should be provided, after so many contradictory decisions, he submitted the present motion.—Lord J. Russell objected to the motion, on the ground of the time at which it was brought forward. If defects arose on a fair trial of the act, the ministers were bound to propose remedies; but as applied to the present case in particular, he considered that they ought to wait, and see the effects of another registration. The House divided; the result was—Ayes, 68; Noes, 94.—Mr. R. Grant moved the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Removal Bill.—Dr. Lushington strongly recommended the bill, and Sir R. Inglis as earnestly resisted it.—Mr. R. Grant replied at considerable length, supporting the bill with great zeal.—The House divided on the motion. The numbers were—for the second reading of the bill, 159; against it, 52.

May 24.—Mr. Bernal brought forward the case, founded on the Report of the Election Committee of Hertford; and after having pointed out the numerous instances of bribery and corruption, he moved that the case be referred to a select

committee to determine the course that ought to be pursued.—Lord G. Somerset replied at considerable length, contending, that as no existing law had been violated, *ex post facto* punishment ought not to fall on Hertford.—There was an extended discussion on the question, after which the House divided. The numbers were— Ayes, 227—Noes, 55; after which the committee was appointed.

May 30.—After several very numerously signed petitions against the Government plan had been presented, the debate on Colonial Slavery was resumed —Sir R. Vyvyan strongly opposing the proposition of Ministers. After complaining of the want of representation under which the colonies laboured, since the passing of the Reform Act, and urging that circumstance as a strong claim to the protection, or, at least, to the forbearance of the Legislature, the honourable Baronet proceeded to vindicate the rights of the colonists. After dissecting the Government plan, and disputing many of the statements of Mr. Stanley, he warned Government that its project would never work; and that the bare attempt to bring it into operation would be attended with the most disastrous consequences, both to proprietors and slaves. In conclusion he observed, that he had no resolution to propose, nor would he object to the Speaker leaving the chair, as he had no wish to prevent the fullest inquiry into the subject.—The House then resolved itself into committee, and Mr. Stanley replied to the honourable Baronet. The most important part of his address, however, was, that in which he explained the modifications introduced into his plan since first he brought it forward Those modifications were the omission of that clause which, in the original bill, made the slave contribute towards the cost of his emancipation, and the substitution of a small additional tax upon sugar to make up the deficiency —Mr. Buxton declared himself to be in favour of the Government plan, in consequence of the modifications which had been adopted.—The debate was adjourned.

May 31.—Lord Althorp, in introducing the question of the Bank of England Charter, said, that the principles to be kept in view were the convertibility of the paper issued into money; the security of the solvency of the bank which issued the circulating medium, and the security to be taken against undue fluctuations in the amount of the currency. The question for discussion was, whether it was more desirable that the management of the circulating medium should be managed by a single bank, or by a competition of different banks. He admitted that there were advantages in the competition of banks; but thought that the advantages preponderated in favour of a single bank acting under proper checks. He thought, that to place a bank under the management of the Government, would be to offer considerable temptations to abuse. He then stated the terms of the proposed renewal of the Bank Charter for 21 years, the chief points of which are set forth in his Lordship's letter to the Bank Directors. The proposal to make bank notes a legal tender in all parts of the country, except at the Bank of England, or the branch-banks, it might be said, would drive gold out of circulation He did not think that would be the effect, neither did he think that it would make the country banks, to any considerable extent, less careful as to their issues; but any such inconveniences would be counterbalanced by its preventing great and sudden drains on the country banks, and through them on the Bank of England After adverting to the advantages anticipated from the exemption of bills not exceeding three months' date from the operation of the usury laws, he stated, that with respect to joint-stock banks, he proposed, as the conditions on which charters should be granted to them, that one-quarter of their subscribed capital, instead of one-half, as required in the instance of joint-stock banks issuing notes, should be paid up and deposited as before; that their shares should not be less than 100*l* each; and that the partners in such banks should be only liable to a responsibility to the amount of their shares. He also proposed, that the corporations of those banks should not, as such, hold any shares in those banks. It would be seen from those propositions, that he proposed to give great advantages to banks not issuing notes over those that issued their own notes. In a case where a charter was to be granted, it must be at the discretion of the Government to decide whether the amount of capital subscribed was a sufficient amount for the locality in which the bank was situated, and whether the charter asked for should be granted. He hoped, however, that every proper facility would be given to the establishment of such banks. By means of a stamp duty the Government would at all times be enabled to know the exact amount of country bankers' notes in circulation; but he thought it desirable that it should also have the means of knowing the amount of the whole available assets to meet the demand upon them. He proposed that a statement of the accounts of each indivi-

dual bank should be sent up to London as a strictly confidential paper, which was not to be published in a separate form; but, the accounts being added together, the total result would be given to the public periodically. He concluded by moving resolutions expressive of the sanction of the House to the plan proposed.—The debate on the resolutions was adjourned.—The debate on Colonial Slavery was resumed.—Mr. Godson admitted that the time was arrived when slavery must be put an end to; but denied the right of the House to supersede the functions of the Colonial Assemblies. After defending the conduct of the West India body, he submitted a plan of more extensive remuneration for the planters, which he moved as an amendment to the original motion.—Mr. Tancred contended that the Government had proposed a rational plan of emancipation.—Mr. Buckingham spoke in favour of immediate emancipation.—The House adjourned, on the motion of Mr. O'Connell, without coming to a division on the amendment.

June 3.—The House resolved itself into Committee on Colonial Slavery.—The adjourned debate was resumed by Mr. O'Connell, who advocated the immediate emancipation of the slaves, with compensation to the planters, if required, and the establishment of a poor law in the colonies, for the support of the aged and infirm negroes, who, he said, required compensation for the labours of their former years.—Lord Howick considered it to be of the greatest importance that the co-operation of the colonists in the measure should be procured, and he proposed that its details should be left for their arrangement.—Sir R. Peel warned the House against legislating hastily on a subject of such immense importance; and enforced the necessity of obtaining the co-operation of the Legislatures in modifying the details of the measure after the House had agreed to the general principles on which the emancipation of the slaves was to be effected.—Lord Althorp observed that it was essential some measure should be agreed to without delay.—Mr. Stanley then stated, that he should propose that the details of the plan for effecting the emancipation of the slaves be left to the Colonial Legislatures, Parliament having first determined the main principles on which slavery should be abolished.—The amendments which had been proposed were withdrawn, and the first resolution was agreed to.

June 4. In answer to a question by Lord Ebrington, Lord Palmerston said, "During the period my hon. colleagues and myself have had the honour to be the advisers of the Crown, we have, with respect to the affairs of Portugal, and indeed of every other foreign country, pursued that course, and acted upon those principles, which in our consciences we thought most conducive to the interests of the country, and to the honour and dignity of the Crown; and I can assure my noble friend, and, along with my noble friend, the House at large, that so long as we have the honour of advising the Crown, and the task of directing its councils, we shall not depart from the course which we have hitherto pursued, nor swerve from those principles by which we have hitherto been guided."

June 6th.—Colonel Davies brought forward a motion, expressive of confidence in the conduct of the present Ministers with respect to Portugal, avowing that he submitted it for the express purpose of counteracting what he viewed as the pernicious tendency of the Duke of Wellington's motion in the House of Lords. The main mischief which he dreaded from that motion was, unless it was counteracted by the unequivocal disclaimer of the House of Commons, Spain would be emboldened to send an army into Portugal to fight the battle of Don Miguel. Lord Morpeth seconded the motion. Sir R. Peel said he had constantly resisted the policy of the Government on this question; he should therefore meet the motion with a direct negative. Lord Palmerston maintained that the Government had observed the strictest neutrality. Don Miguel had procured stores and ammunition from this country, and no doubt would have applied for men, had there been any chance of obtaining a supply. He regretted that there was likely to be a difference of opinion between the two Houses, but the Commoners had not been the first to promote it. If inconveniences resulted from this collision, they would be answerable for it who had promoted an opinion in hostility to a majority of the House of Commons, and of the country. The House divided, and the numbers were—For the motion, 361; against it, 98. Majority in favour of the motion, 263.

June 7.—Mr. Stanley having moved the second resolution in a committee on the Colonial Slavery Bill, Mr. Stewart afterwards, on the part of the West India interests, offered three amendments to the leading propositions of the Government:—1. That after passing of any Act on this subject, the children should be immediately declared free, subject to such restrictions as should be hereafter agreed upon

2. That at the same time all slaves should be registered as apprentices. 3. That the compensation, instead of 15,000,000*l.* should be 20,000,000*l.*; and that to promote security, and avert the difficulties that might otherwise accrue, the Government be authorized to lend on the security of West India property. The original resolution was agreed to without a division.

June 10.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered his Majesty's answer to the address voted on Colonel Davies's motion. His Majesty replied—"I have received, with great satisfaction, the expression of your concurrence in the policy I have pursued with reference to the affairs of Portugal, and you may be assured that I shall continue to act in the same way, and will neglect no opportunity to use all the influence that is within my power, as soon as possible, usefully and honourably to put an end to all the differences that now exist in that unhappy country."—The House again resolved into Committee on Colonial Slavery. The third resolution was moved, that containing what has been termed the "apprenticeship" regulation.—Mr. F. Buxton opposed it at considerable length, maintaining that it proceeded on an assumption that was disproved by evidence. It was established that the negroes, in a state of freedom, would work for wages; that they had performed work, for which they were paid specific sums, in half the time that would have otherwise been occupied; and that where they had worked for wages, the greatest difficulty had been to procure wages from the whites. But though he spoke against the conditions accompanying this resolution, he deemed it right to bear his testimony to the great efforts made by the present Administration to abolish slavery.—Mr. Stanley expressed a hope that the plan of the Government, brought forward on its responsibility, would experience the unanimous support of the House, as unanimity was so calculated to advance the accomplishment of the great question. In reply to the thanks proffered to the Government for having brought forward this question, he said the Government had not had any alternative; the question had arrived at that crisis that they were obliged to bring it before Parliament; to have neglected to do so, or to have endeavoured to maintain the present system, would have been attended with the greatest dangers.—Mr. F. Buxton said, in consequence of the efforts made by the present administration to carry this great question, he would not press opposition to the original resolution.—The Committee eventually divided; the numbers were—For the resolution, 324; against it, 42; majority, 282.—Mr. Stanley then proposed the compensation, naming 20,000,000*l.* instead of 15,000,000*l.* Its consideration was postponed.

June 11.—The House again resolved into committee on colonial slavery. The proposition was, that for a grant of 20,000,000*l.* to be appropriated by the colonial legislatures, in compensation to the proprietors for losses in consequence of the abolition of slavery. It called forth extended and varied discussion.—Mr. Stanley defended the charge, explained the causes of it, and implored the committee—the abolition of slavery having been in reality decreed by the passing of the previous resolutions—not to endanger the adjustment of this great question by refusing compensation, after having admitted the principle.—There were several divisions on amendments moved by Mr. Buxton, Mr. Wason, and Col. Evans, previously to the carrying of the original resolution. The first division, which was on Mr. Buxton's, was, for his amendment, 142; against it, 277; majority against it, 135. The majorities against the other amendments were of a far more decided character.

June 13.—Mr. Grant brought forward his resolutions on the subject of the East India Charter. In the course of his speech he examined elaborately the condition of our East India dependencies, the state of their finances, and the regulation of the intercourse between them and this country. He described the bargain made with the Company, and the views of the Government, and concluded with detailing the amendments and alterations proposed by the Government, together with three resolutions. The objects of those resolutions were declaratory—1. Of the expediency of an open trade in tea, &c., with China, the Europeans being subject to such regulations as might be deemed essential to protect the commercial and political interests of Great Britain—2. Of the expediency of the Crown taking on itself the fulfilment of sundry obligations of the Company; and 3. Of the expediency of continuing in the Company the Government of India, subject to such arrangements as should be prescribed by Parliament. With respect to the intercourse with India, it is to be open, Europeans being required to register their names with the municipal authorities, but not necessitated to obtain licences. European settlers, however, to be subject to such laws as controlled the natives. The assimi-

lation of the King's and the Company's Courts, and the amendment of the laws, to be promoted by the Governor-General and a Council, aided by a Commission. In the bills to be prepared, natives to be rendered eligible to office without reference to religion or descent. The slavery at present existing partially in the dependencies to cease after a period to be fixed.—Mr. Wynn expressed his approbation generally of the plans. He suggested a reduction in the number, and an alteration in the qualifications of Directors; eight he considered would be enough, elected each four years.—Several other Members spoke, Mr. Marjoribanks, Mr. Buckingham, &c.; after which, Mr. Grant observed that the resolutions were purposely so generally worded that the adoption of them he did not consider would bind any body to the details of his plans. On this understanding Members said they would not oppose them.—The Solicitor-General brought in a bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, which was read a first time. The learned gentleman stated shortly the chief features of the bill, which, from the outline he presented, appears to be one of the best and most useful measures that has been submitted to Parliament for some time past. It enables the creditors to lay hands on all the property of their debtors, without much trouble or expense, while it saves the latter from the demoralizing and destructive consequences of incarceration. For instance, it gives immediate execution on bonds and bills, as soon as they become due, without making the creditor have recourse to the expensive process of an action; it compels debtors to make a full disclosure of their property, as is now partially done under the Lords' Act; and gives the creditor remedy against property of all kinds, whether copyhold or freehold property, whether money in the funds, or whether consisting of those securities which are now called "choses in action."

June 14.—The House, on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, resolved into Committee on the Irish Tithes Act, and in the Committee his Lordship formally proposed the adoption of the plan, opened by him on a former evening, regarding the Tithes of Ireland—viz., that an advance should be made for the purpose of enabling the Crown to pay the tithes due to clergymen in Ireland on account of tithes for 1831, 1832, and 1833; and that the amount be repaid by tax on the lands chargeable with tithes, but which had not been paid them for those years.—Several members maintained that the Irish Temporalities Bill was only supported on the ground of commencing the better arrangement of the Church property of Ireland; that tithe-charge in Ireland, in whatever shape it might be imposed, would not contribute to tranquillity; and that it was as much the amount as the appropriation of the tithes that encouraged resistance.—Mr. Littleton defended the measure as practical, wise, and moderate—as securing immediate relief, without bringing the clergy into collision with the tenants or landlords.—The Committee eventually divided on the resolution. The numbers were—Ayes, 270; Noes, 40; Majority, 230.

THE COLONIES.

CANADA.

Accounts have been received from Canada, which contain a notice from the Receiver-General, intimating his inability to raise the money for the payment of the sufferers during the late war with the United States, and announcing that he had received the authority of the Lieutenant-Governor, in council, to issue debentures under the provision of the act passed for this purpose, to such claimants as may be willing to receive the same, whose claim of 38½ per cent. upon the award exceeds the sum of 50*l.* currency; and also to agents duly appointed by power of attorney to receive the respective payments. The debentures to bear interest at 5 per cent., payable half-yearly.

The following are the statements of sales of acres made by the Canada Company, from the 1st to the 27th of April last:—Crown Reserves, 4,808; at Guelph, 69; at an average of 11*s.* 4*d.* per acre, 4,877; add Huron Tract, 5,779; total, 10,656.

not be understood, and their shyness and jealousy kept them at a distance from the great body of the settlers. The colonists are exceedingly jealous on the subject of taxation, and a protest had been prepared against the attempt to create revenue for the support of the local establishments, and the construction of public works, by the imposition of a duty of three shillings per gallon on spirituous liquors imported from abroad.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The accounts from the Cape of Good Hope contain a very melancholy statement of the sufferings of the tribe called Baharutsi, situated beyond the colony, who had been driven from their country by the advance of that warlike tribe the Zoolas; and although they had fled full six days' journey, they were still pursued by their implacable foe: they were in a state of absolute starvation Numbers of them, driven by despair, had resolved to return back, and rather perish by the spears of the Zoolas than die the lingering death of famine. In attempting this, hundreds had been stabbed on the way. The missionaries on the frontier, with most praiseworthy humanity, had sent out two of their body, and necessary attendants and some cattle, to conduct the remnant of the tribe to Griqua town, amounting to about 800 persons, all that were left of many thousands.

FOREIGN STATES.

BELGIUM.

Brussels papers furnish us with the speech of King Leopold on opening the Legislative Session. The following is the text of the Address:—

"Gentlemen,—Events which are of great importance to Belgium have occurred since the opening of the Session of 1833. France and England, according to their engagements, have put us in possession of the fortress which threatened one of our finest cities. A convention, concluded by the same powers, puts Belgium in possession of the greater part of the advantages attached to the treaty of 15th November, without yet taking from it those portions of territory, the separation of which will always be felt by us as the most painful sacrifice. The treaty of Nov. 15 remains untouched. I shall take care that, in the final arrangement with Holland, none of the rights which we have acquired shall be infringed. A partial disarming will now be possible; it will be effected in such a manner as to diminish the expenses of the Treasury, without weakening the organisation of the army. Thus we shall come as near to a state of peace as political prudence will permit. I have the satisfaction to tell you, Gentlemen, that in the circumstances in which we now are, it will not be necessary to impose fresh burdens. The resources voted by the Chambers will suffice to meet the expenditure of the year. The ordinary receipt will even afford a considerable surplus, if, as we may hope, the last eight months answers to the first four. The time is come, Gentlemen, when the government, aided by your concurrence, will be able to direct unremitting attention to the internal ameliorations of the country. In the first line of the interests which call for our attention, are our manufactures and our commerce. Our negotiations with France, on this subject, have commenced under happy auspices; they will be continued with perseverance. We have obtained from the United States of North America the most favourable stipulations for one of the most important branches of our commerce. While continuing to seek abroad advantageous channels for our manufactures and commerce, we have not lost sight of those which several parts of the kingdom call for. The administration has felt the necessity of giving a new impulse to the public works. With this view I recommend to the attention and patriotism of the Chambers, the plan for a grand communication from the sea and the Scheldt to the Meuse and the Rhine, which is called for by the wants and wishes of almost the whole country. Besides the laws on the budget and accounts, those concerning the provincial and commercial organisation will be laid before you. You will also have to discuss the law on the distilleries, which must have such great influence on our agriculture, which is already in so flourishing a state. Gentlemen, the elements of prosperity, which Belgium contains, as well as its liberal institutions, attest its advanced state of civilisation. It is for the powers which direct its destinies to foster, by their joint efforts, those elements of prosperity, and those institutions, which, if wisely developed, will be the most solid base of our national existence, and open to us the fairest prospect of future prosperity.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At Havitree, Henry, eldest son of Sir H. Farrington, Bart., of Spring Lawn, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Warren, of Port View.

At St Pancras New Church, Edmund Lloyd, Esq., of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, to Catherine Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Joseph Hume, Esq., of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square

At Shenstone Church, Major Wyndham, Scots Greys, to Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Case, Esq., of Shenstone Moss, Stafford.

At St George's Church, Hanover-square, Thomas Henry Kingscote, Esq., of Kingscourt, Gloucestershire, to the Hon. Harriet Bloomfield, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Lord Bloomfield.

At Cheltenham, Arthur William Thomas, Esq., of Tullabrin, county of Kilkenny, eldest son of the late Rev. Francis Thomas, to Anna Cuthinson, daughter of the late James Hutchinson, Esq. of Sheriff Hill, and of Ryton, in the county of Durham.

At Munich, Count Potemkin, Ambassador from Russia, at the court of Bavaria, to Eliza, daughter of E. M. Grainger, Esq., of Twysog, Denbighshire

At St Clement's, Hastings, by the Rev. J. G. Foyster, Thomas Lane, of Upper Bedford-place, and of Farindons, near Grinstead, Esq., to Henrietta, the widow of the late W. Kappen, Esq., of Somerset-place.

Died.]—At Rothsay, Mrs Mary Anne Colquhoun, widow of the late Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, of Killermont, Lord Clerk Register.

At Lukeston, Campsie, N.B., J. Bell, Esq., aged 63, author of several geographical works.

At Corsygedol, Merioneth, Frances, daughter of Bell Lloyd, Esq., and niece to Lord Moyston.

At Worthing, Margaretha, widow of Henry Pye Rich, Esq.

At his house in Grosvenor square, Thomas, Earl of Newburgh, in the 43d year of his age.

In Upper Grosvenor-street, the Dowager Lady Rich.

In Glasgow, Dr. Heron, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Anderson's University.

At his house, in Belgrave-place, Alexander Consatt, Esq., aged 73, late a cashier of the Bank of England

The infant daughter of S. C. Hall, Esq

At Newborough, Galway, aged 80, Netterville Blake, Esq. He served as Captain in the army during the first American war.

Colonel Drought, aged 78, of Droughville Forest, King's County, the last Colonel of the Irish Volunteers of 1782.

At Madderty, D. Malcolm, LL.D., Chaplain to his Majesty

At Charbonniers, near Macon, M. Moreau, who, at the first revolution, was a member of the National Convention.

At Cotton Lodge, York, W. Morritt, Esq., Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding.

At Castle Connell, Archdeacon Galwey, Rector of Kilmastulla, Archdiocese of Cashel.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The Commissioners of Police have issued the following instructions to their officers:—"The superintendents will see, or send an inspector to all the jewellers, silversmiths, and others in their respective divisions, who keep chains, &c., in their windows, and explain to them the method the thieves have lately adopted in robbing shops of this description, viz., by boring with a large gimlet or centre-bit, under the bottom of the window, and drawing chains, rings, &c., through the aperture by means of a hooked piece of wire; the thieves noticing by day-time the place in which such property is laid in the window."

Testimonial to the late Alderman Waithman.—The committee for conducting this testimonial have commenced opening the ground and preparing the foundation for the obelisk at the south end of Farringdon-street, the spot where the late Alderman first commenced his career in the metropolis. The obelisk is finished, and will be erected in the course of the ensuing fortnight by the Haytor Granite Company, at whose works at Bankside it is now lying. It consists of a single stone, 20 feet in length, elevated on a plain pedestal of Egyptian architecture; on two sides of which are sculptured, in the solid granite, the arms of the city, and on the other two the arms of the late Alderman. An inscription, descriptive of the intent of the monument, will be in front. The die of the pedestal, a very handsome block, weighing above three tons, is one piece, as are also the cap and the two steps, or scamilla, on which the pedestal is erected.

DEVONSHIRE.

The small fishing village of Lympstone, near Exeter, has been almost totally destroyed by a fire, which originated in the house of a fisherman, who had gone to

his boat, and left his fire burning, about three o'clock in the morning of June 12. The number of houses destroyed is stated to be fifty-five, and three others rendered tenantless. The number of persons deprived of their homes is 248, of whom ninety-six are left totally destitute.

LANCASHIRE.

Liverpool has followed the example of the metropolis in the establishment of Zoological Gardens, which were opened to the public on Monday last. The grounds were prettily arranged, and the stock of birds, beasts, &c., is numerous.

WARWICKSHIRE.

London and Birmingham Railway.—Among the Parliamentary papers on the subject of this railway, there is an elaborate estimate, by Mr. Lecount, of the road and canal traffic for one year between London and Birmingham, &c. The following are the general results:—Passengers, 233,155; goods, 62,389 tons; parcels, 46,799; beasts, 50,839; sheep, 365,000; pigs, 15,634. The expense by the existing means of transit is about 1,388,217*l.*, while by the railway it will not exceed 800,758*l.*, thus exhibiting an annual saving to the country of 537,489*l.* independently of the advantages to be expected from the unrivalled celerity of this mode of conveyance. The railway was commenced on Tuesday the 14th ult. near Hampstead.

IRELAND.

Since 1823, 691 commissions of bankruptcy have been issued in Ireland; 295 certificates were granted, and 109 superseded.

A communication from the War-Office announces the abolition, on the 1st of July next, of the Irish army medical department, the duties of which are to be in future performed at the head-office in London.

Irish Church.—By an account, recently presented to the House of Commons, and printed by its authority, it appears that the number of benefices in Ireland of above 2,000*l.* a-year value, is eleven—one of them being of the annual value of 2,800*l.*; of above 1,000*l.* and under 2,000*l.* value the number is ninety-one; of 750*l.* to 1,000*l.* there are ninety-six; of 500*l.* to 750*l.* there are two hundred and fifty; of 250*l.* to 500*l.* there are four hundred and twenty-five livings; and all the remainder of livings in Ireland, to the number of 583, are below the annual value of 250*l.*, many of them being very considerably below that amount. This account, it should be observed, is drawn from the income of the Church at a period anterior to the commencement of passive resistance.

SCOTLAND.

The emigrants who have left during this present season, although not so numerous as in former years, are of a better class, many of them being possessed of considerable property. A detachment for the Corsair from the parishes of Lanark and Leshmahago, through the instrumentality of one agent, had 5,000*l.* converted into sovereigns, independent of what each might have done individually. These are the kind of settlers which America desires to have, but which we can ill spare, taking as they do, both the thews and the sinews of the country out of it.—Greenock Advertiser.

Turnpike Trusts.—The following is the report presented by the Duke of Richmond from the select committee appointed to examine the turnpike returns of England and Wales, and the abstract thereof, and to consider whether any alterations can be usefully made in the law relative to turnpike trusts, &c.:—"That the committee have met, and, before making a general report upon the whole of the matters referred to them, they have thought it advisable, in the first instance, to recommend it to the house, that a bill should be forthwith brought in, 'for continuing until the 30th day of June, 1835, the several acts for regulating turnpike roads which will expire at the end of the session of parliament in the year 1834; and also a bill 'for requiring the general annual statements of trustees of turnpike roads to be transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.'"

Increase of Magistrates.—The total number of magistrates appointed by Lord Chancellor Brougham since his elevation to the Woolsack is, for England and Wales, clerical, 1,354; lay, 4,017.

[A circular from the Home Office has been forwarded to the returning officers of boroughs, requesting them "to point out any parts of the Reform Act, relative to the registration of votes, on the construction of which any doubt or difference of opinion has arisen, or which have appeared in any respect to be defective, or to require amendment."]

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

My dear Reader,—It is a year and nine months—although it seems to me but as yesterday—since I first undertook the management of this Journal. I am now about to bid you farewell: with this Number I close my duties as Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." The pressure of public business has, of late, so greatly increased as to oblige me to confine more closely than heretofore the circle of my avocations. During the intervals of rest from the labours of Parliament, I find, too, that somewhat of recreation, and the culture of the *dolce far niente*, is necessary for that slave the body, whose services the soul may otherwise see a probability of losing. The bow cannot be bent for ever. Schoolboy and master must have alike their holyday; and the continuous exhaustion of literary toil can scarcely be long added with impunity to unflagging attention in a House of Commons which stifles its present Members out of respect to the memory of those who have gone before them!

I quit the office of Editor to this Magazine; but let me hope that I have rendered to *it*, and, through its medium, to opinion generally, some trifling service; that I have fulfilled a few of the objects for which I undertook the task; and that, during the time I have directed its management, I have not abused to a selfish purpose the power it might give me, either in criticism or in politics. In consigning to others the charge of amusing your leisure or representing your opinions—dare I think that you, my dear reader, will sympathize with me in a kindly remembrance of the connexion that has been between us? For a work of this description has the natural power of bequeathing many endearing recollec-

tions. What if it bring upon us, more openly, the anger of enemies—does it not unite with us, under the banner of a common cause, the friends whom otherwise we might never have tried, nor even known? And what if it be associated with the thought of how much we might have done more ably—is it not associated also with the memory of what we *have* done honestly? In the balance of good and evil, one friend can atone for a hundred foes, and one useful object fulfilled consoles us for a hundred unaccomplished.

With all pleasant recollections, then, fresh upon me, do I part from those who have read my occasional lucubrations in this Journal, and those who have so ably assisted me with their own. As to the last, I confidently trust that they will continue the exertions which, if in aid of this Journal, are also in furtherance of literature itself. And few things will afford me greater pleasure than to see a Periodical (which, from its circulation and repute, may be so efficient an engine in promoting the intellectual enjoyment of my countrymen) increase still further in popularity as the reading circle of the community extends;—ripening in the favour of the public by progressive efforts to merit their esteem.

Farewell, my dear Reader, and accept, as they are meant, the parting wishes of your sincere friend,

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

London, August 1, 1833.

THE POLITICIAN, NO. XVIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION—THE PROSPECTS, POLICY, AND MERITS OF THE GOVERNMENT—CONCLUSION OF THIS SERIES OF THE POLITICIAN.

THE session and the season are drawing to a close—those who have not carried through bills in the first, and those who have not paid their bills in the last, are little to be envied.

The novelty of a Reformed Parliament is over; and if it has quarrelled with the public during the honeymoon, how many couples, afterwards the best pleased with each other, have done the same! The pair that marry for love are, perhaps, too jealous and exacting at the onset—they have not learned the wisdom of tolerating faults—nothing satisfies them but

perfection. Custom, which destroys illusion as to merits, is a great reconciler as to faults. So be it with the Reformed Parliament and the People.

We may perceive that, on the whole, liberal measures predominate in the Representative Assembly, but that there is little danger of their being pushed to a dangerous extreme. If the House of Lords, by a show of wisdom rather than of weakness, avoid a collision with the Commons, there is not much chance of great constitutional changes for many years. Nothing can expedite the march of the more violent Radicalism, save the rashness of the more violent Toryism.

But during the long vacation, what thoughts will occupy the minds of the People? Whenever Parliament is not sitting, the popular voice is more loudly heard—public meetings, and the harangues of demagogues, fill the place in the journals occupied by the slow proceedings of Parliament, and the modified liberality of its members. On what subjects will these meetings be convened, and these orators declaim? It will, for the most part, be on one subject—"Economy and Retrenchment." Here it is that the new Parliament has disappointed the people—here it is that the people will insist on being heard. Emanating from the inquiry into our burthens, will come necessarily some inquiry into the modes of relief; and the Property Tax and the Paper Currency question will be the two speculative matters most largely canvassed and discussed. The first of these questions will probably make great ground and many converts during the recess—the last is little likely to gain new disciples. Changes may or may not happen in the Administration during *the present* interval of rest; but some changes, at no distant period, are *inevitable*. As the great object of desire in the public mind is retrenchment, so retrenchment must be that point upon which the Ministers must be agreed: those who diverge from that consolidating centre of attraction will, in fact, fly off from the Cabinet itself; and for a time the principles of economy and the possession of power will go hand in hand.

But when we speak of retrenchment, it is not the miserable paring off of diminutive items that will satisfy the public, nor is it the reduction of *useful* expenses that they demand. What the public want is, that a simple and classified statement of the different branches of expenditure should be placed before them,—a statement similar to Mr. Pusey's, but more complete; and a justification and explanation given of the various expenses under their different heads. A minister ought to be prepared to commence the next session with this statement. In doing so he

would have to state, that a great part of the public revenue (about six millions) goes in payments to those by whom no services are actually performed; and he should be prepared with some large and statesman-like plan for the considerable reduction of this sum within no distant period. The non-effective service of France, burthened as that is with military rewards, does not amount to more than three millions, and why should ours exceed three millions? We think that a careful examination of our expenditure would show the possibility of an immediate saving of two millions more. To this sum (amounting to five millions altogether), we would for the present bound the expectations of the people; and this reduction we do sincerely think, after some examination of the subject, that they may reasonably demand. For ourselves, we wish to see the question of economy fairly met and fairly disposed of. We detest as much as any one can do the perpetual appeals that are for ever being made to the meanest passion of the people—their avarice: we detest as much as any one can do the poor and paltry spirit, cramping the genius of a commonwealth, as much as it narrows the mind of an individual, which in later times has crept over the heart of the English nation. But the meanness which, with us, has been the consequence of extravagance, can only be dispelled by economy, and by that which is more valuable than economy itself— the public conviction that economy will be pursued.

As the duty of a government is difficult in these times, so is the duty of its honest critic. He has to praise and he has to censure—and by a *mixture* of both praise and censure he displeases at once the ministers and their opponents. "The Whigs are men the most profligate and incompetent," say some. "They are the most exemplary set of gentlemen who ever sat on the Treasury Benches," say others. "As to the Tories, they are fools; and as to the Radicals, they are rogues." Good sirs, the Tories and Radicals are much obliged to you, and return the compliment. But, talking seriously, we assure our readers we were very much struck the other day by an exhibition of Punch, and were at first almost inclined to believe that the pantomime was political. A very honest, dark-complexioned-looking gentleman is brought on to the middle of the diminutive theatre; and the amusement afforded to the public consisted in seeing this dark-complexioned gentleman's head buffeted first on one side and then on the other. He dances to one end of the box; a little gentleman darts forward from behind the curtain;—thump, thump—the head resounds—and back

our poor honest-looking devil hops to the other side: there is no hope for him—where he got two thumps before, he gets four now. His head is a pretty hard one, but no head could stand such reiterated knocks. At last comes the critical blow—down goes the devil—but there the curtain drops; and the people, who laughed heartily at the knocks and thought them the best fun in the world, now begin to shrug up their shoulders at the consequence, and almost wish that the dark gentleman had not been thumped quite so hard nor quite so often. What do you think of this, readers? Can you see no similitude to a fact in our illustration?

The Whigs come forward with a plan—thump, thump. You are annihilating the monarchy; you are destroying the constitution; you are Jacobins, you are "sans culottes;" Lord Althorp is St. Just, Lord John Russell Couthon; and the only doubt is whether Lord Grey or Lord Brougham be more worthy of the title of Robespierre. So say the folks up in yon little corner to the right of the Speaker's chair. The discomfited statesmen thus assailed by one part of those benches turn their heads imploringly to the other. "*You* Liberals!" cry the Liberals; "*you* pretend to be Liberals;—you are aristocrats—tyrants; all your plans are concocted to please those infamous wretches who have been abusing you." The Minister, however, has yet in the House of Commons his own party; they applaud, and he perseveres. But this is not the case in the country, nor can it ever be. There the opinions are distinct and declared—reform or no reform, movement or no movement; and whenever the people is appealed to, the party who, wishing to conciliate both opinions, has gained the affections of neither,—that party is sure to disappear, trampled down in the struggle between the other two. The *juste milieu* is in the situation of Punch's devil, whom the people delight in the killing of, and only commiserate when he is no more, upon the after consideration, that for so inoffensive a devil he was treated a little too roughly, and killed a little too soon. The ministerial policy is an *impossible* policy; it is perhaps honest, and, *on paper*, it is wise; for, *on paper*, a *juste milieu* is always wise. Posterity does such a party more than justice, for posterity is guided by abstract reasonings,—by that which is generally wise and reasonable if it could be, and not by that which is politic and expedient because it *must* be. This is never the mode of judgment with the present generation. Lafayette, obliged to quit France as a monarchist, is imprisoned by Austria as the destroyer of the monarchy. The most honest men, per-

haps, that ever took the helm of public affairs, were the men of the Gironde, who perished amidst the universal contempt and execrations of their countrymen. This, we dread and divine, may be the fate of the present Government, unless—what?—they boldly lead or artfully direct the movement, not reluctantly obey it.

When Danton, on the approach of the Prussians, shouted, with a wave of his mighty arm, "*Il faut de la popularité et de terreur*," he uttered, with the instinct that genius derives from moments of necessity, a great political maxim. To govern with force—to wield the strength of a great state—you must possess yourself of all the spirit and energy and vigour that one party can give to your decisions. You march then with a steady step, and you have no doubt or hesitation as to the course you pursue. Concession to all parties is but a confession of feebleness. You are at first praised for your goodness, in order to be afterwards despised for your weakness. A government universally lauded, much more a government universally condemned, must be of brief duration.

We see the destruction of the present Government—unless winnowed of some men, and pursuing a skilful course through the medium of those that remain—as a matter of certainty; but we do not see it without considerable pain and a lingering regret, nor are we disposed, because we foresee its fate, to be the severer in our censure. Whatever may be their future destiny as a party, annihilated, dispersed, and condemned as they may be, and as in some things they deserve to be, posterity will owe much to the Whigs.

The Catholics owe them the Bill which they compelled the Tories to carry; the people owe them the Bill which they carried in despite of all the power, and influence, and exertions of the Tories. Even in the present session, their measures—vacillating, unskilful, and insufficient as we deem them to be—are still measures which no other administration ever dreamed of proposing, and which have in some degree been rendered poor and paltry by *their own* previous concessions. The great fault of this year—the fault which took all grace from subsequent measures—was the fault of the Irish Coercive Bill, the fault of Mr. Stanley, who seems to delight in contrasting his singular and splendid abilities in debate with his equally singular and startling errors in government and legislation. It is well to repeat and to force men to remember this; for the time must come, and will come quickly, in which the country and the House of Commons will have to decide *between Mr. Stanley and a fraction of the present Administration on the one side, and public opinion and a frac-*

tion of the same Administration on the other. On this division the two parties opposed will be distinct and separate; and on the triumph of either will depend the future fate and destiny of the country. But it must be a triumph that admits of no truce or concession with the enemy: for the country to enjoy tranquillity and peace, the one party must be met, combated, and crushed by the other. If the Liberal party vanquish, we must have no Tory or *quasi* Tory Commanders-in-Chief, Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, and Ambassadors. Every engine, from the largest to the smallest, which the Government employs, must be of its own pure and unadulterated metal. "You are born of the revolution," said Lucien Buonaparte to Napoleon; "govern by the revolution, or you are undone." Had Napoleon obeyed the advice, it would not have been "for Banquo's lineage that he filed his mind." So say we to the Administration,—"You are born of the Reform; it is by the Reform that you must govern." The power of a particular party only lasts so long as they fulfil those wants of the age which *called* them into power.

But, whatever be the destinies over which Time is now darkly brooding, few can be watching for them with greater anxiety than ourself. Impressed with a full sense of the magnitude of changes which are to reach from this northern spot of Europe to the shores of America and the extremities of Asia,—which are to affect the prosperity and civilization of so many millions, over whom England exercises an almost unconscious rule,—we shall ever be ready, through applause or peril, to act the part of a faithful citizen of this great empire. And in one of the most important capacities that such an empire, in its present condition, can furnish, that of a public writer,—we hope we have done our duty.

Our opinions may be wrong or right,—they may have been feebly or forcibly put forth. But, at all events, we challenge even the malice of political enmity to say that we have ever crouched to the powerful, insulted the oppressed, or advanced one selfish object by the means that we took to further the public good. The character of periodical writers has, we trust, not suffered in our hands. for that class, as for all classes of men of letters, we shall ever retain the affection which springs from fellowship of pursuit, and has been enforced, however casually, by personal intercourse. As years advance and bring with them the yet distant cares and occupations of age, with our increased regrets after youth, will be mingled an increasing love for the various labours in which our youth has been engaged.

Reader, we quit you now then, as the German lover told his mistress, "in order that we may be more near to you." We quit you now in order that remembrance may represent to us more forcibly the pleasures of a correspondence which will no longer be embittered by casual differences and necessary *ennuis*. The object which we had in view has been answered; the example which we were anxious in all humility to give has been given. We have sanctioned by practice what we have set forth in theory,—the belief and the conviction that no employment can be more honourable, if honourably fulfilled, than that of a writer, who, in any form or in any species of publication, attempts to advance the happiness and wisdom of his fellow-countrymen.

"LA VERITE EST TOUTE A TOUS."

Yes! TRUTH is all things unto all men—to him who sows it and to those who reap. Let it be our motive, and it becomes of itself our meed!

End of the Politician.

STANZAS.

I gave my heart to thee for thine,
And now *my* heart's untrue,
I see with grief the fault is mine,
And mine the misery too.

Give back my heart, and take thine own,
For falsehood hath such blame,
That while the sin is mine alone,
Thou shalt not wear the shame!

W.

THE STATE OF ELOQUENCE IN ENGLAND.

LONGINUS says, that only freemen are eloquent. Longinus was very much mistaken. The slaves of the East are eloquent;—the Irish are eloquent;—the Americans seem to furnish no very brilliant specimens of pure oratory; and the English possess very few fragments, in a very few speeches, which can be transmitted, as specimens of real eloquence, to the admiration of posterity.

With us, eloquence is not considered as an art,— it is not studied, save by a very few (who *over*-study the material qualities of mere delivery, but who forget that the soul is everything in eloquence, as in poetry.) A man in England generally becomes a public speaker by the mere practice of stringing sentences together, and without any formal or elaborate attention either to the infinite modulations of voice, the graces of manner, or the rhetorical methods of terrifying or subduing an audience: men think it enough to speak plain sentences in loud tones; and the consequence is, that there are many good speakers, and very few orators. So much the better, perhaps, for the country: we do not discuss that point; we are merely inquiring into the *state*, and not into the *advantages*, of the art.

Perhaps, in no representative assembly, were there ever as many good speakers as there are now in the House of Commons. An officer of the House, who has attended it for thirty years, told us, that nothing could be more surprising, in point of contrast, than the number of excellent speakers now, as compared with the number of even tolerable speakers formerly. Yet of these excellent speakers, no one can be said to have manifested the very highest order of eloquence. The great characteristic of the oratory of the senate is commonplace. The fine speakers decorate it; the sensible speakers deliver it oracularly; the fiery speakers pour it forth as if it were the inspiration of genius; but it is still commonplace. Nothing new or refining in thought—nothing heart-stirring or sublime in sentiment—ever passes the lips either of Mr. Stanley or Sir Robert Peel, the two leaders of the nightly skirmish or the pitched battle. Mr. Stanley, indeed, never professes to pass a certain limit in eloquence. Bold and clear, correct and ready, he never aspires to the command of the passions, or the mastery of the heart. His mind is peculiarly formed to grapple with the necessities of debate; he fears nothing, and he omits nothing. He meets the foe on what point soever, no matter how critical. He observes every advantage to be gained, and never fails to make the utmost of it. Far less imposing than Sir Robert Peel, he is far more natural. No artificiality ever mingles itself with his stern simplicity of action and of air. In the remarkable plainness of his energetic and vigorous delivery, and in the lucid purity of his diction, he differs essentially from all his

contemporaries,—from the elaborate and overstudied Brougham—from the swelling solemnity of Peel—from the graceful floridity of Canning—from the artful effects of Shiel—from the infinite combinations of tone and gesture which the experience of a life has *taught* to O'Connell. The genius of a clever, bold, shrewd, but material and unenthusiastic people, cannot be better incorporated than in the oratory of Mr. Stanley. He is completely English. He is an admirable speaker, yet he is scarcely an eloquent one. It may be that he wants not the *genius*, but the *heart*, for eloquence. The fieriness of his temper is a less disadvantage to him than the coldness of his dispositions. His soul seems to expand when he throws himself upon a fallacy, but to move slow and mechanically when he advances upon any generous truth. Your admiration is often chilled by his very talents. There is something small in a prudence of affections which does not communicate to the temper. What so attractive as the large-mindedness of amiability? If Mr. Stanley is English in the one phase of the character, Lord Grey is thoroughly English in the other. It is impossible to see, to hear, a man on whom is more vividly impressed the stamp of "noble." The lofty brow—the delicate features—the commanding person—the frank dignity of air—all are noble: the sentiments, the eloquence, correspond with the person and the mien. A high and haughty, yet magnanimous and unrepulsive, spirit breathes throughout them. *Homme de sang et de feu* may be said of him, as of *Bussy d'Ambois*. But to him, though the finest and most dignified speaker of his day, may, as to Mr. Stanley, be denied the attribute of eloquence in its loftiest sense. And that we may not be mistaken in our definition of that word, we will state what we conceive *eloquent* speaking to mean; viz., that kind of speaking which addresses the *understanding* through the medium of the *passions*;—in short, an art similar to that of the dramatist, or of the poet, or even of the painter, who, in their highest sphere, always address themselves, not to the fancy, but to the soul;—in whom truth is the goal of fiction; and who persuade, soften, command, or terrify, by charming the judgment while appealing to the senses. These are the most eloquent men. Those who, in their various arts, have exercised the greatest mastery over the passions, have been invariably those who have most satisfied the reason. It is so with Demosthenes,—it is so with Homer,—it is so with Sophocles,—it is so with Michael Angelo. Mirabeau was eloquent when he exclaimed, "There is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock." The grandeur of the thought is in its startling justice. Martin is eloquent when, in the picture of his 'Deluge,' he places the conjunction of the Moon, the Sun, and a Comet, in the heavens. You are awed by the novel yet probable solution of the terrible phenomenon. Voltaire is eloquent when he says, "If there were no God, we should invent one." Here he arrests the soul by addressing the reason. Demosthenes was eloquent when he burst forth, "What matters it, O Athenians, whether Philip be alive or dead? When Heaven shall have delivered you from *him*,

you yourselves will be another Philip." These are instances of the highest order of eloquence; their sublimity is in their startling condensation of truth. An eloquence of this order rarely occurs in any of our greatest orators. It may be doubted whether the audience would be prepared to receive it. The eloquence of Chatham lies, for the most part, in bold and vigorous declamation,—of Sheridan, in a gaudy pageantry of words,—of Burke, (and of Brougham no less,) in the stately diction of an elaborate essay. One of the few instances of this class of oratory (though in a much lower degree) that occur to us amongst our contemporaries, is to be found in a speech of Mr. Croker's, in the debates on the Reform Bill. Speaking of the danger that might await the House of Commons by any successful attempt to destroy the House of Lords, he slowly approached the table, and fixing his eyes upon the leader of the ministerial majority, said, "Count the number of days that elapsed after the House of Commons had voted away the existence of the hereditary Chamber, before Cromwell ordered this bauble (*touching the mace*) to be removed from your table!" The look, the tone, the air of the speaker, all aided the effect. Nothing could be more eloquent; yet it was only an appeal to a simple historical fact!

What, then, we mean to say, when we express a doubt whether two of the ablest speakers of our age can be called eloquent in the true sense of the word, is, that they touch not on the passions. We are not led away—we are not electrified—we are not breathless—we do not feel our heart, our soul, and our judgment, united at once in their favour. We say, "This is an excellent speech;" but we do not say, "Let us march against Philip!"

We are now speaking of English eloquence, and shall not, therefore, illustrate our subject by any long examples from the Irish, a people among whom, vivid and imaginative, that art may hereafter thrive in its highest glory,—that is to say, so soon as political excitement, being somewhat sobered in that unfortunate country, will leave the judgment to cool, and the taste to refine,—when extravagant metaphors and tumid language will give way to a more truthful, yet not less powerful energy of diction and logic of thought. We may see, indeed, that in Mr. O'Connell, the great master of the fierce popular mind, there is little of the floridity or inflation that usually characterizes the oratory of his countrymen. His great art is in "stating a question." He places it on the most invincible ground he can select; and the iron vigour of his intellect is seldom concealed beneath any holyday wreaths. Unlike Mr. Stanley, he owes the effect of his oratory to his apparent sympathy with all generous emotions. When he indulges in them, his eye glistens, and the deep music of his unrivalled voice seems to halt and falter. This may be the result of his art,—for he is a most experienced artist,—but it has the semblance of nature. Never, perhaps, has he produced a more triumphant effect over his audience than

once when, replying to Mr. Stanley on the Irish Coercion Bill, he arrested himself suddenly from the course of fiery invective in which he had prepared you to suppose he was about to enter:—"But the Right Honourable Gentleman," said he, with a changed and softened tone, "has declared that Ireland *is dear to him*. I thank him for that assurance. I retract whatever I have said harsh,—I forbear whatever of more angry emotion was about to rise to my lips. The man who tells me that Ireland is dear to him, ceases to be my enemy!" Through the whole hostile majority was a painful movement: there was scarcely a man amongst them who did not seem touched.

This eloquence, which seemed but the voice of generous and kind emotions, is rare indeed among *English* speakers; and, for our part, we cannot cite an instance of it from our own recollections.

Of a totally different mind from Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Shiel yet differs in *one* respect from Irish orators in general, and assimilates to O'Connell in particular,—he *is logical*. With all the glow and dazzle of a diction which is, however, beginning to refine itself from the antithetical point and redundant ornament which first rather militated against his success in a cold English assembly, he unites a remarkable clearness of reasoning; and his very love for antithesis in words leads to that antithesis of argument which in itself is a syllogism.

It is true, perhaps, that this power of reasoning would be more apparent if his action were less vehement and his gestures more free from those quick and restless alternations which suggest to his audience the semblance of study, as well as the desire of declamation. If he thought of effect less, he would be more effective; and if less warm, he would seem to Englishmen (who think coldness is sincerity) to be more sincere. But no speaker, perhaps, is more popular in the House, less from his genius, which is remarkable—his logic, which is severe—his knowledge, which is searching and close, embracing a thousand details in its grasp of a principle, than from his power of sarcasm—his biting, yet pleasant irony—his matchless art of proving the inconsistency, the weakness, or the dishonesty, while seemingly flattering the virtues, of his antagonist. And this lets us at once into the great secret of the dispositions and tendency of the English House of Commons; namely, its love for personal attack: its least redeemable fault is, that the appeals to the worst passions charm it most, and give it the highest notion of the powers of the orator.

To be sure, however, there are two very honourable exceptions to this, the general, rule of securing its favour, viz., the exceptions of Lord Althorp and of Mr. Macaulay: the one never attacks wantonly—and the other, charging with all his mighty force the principles of the opposite army, seldom stops to notice, and yet more rarely to assault any individual warrior—on rolls the rapid and glittering array of his passionate words, of his large, but somewhat unsolid, theories, overwhelming

the *cause* of his opponents—but seeming to disdain the opponents themselves. It is this which makes him in orations triumphant beyond all his cotemporaries—but unfits him for the short-sword grapple and hand-in-hand contention of debate. He cannot move without an army of words at the heels of his argument. He will not parry and thrust with a single individual—he is wonderful in the general battle, but comparatively unartful in a duel. It is probable, however, that long practice will bring him skill in this last and more frequent method of engagement—and as he rises into power, the practice will become necessary and constant. Perhaps, take him altogether, this remarkable man possesses greater oratorical powers than any *Englishman* of his day. He approaches to that eloquence which *does* address the passions--he incites—he stirs—he kindles—while he speaks. But the fault is, that the impression is transitory. He does not contemn sufficiently the use of such sophistries as will not bear the reflection of the next day. He thinks, perhaps, that it is necessary for an orator to be somewhat of a sophist. He convinces you of the passion of his genius, rather than of the strength of his principles—you cannot help doubting if he has any distinct chart of principles at all—you are inclined to believe him too much one of the "priesthood of expediency!"--Happy phrase! which was stuttered forth by the Duke of Newcastle—though not happily applied to the wisest and most enlightened prelate of the age.

Hence there as yet lacks to Mr. Macaulay's eloquence that grave, and permanent, and majestic power which is inherent in the highest flights the art—the *soul* does not sufficiently appear--it is rather the imagination and knowledge that speak than the man himself. The ineffable *something* is wanting.

This is just the reverse of Sir Robert Peel, in whom, while speaking, you admire the man himself yet more than his qualities. It is the accomplished senator expressing his sentiments, often erroneous, often shallow, often commonplace, but still *his own* --however adorned by his felicities of phrase--however enforced by a solemnity of delivery (which, if somewhat overwrought in itself, accords well with his station and the peculiar character of his mind)--you cannot but feel that all the opinions he utters are not borrowed for the occasion, but are part and parcel of the man. Mr. Macaulay speaks as an orator—Sir Robert Peel as a senator. But it may yet be reserved to Mr. Macaulay to furnish out all the deficiencies of his great genius—to fulfil a destiny for which as yet his talents, rather than his character, adapt him;--he clings too closely to a party—his fault is timidity—he nurses both his reputation and his fortunes too tenderly—Nature meant him to be a leader, and he prefers being a successful gladiator.

In turning from the eloquence of the senate to that of the bar, we feel at once that we are descending. About the courts of law all at this moment is poor, tame, and low,—the mantle of Erskine has fallen on

the shoulders of no meaner man—the deep voice of Brougham has produced no echo. The familiar cajoleries of Sir James Scarlett, and the mincing pedantries of Sir Edward Sugden, constitute at this hour the most celebrated oratory of the Forum. Mr. Follet, indeed, promises nobler things than his cotemporaries. Clear and forcible in his statements—addressing not so much the more passionate emotions as the more generous and the more general feelings--graceful in his manner—melodious in his voice, and of a far larger mind than is possessed by legal Wranglers in general—we look upon Mr. Follet as one who may well restore the fading honours of the bar, and who, whenever he enters the House of Commons, will ably support the reputation he has so rapidly acquired.

The eloquence of the pulpit is, with us, characterized by a measured frigidity of demeanour—it for the most part consists merely in elegant language, uttered in modulated tones. "Have you heard Mr. So-and-so—*such* a preacher—*so quiet*—no thumping the cushion—what a sweet voice—and then his periods are so beautifully turned." Such is the usual eulogium on a fashionable orator of the Cloth! Many are the *favourite*, but where are the *great*, preachers? Where are the discourses worthy the theology of that nation which produced a Taylor? Where that wonderful philosophy--that copious luxuriance of words—each word a thought-- that power over the passions which the *classical* preachers of our, and of every, country possessed? Let us take one of the celebrated passages in Jeremy Taylor—it is florid we allow—but what deep pathos in every line:—"It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightliness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood--from the vigorousness and strong flexures of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness—to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fresh as the morning, and full of the dews of heaven as a lamb's fleece—but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age—it bowed the head and broke the stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."

This passage carries to perfection the true religious and moralizing eloquence. Who now ever aspires to such flights? All modern preaching is trite, and feeble, and soulless, in comparison to such Shakspearian beauty of mind and language. We have renounced the God who gave us passions, for one who gave us good taste—

> We've set up in His stead
> A Deity—that's perfectly well bred.

Eloquence abandons the orthodox preacher, and seeks a perturbed refuge in the ranting insanities of the Caledonian Chapel.

Perhaps, however, the oratory of the pulpit belongs only, of right, to two periods—that of a persecuted church, or that of a despotic and ceremonial court.

Finally, then, the art of public speaking is generally diffused among the English, and it rises to a certain, nor inconsiderable, height among a greater number of speakers in this country than, perhaps, in any other country in the world, but it mostly lacks the enthusiasm and the glow—

"The vision and the faculty divine—"

which belong to such men as fix the affairs of the hour in eternal colours, and who are at once the masters of the multitude, and the idols of posterity.

We cannot, perhaps, better close this essay than by a quotation from a speech but little known, in itself a specimen of very lofty and daring eloquence, and uttered by a great man now amongst us, viz., Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino. We know nothing finer than the following personification of two great divisions of time. It may be applicable to the present day, if instead of a *century* we read an *era*. On the anniversary of the Republic, Sept 22, 1800, Lucien Buonaparte thus spoke, in the course of his harangue:—"I think I see the century that is about to close pausing by the broken statues and mouldering sepulchres of the ancient kings of France. I fancy it thus addressing that century about to come—'I bequeath to you a glorious inheritance. I have been called the Age of Philosophy—thou, my successor, be the Age of Action! May the tempests that have gathered round me sink with myself amidst the Night of Time!'"

A.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF H. W.,

BURIED AT PERE LA CHAISE.

There bend no mourners o'er thee; for the wave
Divides Affection from thy lonely grave;
And the green mound that shrouds thee, drinks its dye
Beneath the twilights of a foreign sky;
And o'er the simple tombs of those who sleep
Beside *thy* couch, fond hearts may come to weep.
And thither Love steals, duly to repair
The flowers that fade (*remembrance fades not*) there!
But far from tears that cease not, wears away,
Undecked—unwatched—the stone that wraps thy clay!
And yet, what boots it where thine ashes rest?—
Where are they *not*—whose graves are in the breast?

All space itself *their* monument is made,
Filled by one thought, and darkened by one shade.
In the lone chamber, or the city's crowd,
A vision flits, and voices speak aloud;
The cheerless dawn,—the midnight's weary moon,—
The rich life rushing down the streams of noon,—
Green earth,—wide air,—the never silent sea,
Breathe on our souls *one* sound—"REMEMBER ME!"
Remember! ah, through all our future years,
Thy shape shines out, undimm'd but by our tears;
All that were joy if thou wert by to share,
But since thou art not—sickens to despair;
All that our thought conceived, our fancy fed,
Blend into one—one memory of the dead!

Yet wherefore mourn for *thee?*—thy day is past,—
But Life, (with night,) poor labourer, sleeps at last.
Why mourn for thee?—Mourn we alone for those
Who tracked thy course of beauty to its close,
Who fondly marked, from childhood's earliest hour,
Leaf, bud, and blossom ripening into flower;
Who sowed the seed and watched the growth—to find
How earth's whole sweets can wither in the wind.

Oh! through the night's slow hours how oft shall turn
One lonely mourner to thy distant urn,
To muse—to start—to dream thou *yet* must *be!*
And ask the heart,—which answers not,—for *thee!*
Round Life's wide space Hope's restless wings may range,
The shadow Friendship dogs the heels of Change,
And Custom steals all magic from the brow
Which won from Love the everlasting vow;
But ne'er hath time consoled, or hope beguiled,
A mother's heart that yearneth for her child!—

And thou, the desolate!—whose wealth was cast
All in one bark, unwitting of the blast,—
I may not bid thee—*to forget!*—whate'er
Of Hope be left to wean thee from Despair,—
Whate'er the joys thou yet might'st round thee call,—
I know that Memory is more dear than all!
The weak, the vain, may languish to forget,
But loftier souls find rapture in regret!

[The reader may perhaps recollect that it was stated in the preface to the novel of "Eugene Aram" to have been the original intention of its author to have composed, upon the facts of that gloomy history, a tragedy instead of a romance. In taking leave of my friends, (so far as this Periodical is concerned,) it may now be not altogether without interest for them if I submit to their indulgence the rough outline of the first act, and half of the second act, of a fragment of a drama, which, in all probability, will never be finished. So far as I have gone, the construction of the tragedy differs, in some respects, materially from that of the tale. I should add, that the scene and story being wholly of a rustic nature, I have purposely left the diction in many places somewhat rude and familiar, although the whole of what is now presented to the reader must be considered merely as a copy from the first rough and hasty sketch of an uncompleted design.—E. L. B.]

EUGENE ARAM, A TRAGEDY.

Act I. Scene I.

Aram's Apartment—Books, Maps, and scientific Instruments scattered around. In everything else the appearance of the greatest poverty.

1st Creditor (behind the scenes).—I must be paid. Three moons have flitted since
You pledged your word to me.
2d Cred. And me!
3d Cred. And me!
Aram (entering). Away, I tell ye. Will ye rend my garb?
Away! to-morrow.——*Gentle* Sirs, to-morrow.
1st Cred. This is your constant word.
2d Cred. We'll wait no more.
Aram. Ye'll wait no more! Enough! be seated, Sirs.
Pray ye, be seated. Well! with searching eyes
Ye do survey these walls! Contain they aught—
Nay, take your leisure—to annul your claims?
(Turning to 1st Cred.) See, Sir, you books—they're yours, if you but tear
That fragment of spoiled paper—be not backward,
I give them with good will. This one is Greek;
A golden work—sweet Sir—a golden work;
It teaches us to bear—what I have borne!—
And to forbear men's ills, as you have done.
1st Cred. You mock me. Well——
Aram. Mock! mock! Alas! my friend,
Do rags indulge in jesting? Fie, Sir, fie!

(*Turning to 2d Cred.*) You will not wrong me so? on your receipt
Take this round orb; it miniatures the world,—
And in its study I forgot the world!
Take this, yon table;—a poor scholar's fare
Needs no such proud support;—yon bed, too! Sleep
Is a sweet luxury—it laps lean care
Within the arms of the dream-mirror'd Past;
But Sleep and I have quarrelled;—take it, Sir!

2d Cred. (*muttering to the others.*) Come, we must leave him to the law, or famine.
You see his goods were costly at a groat!

1st Cred. Well, henceforth I will grow more wise! 'Tis said
Learning is better than a house or lands.
Let me be modest! Learning shall go free;
Give me security in house and lands.

3d Cred. (*lingering after the other two depart, offers a piece of money to Aram*). There, man; I came to menace you with law
And jails. You're poorer than I thought you!—there——

Aram (*looking at the money*). What! and a beggar, too! 'Tis mighty well.
Good Sir, I'm grateful—I will *not* refuse you;
'Twill win back Plato from the crabbed hands
Of him who lends on all things. Thank you, Sir;
Plato and I will thank you.

3d Cred. Crazed, poor scholar!
I'll take my little one from school this day!

Scene II.

Aram. Rogues thrive in ease; and fools grow rich with toil;
Wealth's wanton eye on Wisdom coldly dwells,
And turns to dote upon the green youth, Folly—
And Folly wastes a life, and wins at last
The harlot's false embrace! O, life! poor life!
With what a constant and soul-lavish love
We cling to thee—though misery and gaunt want
Have made thee hideous to all other eyes
But his who wears thee!—let each charm be fled,
We gorge not less on the unslaked desire;—
Making our bliss in what sense sees our curse.
To die: ay, there's the cure—the plashing stream
That girds these walls—the drug of the dank weeds
That rot the air below; these hoard the balm
For broken, pining, and indignant hearts.
But the witch Hope forbids me to be wise;
And when I turn to these—Woe's only friends (*pointing to his books*)—

And with their weïrd and eloquent voices calm
The stir and Babel of this world within,
I can but dream that my vexed years at last
Shall find the quiet of a hermit's cell,
And far from men's rude malice or low scorn,
Beneath the lov'd gaze of the lambent stars,
And, with the hollow rocks, and sparry caves,
And mystic waves, and music-murmuring winds—
My oracles and co-mates—watch my life
Glide down the stream of knowledge, and behold
Its waters with a musing stillness glass
The smiles of Nature and the eyes of Heaven!

Scene III.

Enter Boteler, *slowly watching him; as he remains silent and in thought,* Boteler *touches him on the shoulder.*

Boteler. How now! what! gloomy? and the day so bright!
Why, the old dog that guards the court below
Hath crept from out his wooden den, and shakes
His grey hide in the fresh and merry air;
He changed the sullen and rebuking note
Of jealous wrath, with which he wont to greet me,
Into a voice of welcome as I pass'd.
Come, rouse thee, Aram; let us forth.
Aram. Nay, friend,
My spirit lackeys not the moody skies,
Nor changes—bright or darkling—with their change.
Farewell, good neighbour; I must work this day;—
Behold my tools—and scholars toil alone!
Boteler. Tush! a few minutes wasted upon me
May well be spared from this long summer day.
Hast heard the news? Monson—thou'st known the man?
Aram. I do remember. *He was poor.* I knew him.
Boteler. But he is poor no more. The all-changing wheel
Rolled round, and scattered riches on his hearth.
A man he never saw,—scarce heard his name,—
But who, some lustrums since, derived his birth
From the same stock, hath died in some far land
Beneath the tropic, and hath left his heir
In our good neighbour. Why, you seem not glad;
Does it not please you?
Aram. Yes.
Boteler. And so it should;
'Tis a poor fool, but honest. Had dame Fate
Done this for you—for me;—'tis true our brains
Had taught us better how to spend the dross;
But earth hath worse men than our neighbour.

Aram. Ay,
'Tis true, our art had given more noble wings
To the dull metal.

Boteler. Yes, what glowing smiles
From the rich lip of beauty I had bought:
Women and wine—*they* are the gems of life!
Would I were rich!

Aram. Are these thy low ambition?
Would *I* were rich, too;—but for other aims.
Oh! what a glorious and time-hallow'd world
Would I invoke around me; and wall in
A haunted solitude with those bright souls,
That, with a still and warning aspect, gaze
Upon us from the hallowing shroud of books!
By heaven, there should not be a seer who left
The world one doctrine, but I'd task his lore,
And commune with his spirit! All the truths
Of all the tongues of earth—I'd have them *all*,
Had I the golden spell to raise their ghosts!
I'd build me domes, too; from whose giddy height
My soul could watch the night-stars, and unsphere
The destinies of man, or track the ways
Of God from world to world; pursue the winds,
The clouds that womb the thunder—to their home;
Invoke and conquer Nature—share her throne
On earth, and ocean, and the chainless air;
And on the Titan fabrics of old truths
Raise the bold spirit to a height with heaven!
Would—would my life might boast one year of wealth,
Though death should bound it!

Boteler. Thou may'st have thy wish!

Aram (*wrapt, and abstractedly*). Who spoke? Methought
I heard my genius say—
My evil genius—"Thou may'st have thy wish."

Boteler (*touching him*).—Thou heard'st aright! Monson this
eve will pass
By Nid's swift wave; he bears his gold with him;
The spot is lone—untenanted—remote;
And if thou hast but courage—one bold deed,
And one short moment—thou art poor no more.

Aram (*after a pause, turning his eyes slowly on Boteler*).
Boteler, was that thy voice?

Boteler. How could'st thou doubt it?

Aram. Methought its tone seem'd changed; and now methinks,
Now, that I look upon thy face, my eyes
Discover not its old, familiar aspect.
Thou'rt very sure thy name is Boteler?

Boteler. Pshaw,

Thou'rt dreaming still:—awake, and let thy mind
And heart drink all I breathe into thy ear.
I know thee, Aram, for a man humane,
Gentle, and musing; but withal of stuff
That might have made a warrior; and desires,
Though of a different channel from my own,
As high, and hard to limit. Care and want
Have made thee—what they made thy friend long since.
And when I wound my heart to a resolve
Dangerous, but fraught with profit, I did fix
On thee as one whom Fate and Nature made
A worthy partner in the nameless deed.

Aram. Go on. I pray thee pause not.

Boteler. There remain
Few words to body forth my full design.
Know that—at my advice—this eve the gull'd
And credulous fool of Fortune quits his home.
Say but one word, and thou shalt share with me
The gold he bears about him.

Aram. At what price?

Boteler. A little courage.

Aram. And my soul!—No more.
I see your project——

Boteler. And embrace it?

Aram. Lo!
How many deathful, dread, and ghastly snares
Encompass him whom the stark Hunger gnaws,
And the grim demon Penury shuts from out
The golden Eden of his bright desires!
To-day, I thought to slay myself, and die,
No single hope once won!—and now I hear
Dark words of blood, and quail not, nor recoil.—
'Tis but a death in either case;—or mine
Or that poor dotard's!—And the guilt—the guilt,—
Why, *what* is guilt?—A word! We are the tools,
From birth to death, of destiny; and shaped,
For sin or virtue, by the iron force
Of the unseen, but unresisted, hands
Of Fate, the august compeller of the world.

Boteler. It works. Behold the devil at all hearts!
I am a soldier, and enured to blood;
But *he* hath lived with moralists forsooth.
And yet one word to tempt him, and one sting
Of the food-craving clay, and the meek sage
Grasps at the crime he marvelled at before.

Aram (abruptly). Thou hast broke thy fast this morning?

Boteler. Ay, in truth.

Aram. But *I* have not, since *yester*morn, and asked
In the belief that certain thoughts unwont
To blacken the still mirror of my mind
Might be the phantoms of the hungered flesh
And the faint nature. I was wrong; since you
Share the same thoughts, nor suffer the same ills.

Boteler. Indeed I knew not this. Come to my roof;
'Tis poor, but not so bare as to deny
A soldier's viands to a scholar's wants.
Come, and we'll talk this over. I perceive
That your bold heart already is prepared,
And the details alone remain.—Come, friend,
Lean upon me, for you seem weak: the air
Will breathe this languor into health.

Aram. Your hearth
Is widowed,—we shall be alone?

Boteler. Alone.

Aram. Come, then;—the private way. We'll shun the crowd:
I do not love the insolent eyes of men.

SCENE IV.

(Night—a wild and gloomy Forest—the River at a distance.)

Enter ARAM *slowly.*

Aram. Were it but done, methinks 'twould scarce bequeath
Much food for that dull hypocrite Remorse.
'Tis a fool less on earth!—a clod—a grain
From the o'er-rich creation;—be it so.
But I, in one brief year, could give to men
More solid, glorious, undecaying good
Than his whole life could purchase:—yet without
The pitiful and niggard dross *he* wastes,
And *I* for lacking starve, my power is nought,
And the whole good undone! Where then the crime,
Though by dread means, to compass that bright end?
And yet—and yet—I falter, and my flesh
Creeps, and the horror of a ghastly thought
Makes stiff my hair,—my blood is cold,—my knees
Do smite each other,—and throughout my frame
Stern manhood melts away. Blow forth, sweet air,
Brace the mute nerves,—release the gathering ice
That curdles up my veins,—call forth the soul,
That, with a steady and unfailing front,
Hath looked on want—and woe—and early death—
And walked with thee, sweet air, upon thy course
Away from earth through the rejoicing heaven!
Who moves?——Speak—speak;—who art thou?

Scene V.

Enter Boteler.

Boteler. Murdoch Boteler!
Hast thou forestall'd me? Come, this bodeth well:
It speaks thy courage, Aram.

Aram. Rather say
The restless fever that doth spur us on
From a dark thought unto a darker deed.

Boteler. He should have come ere this.

Aram. I pray thee, Boteler,
Is it not told of some great painter—whom
Rome bore, and earth yet worships—that he slew
A man—a brother man—and without ire,
But with cool heart and hand, that he might fix
His gaze upon the wretch's dying pangs;
And by them learn what mortal throes to paint
On the wrung features of a suffering god?

Boteler. Ay; I have heard the tale.

Aram. And *he* is honoured.
Men vaunt his glory,—but forget his guilt.
They see the triumph; nor, with wolfish tongues,
Feed on the deed from which the triumph grew.
Is it not so?

Boteler. Thou triflest: this no hour
For the light legends of a gossip's lore——

Aram. Peace, man. I did but question of the fact.
Enough.—I marvel why our victim lingers?

Boteler. Hush: dost thou hear no footstep?—Ha, he comes!
I see him by yon pine trees. Look, he smiles;
Smiles as he walks, and sings——

Aram. Alas! poor fool!
So sport we all, while over us the pall
Hangs, and Fate's viewless hands prepare our shroud.

Scene VI.

Enter Monson.

Monson. Ye have not waited, Sirs?

Boteler. Nay, name it not.

Monson. The nights are long and bright: an hour the less
Makes little discount from the time.

Aram. *An hour!*
What deeds an hour may witness!

Monson. It is true.
(*To Boteler*)—Doth he upbraid?—he has a gloomy brow:
I like him not.

Boteler. The husk hides goodly fruit.
'Tis a deep scholar, Monson; and the gloom
Is not of malice,—but of learned thought.

Monson Say'st thou?—I love a scholar. Let us on:
We will not travel far to night?

Aram. *Not far!*

Boteler. Why, as our limbs avail;—thou hast the gold?

Monson. Ay; and my wife suspects not (*laughing*).

Boteler. Come, that 's well.
I'm an old soldier, Monson, and I love
This baffling of the Church's cankering ties.
We'll find thee other wives, my friend!—Who holds
The golden lure shall have no lack of loves.

Monson. Ha!—ha!—both wise and merry.—(*To Aram*)—
Come, Sir, on.

Aram. I follow.
(*Aside*)— Can men sin thus in a dream?

Scene VII.

(*Scene changes to a different part of the Forest—a cave, overhung with firs and other trees—the Moon is at her full, but clouds are rolling swiftly over her disc—*Aram *rushes from the cavern—his hands bloody—a knife in his right-hand.*)

Aram. 'Tis done—thank Heaven—'tis done!——We've laid his corpse
In a safe niche,—where but the blinded bat
And the red earthworm visit:—it is done!
And we are safe,—and wealthy!——'Twas my hand
That struck the first,—and he cried—" Boteler, help!"
And lifted up his arms. *I* struck no more!
Oh, God!—*I* did not slay him!—'twas not *I!*
I did but wound him!——and this blood—this blood—
Was not the last and precious tide that gushed
From life's own well when that grim soldier smote him.

(*Enter* Boteler *more slowly from the Cave, and looking round.*)

Boteler. Why didst thou leave me ere our task was o'er?

Aram. Was he not dead, then?——Did he breathe again?
Or cry " Help, Boteler?"——Mark, *I* struck but once!

Boteler. Dead!—Ere we bore him to the cave, our knives
Had done full well what Hell cannot undo.
But the gold, Aram! thou didst leave the gold?

Aram. The gold! I had forgot. *Thou* hast the gold.
Come, let us share, and part——

Boteler. Not here; the spot
Is open, and the rolling moon may light
Some wanderer's footsteps hither. To the deeps
Which the stars pierce not—of the naked wood—
We will withdraw and share;—and weave our plans,
So that the world may know not of this deed.

Aram. Thou say'st right. Methinks *I* smote but once.
Ay, ay; but once—tis sure. Come, friend; this way.

End of Act I.

ACT II.

(Time, Ten Years after the date of the first Act.)

SCENE I.

Peasants dancing—A beautiful Wood Scene—A Cottage in the front.

MADELINE—LAMBOURN—MICHAEL.

(LAMBOURN *comes forward.*)

Come, my sweet Madeline, though our fate denies
The pomp by which the great and wealthy mark
The white days of their lot, at least thy sire
Can light with joyous faces and glad hearts
The annual morn which brought so fair a boon,
And blest his rude hearth with a child like thee.
Madeline. My father, my dear father, since that morn
The sun hath called from out the depth of time
The shapes of twenty summers; and no hour
That did not own to Heaven thy love—thy care!
Lambourn. Thou hast repaid me; and my old eyes swim
With tears that tell thy virtues, my sweet child;
For ever from thy cradle thou wert filled
With meek and gentle thought; thy step was soft
And thy voice tender, and within thine eyes,
And on thy cloudless brow, lay deeply glassed
The quiet and the beauty of thy soul.
As thou didst grow in years, the love and power
Of nature waxed upon thee, thou wouldst pore
On the sweet stillness of the summer hills,
Or the hush'd face of waters, as a book
Where God had written beauty; and in turn
Books grew to thee, as Nature's page had grown,
And study and lone musing nursed thy youth.
Yet wert thou ever woman in thy mood,
And soft, though serious; nor in abstract thought
Lost household zeal or the meek cares of love.
Bless thee, my child. (*Kisses her forehead.*) Methinks one lives, whose skill
Might chase the *paler* rose from that pure cheek,
And the vague sadness from those loving eyes.
Nay, turn not, Madeline, for I know, in truth,
No man to whom I would so freely give
Thy hand as his—no man so full of wisdom,
And yet so gentle in his bearing of it;
No man so kindly in his thoughts of others—
So rigid of all virtues in himself;
No man more suited to respond and feel
Within, the graces that he loves in thee,
As this same learned wonder, Eugene Aram.

Madeline. In sooth his name sounds lovelier for thy praise;
Would he were by to hear it, for methinks
His nature given too much to saddening thought,
And words like yours would cheer it. Oft he starts
And mutters to himself, and folds his arms,
And traces with keen eyes the empty air;
Then shakes his head, and smiles—no happy smile!

Lambourn. It is the way with students, for they live
In an ideal world, and groupe this earth
With that world's images, until at last
The nothings ripen to a voice and shape;
But thou wilt cure him, love, and chase away
The mind's dull visions with thy living truth.
But the noon wanes, and yet he does not come.
Neighbours, hath any midst you seen this day
The scholar Aram?

Michael. By the hoary oak
That overhangs the brook, I mark'd this morn
A bending figure, motionless and lonely.
I neared it, but it heard—it saw me—not;
It spoke—I listened—and it said, "Ye leaves
That from the old and changeful branches fall
Upon the waters, and are borne away
Whither none know, ye are men's worthless lives;
Nor boots it whether ye drop off by time,
Or the rude anger of some violent wind
Scatter ye ere your hour. Amidst the mass
Of your green life, who misses one lost leaf?"
He said no more; then I did come beside
The speaker: it was Aram.

Madeline (aside). Ah! this mood!
Would I could smile it with my love away!

Michael. But he seemed galled and sore at my approach;
And when I told that I was hither bound,
And asked if aught I should convey from him,
He frowned, and coldly turning on his heel,
Answered—that "he should meet me." I was pain'd
To think that I had vexed so good a man.

1st Neighbour. Ay, he is good as wise.
All men love Aram.

2nd Neighbour. And with what justice! My old dame's complaint
Had baffled all the leeches; but his art,
From a few simple herbs, distilled a spirit
Has made her young again.

3d Neighbour. By his advice,
And foresight of the seasons, I did till
My land, and now my granaries scarce can hold

Their golden wealth; while those who mocked his words
Can scarcely from hard earth and treacherous air
Win aught to keep the wolf from off their door.
Michael. And while he stoops to what poor men should know,
They say that in the deep and secret lore
That scholars mostly prize, he hath no peer.
Old men, who pale and care-begone have lived
A life amidst their books, will, at his name,
Lift up their hands, and cry, "The wondrous man!"
Lambourn. His birth-place must thank fortune for the fame,
That he one day will win it.
Michael. Dost thou know
Whence Aram came ere to these hamlet scenes
Ten summers since he wandered?
Lambourn. Michael, No!
'Twas from some distant nook of our fair isle.
But he so sadly flies from what hath chanced
In his more youthful life, and there would seem
So much of winter in those April days,
That I have shunned vain question of the past.
Thus much I learn: he hath no kin alive;
No parent to exult in such a son.
Michael. Poor soul! You spake of sadness. Know you aught
Of what it comes?
Lambourn. Why scarcely; but methinks
He hath been tried—not lightly—by the sharp
And everlasting curse to learning doomed,
That which poor labour bears without a sigh,
But whose mere breath can harrow genius—Want!
Want—the harsh, hoary beldame—the obscene
Witch that hath power o'er brave men's thews and nerves,
And lifts the mind from out itself.
Michael. Why think you
That he hath been thus crossed? His means appear
Enough, at least for his subdued desires.
Lambourn. I'll tell thee wherefore. Do but speak of want,
And lo! he winces, and his nether lip
Quivers impatient, and he sighs, and frowns,
And mutters—"Hunger is a fearful thing;
And it is terrible that man's high soul
Should be made barren in its purest aims
By the mere lack of the earth's yellow clay."
Then will he pause—and pause—and come at last
And put some petty monies in my hand,
And cry, "Go, feed the wretch; he must not starve,
Or he will sin. Men's throats are scarcely safe
While Hunger prowls beside them!"
Michael. The kind man!

But this comes only from a *gentle* heart,
Not from a *tried* one.

Lambourn. Nay, not wholly so;
For I have heard him, as he turned away,
Mutter, in stifled tones, "No man can tell
What want is in his brother man, unless
Want's self hath taught him, as the fiend taught me!"

Michael. And hath he ne'er enlarged upon these words,
Nor lit them into clearer knowledge by
A more pronounced detail?

Lambourn. No; nor have I
Sought to dig forth truth's root. In my young days
I passed much time amid the scholar race,
The learned lamps which light the unpitying world
By their own self-consuming. They are proud—
A proud and jealous tribe—and proud men loathe
To speak of former sufferings; least of all
Want's suffering, in the which the bitterest sting
Is in the humiliation; therefore I
Cover the past with silence. But whate'er
His origin or early fate, there lives
None whom I hold more dearly, or to whom
My hopes so well could trust my Madeline's lot.

Scene II.

(*The crowd at the back of the Stage gives way—*Aram *slowly enters—The Neighbours greet him with respect, several appear to thank him for various benefits or charities—He returns the greeting in dumb show, with great appearance of modesty.*)

Aram. Nay, nay, good neighbours, ye do make me blush
To think that to so large a store of praise
There goes so poor desert.——My Madeline!—Sweet,
I see thee, and air brightens!

Lambourn. You are late—
But not less welcome. On my daughter's birth-day,
You scarce should be the last to wish her joy.

Aram. Joy—joy!—Is life so poor and harsh a boon,
That we should hail each year that wears its gloss
And glory into winter? Shall we crown
With roses Time's bald temples, and rejoice—
For what?—that we are hastening to the grave?
No, no!—I cannot look on thy young brow,
Beautiful Madeline! nor, upon the day
Which makes thee one year nearer unto Heaven,
Feel sad for Earth, whose very soul thou art;—
Or art, at least, to me!—for wert thou not,
Earth would be dead and withered as the clay
Of her own offspring when the breath departs,

Lambourn. I scarce had thought a scholar's dusty tomes
Could teach his lips the golden ways to woo.
Howbeit, in all times, man never learns
To love, nor learns to flatter.
Well, my friends,
Will ye within?—our simple fare invites.
Aram, when thou hast made thy peace with Madeline,
We shall be glad to welcome thee.—(*To Michael*) This love
Is a most rigid faster, and would come
To a quick ending in an Epicure.
[*Exeunt Lambourn, the Neighbours, &c.*

SCENE III.

MADELINE *and* ARAM.

Madeline. My heart finds accents now we are alone!
It feeds upon itself, and fears to speak,
When curious throngs are round us. Thou hast coined
All feelings into one,—all thoughts, all words
(Which are the garb of thought) into one language,
That were profaned if spoke amid the world.
Aram. Beloved! would our life could—like a brook
Watering a desert—glide unseen away,
Murmuring our own heart's music,—which is love,
And glassing only Heaven,—which is love's life!
I am not made to live among mankind;
They stir dark memory from unwilling sleep,
And——but no matter. Madeline, it is strange
That one like thee, for whom, methinks, fair Love
Should wear its bravest and most gallant garb,
Should e'er have cast her heart's rich freight upon
A thing like me,—not fashion'd in the mould
Which wins a maiden's eye,—austere of life,
And grave and sad of bearing,—and so long
Inured to solitude, as to have grown
A man that hath the shape, but not the soul,
Of the world's inmates.
Madeline. 'Tis for that I loved:
The world I love not—therefore I love *thee!*
Come, shall I tell thee,—'tis an oft-told tale,
Yet never wearies,—by what bright degrees
Thy empire rose, till it o'erspread my soul,
And made my all of being love? Thou knowest
When first thou cam'st into these lone retreats,
My years yet dwelt in childhood; but my thoughts
Went deeper than my co-mates'. Books I loved,
But not the books that woo a woman's heart;—
I loved not tales of war and stern emprize,
And man let loose on man—dark deeds, of which

The name was glory, but the nature crime,—
Nor themes of vulgar love—of maidens' hearts
Won by small worth, set off by gaudy show;—
Those tales, which win the wilder hearts in me
Did move some anger, and a world of scorn.
All that I dreamt of sympathy was given
Unto the lords of Mind—the victor chiefs
Of Wisdom—or of Wisdom's music—Song;
And as I read of them, I dreamed, and drew
In my soul's colours, shapes my soul might love,
And loving, worship,—they were like to thee!
Thou cam'st unknown, and lonely,—and around
Thy coming, and thy bearing, and thy mood
Hung mystery,—and, in guessing at its clue,
Mystery grew interest, and the interest love!

Aram (aside). O woman! how from that which she should shun,
Does the poor trifler draw what charms her most!

Madeline. Then, as Time won thee frequent to our hearth,
Thou from thy learning's height didst stoop, to teach me
Nature's more gentle secrets—the sweet lore
Of the green herb and the bee-worshipped flower;
And when the night did o'er this nether earth
Distil meek quiet, and the heart of Heaven
With love grew breathless, thou wert wont to raise
My wild thoughts to the weïrd and solemn stars;
Tell of each orb the courses and the name;
And of the winds, the clouds, th' invisible air,
Make eloquent discourse;—until methought
No human life, but some diviner spirit
Alone could preach such truths of things divine.
And so—and so——

Aram. From heaven we turned to earth,
And Thought did father Passion!—Gentlest love!
If thou couldst know how hard it is for one
Who takes such feeble pleasure in this world
To worship aught earth-*born*, thou'dst learn how wild
The wonder of my passion and thy power.
But ere three days are past thou wilt be mine!
And mine for ever! Oh, delicious thought!
How glorious were the future, could I shut
The past—the past—from——Ha! what stirred?—didst hear,
Madeline, didst hear?

Madeline. Hear what?—the very air
Lies quiet as an infant in its sleep.

Aram (looking round). Methought I heard——

Madeline. What, love?

Aram. It was a cheat

Of these poor fools, the senses. Come, thy hand;
I love to feel thy touch, thou art so pure—
So soft—so sacred in thy loveliness,
That I feel safe with thee! Great God himself
Would shun to launch upon the brow of guilt
His bolt while thou wert by!

Madeline. Alas, alas!
Why dost thou talk of guilt?

Aram. Did I, sweet love—
Did I say guilt?—it is an ugly word.
Why, sweet, indeed—did I say guilt, my Madeline?

Madeline. In truth you did. Your hand is dry—the pulse
Beats quick and fevered: you consume too much
Of life in thought—you over-rack the nerves—
And thus a shadow bids them quail and tremble.
But when I queen it, Eugene, o'er your home,
I'll see this fault amended.

Aram. Ay, thou shalt,
In sooth thou shalt.

SCENE IV.

Enter MICHAEL.

Michael. Friend Lambourn sends his greeting,
And prays you to his simple banquet.

Madeline. Cq
His raciest wine will in my father's cup
Seem dim, till you can pledge him. Eugene, come.

Aram. And if I linger o'er the draught, sweet love,
Thou'lt know I do but linger o'er the wish
For thee, which sheds its blessing on the bowl.

SCENE V.

Sunset—A Wood-scene—A Cottage at a distance—In the fore-ground a Woodman felling wood.

Enter ARAM.

Wise men have praised the peasant's thoughtless lot,
And learned pride hath envied humble toil:
If they were right, why, let us burn our books,
And sit us down, and play the fool with Time,
Mocking the prophet Wisdom's grave decrees,
And walling this trite PRESENT with dark clouds,
Till night becomes our nature, and the ray
Ev'n of the stars but meteors that withdraw
The wandering spirit from the sluggish rest
Which makes its proper bliss. I will accost

This denizen of toil, who, with hard hands,
Prolongs from day to day unthinking life,
And ask if *he* be happy.—Friend, good eve.

Woodman. 'Tis the great scholar!—Worthy Sir, good eve.

Aram. Thou seems't o'erworn: through this long summer day
Hast thou been labouring in the lonely glen?

Woodman. Ay, save one hour at noon. 'Tis weary work;
But men like me, good Sir, must not repine
At work which feeds the craving mouths at home.

Aram. Then thou art happy, friend, and with content
Thy life hath made a compact. Is it so?

Woodman. Why, as to that, Sir, I must surely feel
Some pangs when I behold the ease with which
The wealthy live; while I, through heat and cold,
Can scarcely conquer Famine.

Aram. * * * * * * *

*** In this scene Boteler (the Houseman of the Novel) is again introduced.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SLEEP.

When that sweet shape lies hushed in rest,
Its shadow flies to me;
Or else each dream that haunts my breast
Hath caught its shape from thee.
I feel not then the ties that bind
To happier hearts thine own,
For either earth is left behind,
Or earth is ours alone.
Ah! Love can find a wider scope
For joy than thou would'st deem.
Thou may'st forbid the Day to hope,
But not the Night to dream.

FI-HO-TI; OR THE PLEASURES OF REPUTATION.

A CHINESE TALE.

Fi-ho-ti was considered a young man of talents; he led, in Pekin, a happy and a comfortable life. In the prime of youth, of a highly-respectable Japanese family, and enjoying a most agreeable competence, he was exceedingly popular among the gentlemen whom he entertained at his board, and the ladies who thought he might propose. All the pleasures of life were at his command: he drank, though without excess, the cup of enjoyment;—ate, laughed, and loved his fill. No man in Pekin was more awake during the day, or enjoyed a serener slumber during the night.

In an evil hour, it so happened that Fi-ho-ti discovered that he possessed the talents we have referred to. A philosopher,—who, being also his uncle, had the double right, both of philosophy and relationship, to say everything unpleasant to him,—took it into his head to be very indignant at the happy life which Fi-ho-ti so peacefully enjoyed.

Accordingly, one beautiful morning he visited our young Chin-Epicurean. He found him in his summer-house, stretched on luxurious cushions, quaffing the most delicious tea, in the finest little porcelain-cups imaginable, reading a Chinese novel, and enlivening the study, from time to time, by a light conversation with a young lady, who had come to visit him.

Our philosopher was amazingly shocked at the prospect of so much comfort. Nothing could be more unphilosophical; for the duty of Philosophy being to charm us with life, she is anxious, in the first place, to make it a burthen to us. The goddess is enamoured of patience, but indignant at pleasure.

Our sage was a man very much disliked and very much respected. Fi-ho-ti rose from his cushions, a little ashamed of being detected in so agreeable an indolence. The novel fell from his hand; and the young lady, frightened at the long beard and the long nails of the philosopher, would have run away, if her feet would have allowed her; as it was, she summoned her attendants, and hastened to complain to her friends of the manner in which the pleasantest *têtes-à-têtes* could be spoilt, when young men were so unfortunate as to have philosophers for uncles.

The Mandarin,—for Fi-ho-ti's visiter enjoyed no less a dignity,—seeing the coast clear, hemmed three times, and commenced his avuncular admonitions.

"Are you not ashamed, young man," said he, "of the life that you lead?—are you not ashamed to be so indolent and so happy? You possess talents; you are in the prime of youth;—are you deaf to the noble voice of Ambition? Your country calls upon you for exertion,—seek to distinguish your name,—recollect the example of Confucius,—give yourself up to study,—be wise and be great."

Much more to this effect spoke the Mandarin, for he loved to hear himself talk; and, like all men privileged to give advice, he fancied that he was wonderfully eloquent. In this instance, his vanity did not deceive him; for it was the vanity of another that he addressed. Fi-ho-ti was moved; he felt he had been very foolish to be happy so long,

Visions of disquietude and fame floated before him: he listened with attention to the exhortations of the philosopher; he resolved to distinguish himself, and to be wise.

The Mandarin was charmed with the success of his visit; it was a great triumph to disturb so much enjoyment. He went home, and commenced a tract upon the advantages of philosophy.

Fi-ho-ti surrendered himself to study. He retired to a solitary cavern, near upon Kaifongu; he filled his retreat with books and instruments of science; he renounced all social intercourse; the herbs of the plain and the water of the spring sufficed the tastes hitherto accustomed to the most delicious viands of Pekin. Forgetful of love and of pleasure, he consigned three of the fairest years of his existence to uninterrupted labour. He instructed himself—he imagined he was capable of instructing others.

Fired with increasing ambition, our student returned to Pekin. He composed a work, which, though light and witty enough to charm the gay, was the origin of a new school of philosophy. It was at once bold and polished; and the oldest Mandarin or the youngest beauty of Pekin could equally appreciate and enjoy it. In one word, Fi-ho-ti's book became the rage,—Fi-ho-ti was *the* author of his day.

Delighted by the novelty of literary applause, our young student more than ever resigned himself to literary pursuits. He wrote again, and again succeeded;—all the world declared that Fi-ho-ti had established his reputation.

Was Fi-ho-ti the happier for his reputation? You shall judge.

He went to call upon his uncle, the Mandarin. He imagined the Mandarin would be delighted to find the success of his admonitions. The philosopher received him with a frigid embarrassment. He talked of the weather and the Emperor,—the last pagoda and the new fashion in tea-cups: he said not a word about his nephew's books. Fi-ho-ti was piqued; he introduced the subject of his own accord.

"Ah!" said the philosopher drily, "I understand you have written something that pleases the women; no doubt you will grow solid as your judgment increases. But, to return to the tea-cups——"

Fi-ho-ti was chagrined: he had lost the affection of his learned uncle for ever; for he was now considered to be more learned than his uncle himself. The common mortification in success is to find that your own family usually hate you for it. "My uncle no longer loves me," thought he, as he re-entered his palanquin. "This is a misfortune."—Alas! —it was the effect of Reputation!

The heart of Fi-ho-ti was naturally kind and genial; though the thirst of pleasure was cooled in his veins, he still cherished the social desires of friendship. He summoned once more around him the comrades of his youth: he fancied they, at least, would be delighted to find their friend not unworthy of their affection. He received them with open arms;—they returned his greeting with shyness, and an awkward affectation of sympathy;—their conversation no longer flowed freely—they were afraid of committing themselves before so clever a man;—they felt they were no longer with an equal, and yet they refused to acknowledge a superior. Fi-ho-ti perceived, with indescribable grief, that a wall had grown up between himself and the companions of past years; their pursuits, their feelings, were no longer the same. They were not proud

of his success—they were jealous;—the friends of his youth were the critics of his manhood.

"This, too, is a misfortune," thought Fi-ho-ti, as he threw himself at night upon his couch.—Very likely;—it was the effect of REPUTATION!

"But if the old friends are no more, I will gain new," thought the student. "Men of the same pursuits will have the same sympathies. I aspire to be a sage: I will court the friendship of sages."

This was a notable idea of Fi-ho-ti's. He surrounded himself with the authors, the wits, and the wise men of Pekin. They ate his dinners,—they made him read their manuscripts—(and a bad calligraphy in Chinese is no trifle!)—they told him he was a wonderful genius,—and they abused him anonymously every week in the Pekin Gazettes. The heart of Fi-ho-ti, yearning after friendship, found it impossible to expect a single friend amongst the literati of China; they were all too much engrossed with themselves to dream of affection for another. They had no talk—no thought—no feeling—except that which expressed love for their own books, and hatred for the books of their contemporaries.

One day Fi-ho-ti had the misfortune to break his leg. The most intimate of his acquaintance among the literati found him stretched on his couch, having just undergone the operation of setting.

"Ah!" said the author, "how very unlucky—how very unfortunate!"

"You are extremely obliging," said Fi-ho-ti, touched by his visiter's evident emotion.

"Yes, it is particularly unlucky that it should be just at this moment; for I wanted to consult you about this passage before my new book is published to-morrow!"

The broken leg of his friend seemed to the author only as an interruption to the pleasure of reading his own works.

But, above all, Fi-ho-ti found it impossible to trust men who gave the worst possible character of each other. If you believed the literati themselves, so envious, malignant, worthless, unprincipled a set of men as the literati of Pekin never were created! Every new acquaintance he made told him an anecdote of an old acquaintance which made his hair stand on end. Fi-ho-ti began to be alarmed. He contracted more and more the circle of his society; and resolved to renounce the notion of friendship amongst men of similar pursuits.

In the small circles, in the distant provinces, of the Celestial Empire, the writings of Fi-ho-ti were greatly approved. The gentlemen quoted him at their tea, and the ladies wondered whether he was good-looking; but this applause—this interest that he inspired—never reached the ears of Fi-ho-ti. He beheld not the smiles he called forth by his wit, or the tears he excited by his pathos;—all that he saw of the effects of his reputation was in the abuse he received in the Pekin journals; he there read, every week and every month, that he was but a very poor sort of creature. One journal called him a fool, another a wretch; a third seriously deposed that he was hump-backed; a fourth that he had not a shilling in the world. In Pekin, any insinuation of that last offence is considered as a suspicion of the most unpardonable guilt. Other journals, indeed, did not so much abuse as misrepresent him. He found his doctrines twisted into all manner of shapes. He could not defend them—for it is not dignified to reply to all the Pekin journals;

but he was assured by his flatterers that truth would ultimately prevail, and posterity do him justice. "Alas!" thought Fi-ho-ti, "am I to be deemed a culprit all my life, in order that I may be acquitted after death? Is there no justice for me until I am past the power of malice? Surely this is a misfortune!"—Very likely;—it was the necessary consequence of REPUTATION!

Fi-ho-ti now began to perceive that the desire of fame was a chimera. He was yet credulous enough to follow another chimera, equally fallacious. He said to himself—"It was poor and vain in me to desire to shine. Let me raise my heart to a more noble ambition;—let me desire only to instruct others."

Fraught with this lofty notion, Fi-ho-ti now conceived a more solid and a graver habit of mind: he became rigidly conscientious in the composition of his works. He no longer desired to write what was brilliant, but to discover what was true. He erased, without mercy, the most lively images—the most sparkling aphorisms—if even a doubt of their moral utility crossed his mind. He wasted two additional years of the short summer of youth: he gave the fruits of his labour to the world in a book of the most elaborate research, the only object of which was to enlighten his countrymen. "This, at least, they cannot abuse," thought he, when he finished the last line. Ah! how much was he mistaken!

Doubtless, in other countries the public are remarkably grateful to any author for correcting their prejudices and combating their foibles; but in China, attack one orthodox error, prove to the people that you wish to elevate and improve them, and renounce all happiness, all tranquillity, for the rest of your life!

Fi-ho-ti's book was received with the most frigid neglect by the philosophers,—First, because the Pekin philosophers are visionaries, and it did not build a system upon visions,—and secondly, because of Fi-ho-ti himself they were exceedingly jealous. But from his old friends, the journalists of Pekin—O Fo!—with what invective, what calumny, what abuse it was honoured! He had sought to be the friend of his race,—he was stigmatized as the direst of its enemies. He was accused of all manner of secret designs; the painted slippers of the Mandarins were in danger; and he had evidently intended to muffle all the bells of the grand pagoda! Alas! let no man wish to be a saint unless he is prepared to be a martyr.

"Is this injustice?" cried Fi-ho-ti to his flatterers. "No," said they, with one voice; "No, Fi-ho-ti,—it is REPUTATION!"

Thoroughly disgusted with his ambition, Fi-ho-ti now resolved to resign himself once more to pleasure. Again he heard music, and again he feasted and made love. In vain!—the zest, the appetite was gone. The sterner pursuits he had cultivated of late years had rendered his mind incapable of appreciating the luxuries of frivolity. He had opened a gulf between himself and his youth;—his heart could be young no more.

"One faithful breast shall console me for all," thought he. "Yang-y-se is beautiful and smiles upon me; I will woo and win her."

Fi-ho-ti surrendered his whole soul to the new passion he had conceived. Yang-y-se listened to him favourably. He could not complain of cruelty; he fancied himself beloved. With the generous and unselfish ardour that belonged to his early character, he devoted his

future years to—he lavished the treasure of his affections upon—the object of his love. For some weeks he enjoyed a dream of delight; he woke from it too soon. A rival beauty was willing to attach to herself the wealthy and generous Fi-ho-ti. "Why," said she, one day, "why do you throw yourself away upon Yang-y-se? Do you fancy she loves you? You are mistaken; she has no heart; it is only her vanity that makes her willing to admit you as her slave." Fi-ho-ti was incredulous and indignant. "Read this letter," said the rival beauty. "Yang-y-se wrote it to me but the other day."

Fi-ho-ti read as follows:—

"We had a charming supper with the gay author last night, and wished much for you. You need not rally me on my affection for him; I do not love him, but I am pleased to command his attentions; in a word, my vanity is flattered with the notion of chaining to myself one of the most distinguished persons in Pekin. But—love—ah! *that* is quite another thing."

Fi-ho-ti's eyes were now thoroughly opened. He recalled a thousand little instances which had proved that Yang-y-se had been only in love with his celebrity.

He saw at once the great curse of distinction. Be renowned, and you can never be loved for yourself! As you are hated not for your vices, but your success, so are you loved not for your talents, but their fame. A man who has reputation is like a tower whose height is estimated by the length of its shadow. The sensitive and high-wrought mind of Fi-ho-ti now gave way to a gloomy despondency. Being himself misinterpreted, calumniated, and traduced; and feeling that none loved him but through vanity, that he stood alone with his enemies in the world, he became the prey to misanthropy, and gnawed by perpetual suspicion. He distrusted the smiles of others. The faces of men seemed to him as masks; he felt everywhere the presence of deceit. Yet these feelings had made no part of his early character, which was naturally frank, joyous, and confiding. Was the change a misfortune? Possibly; but it was the effect of REPUTATION!

About this time, too, Fi-ho-ti began to feel the effects of the severe study he had undergone. His health gave way; his nerves were shattered; he was in that terrible revolution in which the mind—that vindictive labourer—wreaks its ire upon the enfeebled taskmaster, the body. He walked the ghost of his former self.

One day he was standing pensively beside one of the streams that intersect the gardens of Pekin, and, gazing upon the waters, he muttered his bitter reveries. "Ah!" thought he, "why was I ever discontented with happiness? I was young, rich, cheerful; and life to me was a perpetual holyday; my friends caressed me, my mistress loved me for myself. No one hated, or maligned, or envied me. Like yon leaf upon the water, my soul danced merrily over the billows of existence. But courage, my heart! I have at least done some good; benevolence must experience gratitude—young Psi-ching, for instance. I have the pleasure of thinking that *he* must love me; I have made his fortune; I have brought him from obscurity into repute; for it has been my character as yet never to be jealous of others!"

Psi-ching was a young poet, who had been a secretary to Fi-ho-ti. The student had discovered genius and insatiable ambition in the young

man; he had directed and advised his pursuits; he had raised him into fortune and notice; he had enabled him to marry the mistress he loved. Psi-ching vowed to him everlasting gratitude.

While Fi-ho-ti was thus consoling himself with the idea of Psi-ching's affection, it so happened that Psi-ching, and one of the philosophers of the day whom the public voice esteemed second to Fi-ho-ti, passed along the banks of the river. A tree hid Fi-ho-ti from their sight; they were earnestly conversing, and Fi-ho-ti heard his own name more than once repeated.

"Yes," said Psi-ching, "poor Fi-ho-ti cannot live much longer; his health is broken; you will lose a formidable rival when he is dead."

The philosopher smiled. "Why, it will certainly be a stone out of my way. You are constantly with him, I think."

"I am. He is a charming person; but the real fact is, that, seeing he cannot live much longer, I am keeping a journal of his last days; in a word, I shall write the history of my distinguished friend. I think it will take much, and have a prodigious sale."

The talkers passed on.

Fi-ho-ti did not die so soon as was expected, and Psi-ching never published the journal from which he anticipated so much profit. But Fi-ho-ti ceased to be remarkable for the kindness of his heart and the philanthropy of his views. He was known in after-life for the sourness of his temper and the bitterness of his satire. Was this deterioration of the kindlier elements of his nature a misfortune? Perhaps it might be so; it was the effect of his REPUTATION!

MITIO.

CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

WHAT a finished gentleman he was! Yes, here *was* a perfect specimen of that accomplished animal whose genus is extinct, and whose remains we are bound to treat with as much marvel and veneration as those of the mammoth. The last, and perhaps the best, specimen of his kind,—of a kind whose days were numbered at his birth,—annihilated by the blue coat and the buff waistcoat of Charles Fox,—fore-doomed to perish with the ru[illegible] and the sword, and the embroidered waistcoat and the diamond buckle,—as defunct now as the minuet of Denoyer,—as antediluvian as the shoes of Tull, the blade of Becket, the hat of Wagner, or the snuff-box of Deard.

The master of the ceremonies, whose name I forget, though the story is an old one,—the master of the ceremonies of poor Louis's court was not so wrong in being startled at the shoe-strings of Monsieur Roland. Those shoe-strings were the outward and visible sign of a new spirit. They announced the coming reign of the *tiers état*, more forcibly than the sternest exclamation of Mirabeau or the most melodiously modulated phrase of Verniaud could have done.

When the bourgeoisie lost so much of respect for their superiors in co[illegible] as not even to imitate their fashions, the reign *of gentlemen* was and[illegible] The higher orders never doff their own dress in order to assume

that of the class beneath them, without a great, if insensible, revolution having taken place in manners and thoughts. The power of the aristocracy was doomed to decay when they resigned their emblems. The *prestige* which kept the vulgar from out their magic circle was gone;—the spell which bound the minds of men in unreasoning obedience was broken. The change of dress was at once the great change, and the sign and token of the great change in society which new feelings introduced. All that has followed, and is to follow, is the mere working out of the proposition which was at that time announced. The principles of democracy were, and are, set forth more forcibly in the ball-room than in the tribune; and the House of Lords must give up the hope of governing the nation, until they see the master of ceremonies at Bath in a white satin waistcoat embroidered with silver, and the good gentlemen of the city spending their time in cultivating the art of wearing a sword.

The finished gentleman can no longer exist. The rough outlines of the character may yet remain; but all the finer lines and characteristics of the species are rubbed off by vulgar attrition. The easy nobility of air, the perfect polish and civility of manner, the smooth and courtly familiarity which flowed from the certitude that a position was known, and its rights acknowledged, at first succeeded by the insolence and assumption natural to men who think they must make up by pretence for what they feel they want in reality—the Brummellian impertinence which the decayed habit of duelling (a decay which marks also the decline of *gentilhommerie*) tended to, has given way to a more sober and steady evenness of manner, which says that the struggle is pretty well over, and that, with the destruction of Gatton and Sarum, was completed the revolution which commenced with the destruction of swords and ruffles.

We might look over England now, and it would be impossible to find another Horace Walpole, or a person indeed who had any pretension to belong to the same class. But as the foot-print of the times has become of that large and massive kind that tramples out and obliterates the vestiges of former periods, one is glad to find some antique landmarks to which one can turn, if it be only for the sake of comparison. Horace Walpole is one of these. We see in him what a high state of aristocratic cultivation might produce: he is everything that, with his habits, his feelings, his prejudices, he could be,—and many hundred times more than what most men, with those habits, feelings, and prejudices, would have been.

Dabbling with success in every species of composition, but at the same time entertaining the most unlearned horror of being thought an author;—in the House of Commons, but shrinking in disgust from its noisy contention, and being more anxious to play the part of an earl's son than that of an orator;—taught by his genius to admire and patronize the poems of his schoolfellow and collegian, but recoiling with the refinement of the courtier from the quaintnesses and oddities of their writer;—earnest in his friendship, but choosing, at the same time, for his friend one of the most fashionable men of his time, and always, in his acquaintance and companions, preferring the rank and accomplishments of society to the dignity and qualifications of letters;—a stickler for liberty, independence, and the rights of the people,—a class which, in his early career, were little known, though frequently cited,—but a

stickler for them no longer when the people really came forth from the shadow of the aristocracy, and stood in the broad day as a separate and distinct power by themselves;—a boaster, and that with the utmost *naïveté*, that he never asked a minister for anything, and at the same time comfortably enjoying three sinecures, as a matter of course;—courteous to all, since it gave pleasure to himself and others, but generous to few, since, in thus adding to the happiness of the world, he diminished the store of his own enjoyments;—doing all littlenesses with a certain air of greatness and nobility, but too fearful of failure to venture attempting many things really noble——if Horace Walpole could be compared with any one it would be Beckford. They both built and wrote; and each, in the two pursuits, produced that which was the admiration of his time: for Strawberry-hill, commonplace as it may seem now, when every cabbage garden has a small turreted erection in the corner of it, held a very different rank when modern Gothicism was of new invention, and the long gallery, and the painted windows, and the antique porch, cast before them the shadow of romance which, first stalking forth in the "Castle of Otranto," was subsequently embodied by the mysterious pen of Ratcliffe, and multiplied and perpetuated in those thousand and one dark tales of monks and banditti which even yet amused and terrified the public in our childhood.

There may seem, then, some similarity between Beckford and Walpole; but, as we approach, the resemblance ceases. Their pursuits were alike; their habits and their geniuses were opposed. Beckford is rich, oriental, and uncivilized; the trappings of his ideas are gorgeous and solemn; and there is a certain vastness about his conceptions which bespeaks a mind that loveth solitude, and only peers into the world on high holyday occasions. In Walpole, on the contrary; in Walpole, gay, sparkling, entertaining, and sometimes powerful and pathetic; his most romantic conceptions never deceive you as to their being the conceptions of the man of the world. His thoughts, and the robes which he gives them, have the easy and genteel air which comes from their having been often seen in public. You could never mistake that the person whose writings you are leaning over *plays at* the author, and *is* the gentleman: you feel at once that your poet, or philosopher, or romancer, or historian, has just come from the drawing-room. His sword, and his embroidered coat, and his high-heeled shoes, are lying beside him on yonder chair. You see them there, though he is now in his dressing gown and slippers, with one hand pressed to his forehead, and his pen in the other, and his old folios lying about him, and even in his eye a wildness and a poesy which is more than meets the world: yet see you that he is of the world—I mean the world of society! You see it, you cannot mistake it: in his lighter productions he walks on tiptoe with the air of a beau, and in his graver ones he reminds you of Hercules in the court dress of Louis XIV. So, in the architectural schemes of these two distinguished persons, the one chooses the most desolate situation he can find, and amuses himself in transplanting the richest plants and blossoms of the East to a spot which nature had almost refused the thistle. The other takes up his retirement in the most frequented district in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and builds a Gothic château within a yard of a public road. If one can unite the peculiar characteristics of Walpole's genius in a word—that word would be

"grace;" and on this quality, be it remarked, he himself set the value, very probably because it was the quality which best harmonized with his aristocratic habits and propensities.

Thus, in one of his letters, he says, "You have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some on the plea of their being imitators: it was natural, then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity? I think I have discovered a cause which I do not remember to have seen noticed; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of these authors possessed *grace*. Grace is distinct from style, which regards *expression*; it belongs, I think, to *manner*." —What he says afterwards of the grace of Virgil, at once expresses his idea and the train of thought that gave birth to it. "A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture, but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bed-chamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity."

The nice taste of Virgil, his exquisite delicacy and the *grace*, in short, of his delivery, pleased the courtier and suited with the court, and this was a charm which Horace Walpole could not help seeing and being touched with.—Again, he says, with an air of admiration and pleasure, "Is it not clear that Will Wimble was *a gentleman?*" To be a gentleman, that was the thing with Horace Walpole,—and the calamity he had perpetually to guard against was being rendered more conspicuous by his talents than his situation in life. The only way to avoid this was to breathe into his genius the characteristic of his rank: this he contrived to do. But if grace was the peculiar characteristic of Walpole's compositions, it was in compositions the nature of which is to be graceful that he is allowed to have peculiarly excelled; and while he only ranks as a second, or even third rate English author in every other branch of literature, his epistolary talent is acknowledged to be hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed, in any other country, time, or language. Of the justice or injustice done to his other merits I shall speak presently; but the pity is that, even in his correspondence, his fault, if he has any, is—that rank which sometimes inclines him to a manner too courtier-like and artificial. This is evidently contrary to his nature, which so beautifully separated elegance from grace. "Apollo," says he, "is graceful; Mercury elegant;" one of the most exquisite illustrative definitions ever given. Still he had a fine idea of the noble and the simple, and did not often transgress it. In his preface to "Anecdotes on Paintings," there is a short sentence I lately met with, which, in describing simplicity and magnificence, is almost a model of simple and easy style, and lofty and manly thought. He is speaking of the editions of Balbec and Palmyra. "The modest descriptions," he says, "prefixed to the Sculptures are standards of writing,—the exact measure of what should and should not be said was never comprehended in more clear diction, or more graceful style. *The pomp of the buildings having not a nobler air* than the *simplicity* of the *narrative*; but I must restrain myself, though it is pleasing to expatiate on the just praise of one's country; and they who cannot perform great things themselves, may yet have a satisfaction in doing justice to those who can. If *Juvenal* was *honest* in his *Satires*, he would have been happy if he could have lived to *write* the *panegyric* of Trajan."

The last thought is one of the most happy I ever remember to have

met with: it is possessed, in the highest degree, of philosophic and moral greatness: but stop for a moment, and you see it is the philosophy and the morality of the high-minded courtier and gentleman,—of the *high-minded* courtier and gentleman, but still of the courtier, which Walpole affected not to be, and of the gentleman, which he prided himself on being. The high breeding which suggests the desire to praise,—the knightly feeling which prompts as natural the wish to redress a wrong, and the stately atonement which is set forth, viz., the panegyric on one emperor, as the meet compensation for having satirized the other, and more than all that is definable, that which is undefinable, and which seizes and tells you at once, as you read this sentence, the train of thought by which it was dictated,—all this makes you feel and see at once that the man, that the same man who says this, said a little before, "The throne is now the altar of the Graces, and whoever sacrifices to them becomingly is sure that his offerings will be smiled upon by a prince who is at once the example and patron of accomplishments. The institute of a school of statuary in the house of a *young nobleman of the first rank*, rivals the boasted munificence of foreign princes."

Mark the importance attached to the *rank* of the "*Young* nobleman!" the praise which more than justly is lavished upon the Prince of Wales! Walpole writes from the general habit of his thoughts, without any peculiar design in what he wrote, and even without the idea almost that he was so writing:—"For," says he, elsewhere, "I have no credit any where. How should I? I have never stooped to any means of acquiring it." The son of the Prime Minister flattered without knowing that he flattered; for flattery was the well-bred style of his writing and his conversation; and the point of admiration which he puts to a young nobleman being the patron of the arts was natural to one who valued nobility of birth at least as high as superiority of intellect.

It is that grace of which I spoke, and which he so valued, that gives an enduring charm to Walpole's manner,—a charm which never quits him in any of his various compositions, and which is conspicuous in the short sentence respecting the work on Balbec and Palmyra that I have quoted. With two or three striking and forcible expressions, which every other phrase of his contains, there is combined a certain carelessness in the arrangement of the general composition which always prevents your being taken from the interest of the matter to the study of the style. Where this is not the case, as in Gibbon, Johnson, and others, you read a page with great admiration; you even get as far as two pages; but you can go no farther; your attention is palled and wearied,—you have been weighing the cadence of words and syllables, until the substance which the words contain, and which is to carry you on, passes from your recollection. Walpole was perfectly sensible of this; and, in all probability, was also influenced in no slight degree by the *vulgarity* of apparent effort even in composition; for in all things *the gentleman* was predominant. But he not only avoided the fault and saw it; he speaks somewhere in this way of its cause:—"Every newspaper," says he, "is now written in a good style. When I am consulted about style, I say—'Go to the chandler's shop for a style.' When this is the case, by the natural progress of knowledge, writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style,—hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance." You see, then, in Walpole innumerable fine expressions, witty turns

of thought,—and it is as much in the vein of thinking as in the mode of conveying it that his wit consists—yet, crowded as his pages are with witty sayings and fine expressions, you cannot point out, except in those compositions which imperiously require it, (the "Mysterious Mother," for instance,) a single page of what is called *fine writing*. I lay the greater stress on this, because the shorter species of composition, so considerably encouraged by Magazines and Reviews, and which adds to the comparative importance of every separate sentence, has most wearisomely increased that fastidious nicety of composition which almost makes one throw down a book in contempt if one does not find every sentence to be an epigram; though, if we do find it so, and continue the perusal, we are almost invariably forced to confess "that it is vastly odd—the book is excellently well written, and *ought*, no doubt, to be vastly entertaining —but still, notwithstanding all this, it is somehow or other unaccountably—yes, unaccountably—dull and prosing." We confess this, and think it is in spite of the fine writing, when it is most frequently on account of it. But the fatal desire for a style in writing, now so prevalent, has another inconvenience. As it is perfectly impossible for the veriest prig in existence to talk in that nicely-balanced periodical manner in which he guides his thoughts with a pen, his smart and spruce mode of writing is no help whatever to him when he comes to speak; and that kind of mutual assistance which, when the language of society and the language of letters are nearly similar, each daily gives to the other —an assistance which rendered the French language so spirited and graceful, that some one or other, (I rather think it is Walpole himself,) has remarked, that no person who talks French will, or can, want wit, —this daily interchange and assistance has entirely ceased.

In an inverse ratio with the pointedness of our written style has increased the slovenliness and stupidity of our conversational one, which now, for the most part, consists in hums and haws, and broken interjections; nor is it only in society that this has its effect. In our senate and on the stage it is the same. Let any person write a speech now: with all the pains he may give himself to adjust his studied composition to the effect of spontaneous effusion, he will fail, except just in those parts which admit of that pomp or solemnity which almost must be written. Let him then speak entirely *extempore*! Does he, unless under the very strongest influence of habit and practice, express himself even in the common-places of grammar? Yet why should he not do so? why should he not speak grammar about the Reform Bill in the House of Commons, if he is in the habit of talking grammar about the opera in his own drawing-room?

In the best of the old speeches that remain to us we see a singular ease and carelessness combined with parts of great power and brilliancy, which, while they strike by their contrast, please also, and must have pleased at the time, by the natural manner in which they were introduced. With the exception of Burke and Chatham—and the speeches of the first were never productive of much effect, while the speeches of the latter are, to take Dr. Johnson's evidence, very different from what they were when actually delivered,—with the exception of these, the speeches of a former time exhibit a strong, manly, and brilliant style *of talking*, such as a gentleman might have used after dinner to his own friends, if an occasion had required it,—as different, let us allow, from the slip-slop

of some, and from the much-meditating style of others, in the present day—as light from darkness.

In the stage, I mean in comedy, it is the same thing. Write as you speak, and see what stuff it will be; write as you are in the habit of writing, and I defy all the powers of imagination to lead any one so far as to believe that any two-legged creatures are talking naturally that kind of eloquence.

If people would but remember in writing the rule which Brummell laid down in dressing, viz. that to be stared at is the last sign of perfection,—if literary men would not be quite such dandies in their own way,—if they would but remember the disagreeable sensation it gives them to see a gentleman in the Burlington Arcade with his hands covered with rings, and his face with ringlets, and his boots with spurs,—or if they would even but contrast the pinched-in and puffed-out young officer, perfect in all his appointments, who is just swaggering into Crocky's, with the plain and simple-dressed gentleman, whose cravat is hardly well tied, lounging into Brooks's or the Travellers',—they would see the fault which they themselves are falling into, and avoid the elaborate perfection in minor parts which makes the whole imperfect. But it is astonishing what pains writers now take to destroy their reputation. They seek after decorations which have a certain beauty and prettiness in themselves, I grant, but which, like the finely-flowered borders of your old-fashioned prints, only serve to lessen the effect which it is the object of their art to produce.

But if Walpole, remarkable above all things for being a gentleman—and that to such a point that with him *gentlemanliness* became a *genius* —if Walpole, remarkable for being a gentleman above all things, has established his literary reputation for precisely those qualities, and by precisely that species of composition which best accords with his habits and rank in life,—if he stands before us as an author of merit for that very gaiety, and wit, and grace, which made him so accomplished a gentleman—ay, and for those very letters, too, which, in portraying the part he took in society, present to us at every moment not the writer, but the courtier—not the man of letters, but the son of the minister—(the very position in which he would most have wished to appear before posterity,)—if such is Walpole the gentleman, what would Walpole have been had he been merely the author? And here we have another to add to the numerous instances of that pertinacity with which the world always chooses to consider that each man is only capable of one thing, and that a reputation of one kind is incompatible with the talent of another.

Talk of Horace Walpole to the great mass of persons as a writer of extraordinary imagination, deep pathos and passion, and they open their eyes: they imagine you wish to pass for being wiser than everybody else—that you deal in paradoxes—and pique yourself on confounding the gentlemen who write in albums. The merits of the "Castle of Otranto" can no longer be judged with justice any more than the merits of the *Castle of Strawberry Hill*: the chief merit was in the conception at a time when the conception was new: when to create a Gothic romance and a Gothic castle was little likely to enter the head of a dreaming antiquary, and much less that of a ball-going, piquet-playing man of the world. But there is another work to which it would be difficult to do justice;

the sublimity, poetry, and passion of which have unfortunately found few imitators. I remember the kind of apathy and lassitude with which I first took up the "Mysterious Mother." I took it up as a literary book, as a literary curiosity—a tragedy by Horace Walpole. I could not believe it was a real tragedy, but still it was a work to be read; and one rainy day, in the country, tired with playing at billiards by myself, I resolved to read it. I had hardly got through the first page before I was struck by the classic chastity and strength of a style perfectly unlike anything I had expected from the elegant trifler of Twickenham; I took up the volume more resolutely, and instead of lounging over it with my legs stretched out on the fire-place, turned round my chair to the table, placed the volume before me, and began reading it in real earnest. I had not read far in this manner before all my admiration left me. I could not admire—I was spell-bound. Nothing can exceed the interest of the plot, and the artful manner in which it developes itself to you; the mysterious thread gradually unravels; you learn everything just at the moment when you are worked up to expect it. Now that such subjects are acted on the French stage, I wonder it is not translated. It is not only fine as a composition, but with a few alterations it might be admirably adapted for scenic effect. The character of the Mother contains finer and higher touches of nature, though the lines are dark, than are to be found anywhere in Lord Byron, save in his nobler tragedies. The virtue of the woman (for you feel that she is virtuous) who has unintentionally committed the most enormous vice—the love for her husband, which made her guilty with her son—the strength and haughtiness of the character which makes her wrestle with this furious passion, and which, while it urges her to religion for consolation, makes her spurn the intercession of the priest—the madness, and then the calm and the reasoning desire to profit by it—and then the fear of returning frenzy,—all these turns and plunges, if I may so express myself, of the mind, not to be sought but deepest in the dark secrets of humanity, he divines and expresses with the highest art.

It is far beyond my intention, and equally beyond the limits I have prescribed myself in this paper, to go farther into the critical analysis of this extraordinary work, which is rather a proof of what Walpole might have been than of what he was; still, though it is not by a line or two that a tragedy can be judged, I can't help taking advantage of my memory, which suggests to me a short passage, which I remember struck me as one among many of great power and beauty. The verses are spoken by one monk to another, who expresses the fears of Lord Eldon on the progress of opinion as unfavourable to the church; we recommend them to his lordship.

> "Fear not a reign so transient: statesmen too
> Will join to stem the torrent, or new follies
> Replace the old; each chieftain that attacks us
> Must grow *the hope of his own heresy:*
> E'en stern philosophy, if once triumphant,
> Shall frame some jargon, and exact obedience
> To metaphysic nonsense worse than ours.
> *The church is but a specious name for empire,*
> *And will exist wherever fools have fears.*
> *Rome is no city—'tis the human heart;*
> And there suffice it, if we plant our banners."

"Rome is no city," &c. is superb. But even in this performance Mr. Walpole is pursued by the spirit of his order, and he takes care to get the opportunity of telling servants that their first duty is to obey their masters.

"Father!" says the porter of the castle, and rather *apropos de bottes*,

> "Father, belike there is a different heaven
> For learned clerks, and such poor men as I am.
> Me it behoves to see such humble virtues
> As suit my simple calling. To my *masters*,
> For raiment, food, for salary and protection,
> My honest heart owes deepest gratitude."

Which is true to a certain degree; but Horace Walpole would never have thought of telling masters what they owe to their servants. In short, he never wished, and he could not, if he had wished, escape the all-pervading idea that he was *a gentleman*. Had he not been one, it is difficult to say whether he would not rather have indulged the different vein that seemed as natural as wit and gaiety to his character—if that character had not been under the influence of his situation—and instead of being known to us as the most amusing of letter-writers, Horace Walpole, the gay, the punning, might have obtained a reputation as one of the most pathetic of tragedians. "His rank and his follies," said a higher judge of literary merit than I pretend to be—"his rank and his follies made him a coxcomb; Nature made him, in my opinion, a genius of no ordinary kind. He possessed in some of his productions a pathos and an eloquence, which, if instigated by some slight exertion, might have blazed to a degree of which common critics have no conception."

His lighter pieces have the same merit, though in a less degree, that his letters have. His "Anecdotes of Painting," his "Dictionary of Royal and Noble Authors," possess that rare accomplishment which I have given him under his own appellation of "grace," and which breathes a life and sheds a colouring over the palest and most inanimate subjects; nor did any author ever possess this to so great a degree. He is the only one, at all events, whom I remember, that, writing on so many topics, and in such different styles, has never produced one stupid work. The last series of letters, just published, is, perhaps, the most amusing of all; for it not only fills a vacuum in his correspondence, but it fills that vacuum which one felt the most desire not to find void. All the early and political passages of his career—his father's last struggles for power—are there; and the striking, though sketchy, pictures that you obtain of Sir Robert himself, and of Pulteney, Pitt, and the prominent members of the united factions that overturned him, awake, as they pass before you, a living interest—the more animate, perhaps, because the passions and contests of that busy time chime in with the passions and political contests of our own, which, whatever may be their result, are, at all events, conducted on higher principles, and with purer views, than those which led to the downfal of King George's minister.

The private and public character of Horace Walpole, alternately flattered and maligned, possessed the qualities, good and bad, of the character which he was, and which he affected. In politics, he played the liberal, as he might, at a masque, have played the shepherd—without any more serious intention than that of wearing a garb which was fashionable with the set in which he mixed, and which became him. He

was a liberal in the Whig fashion—in favour of the liberty of the people, —but meaning, by the liberty of the people, the privileges and interests of the aristocracy. As for a vulgar, dirty, ill-dressed, and ill-educated people, he was the Houhynhm and they were Yahoos, fit only for carrying wood and fetching water—altogether beyond the pale of his improvements: in speaking of *human* nature he meant *his own*. So, as his politics were those, his religion was that of *a gentleman*. He detested the French philosophers, because they were vulgar, dogmatic, overbearing: they paid no respect to rank, and *engrossed the whole conversation*. But then he detested also the clergy and *their* intolerance, which was equally *ill-bred*. His reasons for disliking Atheism are charming; he speaks of it as he would do of a smoky house; he calls it "GLOOMY" and "UNCOMFORTABLE." "I go to church sometimes," says he, "in order to induce my servants to go. Not that I am a hypocrite: I only set them the example of listening—not of believing."

The heaviest charge against his private character is that which has been so often brought forward and refuted—the neglect of Chatterton, which some have pretended led to the unfortunate end of that extraordinary youth. There cannot be a clearer, or, as far as Horace Walpole is concerned, a more satisfactory account than that given of this transaction by Dr. Chalmers; and, indeed, what would any of us have done under such circumstances, or what should we do at this moment? Supposing we received a letter from a young man, enclosing an ancient manuscript, which he said—not that he wrote, (that might have been evidence of his talent)—but that he found; and that, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript, he told us "that he was a lad of great parts, and wished that we would take him from a respectable and safe employment in order to launch him into the perilous world of letters;" it does not follow that, because we see the MS. to be a forgery, we are at once to believe it the composition of the boy who sends it us. Are we to jump forthwith to the conclusion, that because our unknown correspondent was an impostor he was therefore a genius, and write to him, saying—"Sir,—Having discovered that you have told me a great falsehood, and therefore fully believing that you are destined, as you suppose, to cut a great figure in literature, I will take upon myself the responsibility of advising you to quit your family and friends, and the trade to which you are apprenticed, in order to come up to town, and take to writing books?"—I do not think there is one of us who, on such grounds, would give such advice,—Horace Walpole, I grant, less than any other, since he, more especially, would have been rather struck by the ungentlemanlike lie with which his correspondent had introduced himself, than even by any proof of genius, if it had been (as it was not) accompanied by such. But instead of Chatterton being reduced to the lowest pitch of human misery by this supposed neglect, he was neither then (at the time of this application) nor afterwards, as far as we can learn, sunk into so unhappy a condition. A short time previous to the termination of his existence, he had been making more money than even with his sanguine disposition he had expected a literary career would furnish. His last letter to his friends was one of self-felicitation; nor does there seem any reason to believe that the resources of which he had profited were closed to him when he took his fatal resolution.

Walpole, however, was not generous to men of letters. He had no opinion of them except as ministers to his amusement—manufacturers of pleasure, who sold the product of their talents dear, if they could get the money,—cheap, if they could not; and he never felt any scruple at driving a somewhat close bargain with them: indeed, he was too luxurious to be generous; or his generosity, if generosity he had, was only shown to Marshal Conway, (at least we hear of no other instances of it,) and this was a generosity of private friendship—the generosity of *a gentleman* to a *gentleman*.

The publication that has just made its appearance paints our author in his youth. As an aristocratic picture, he is still more perfect and interesting in his age. There he is, in his embroidered dressing-gown,—his table drawn near the window that looks upon the Thames;—we see his one cup of morning tea served in the most exquisite Sêvre;—we assist (to use a French expression) at his dinner of chicken and iced water, in the chamber filled with flowers and exhaling perfumes;—and we listen to the monastic stories which the swinging frankincense inspired. Could anything be more perfect in its kind than the learned leisure in which our noble author dallied with antiquarianism, and fondled over his beautiful spaniel and his cheap pictures?

The gay and lively chronicler of past times—and not without power, that cost him no exertion, over those times that *were passing*; enjoying all the advantages of a literary reputation without its *ennui*; culling the bloom and flower of politics without either the wearisomeness or anxiety attendant upon the pursuit; the pet of two youthful beauties, from complimenting whom he turned to point an epigram on the beauties of his youth; preparing his fame at the same time that he was nursing and renewing his pleasures;—and all this in the fairy castle he had created, and of which every toy was a token of "TASTE"—his idol;—this old man, with a three-cornered hat, departed life amidst the birth of a new dress and new ideas, having, in his latter days, but one chagrin—for he was too much of a *gentleman* to relish the being made a *lord!*

SONG.

OH! she is false! and yet she knew
How much I did believe her;
And nothing now but Heaven is true,
Since she has turn'd deceiver!

If Nature can a lie create,
With virtue gild the vicious,
Give looks we love to things we hate,
Make poison'd cups delicious;—

If woman's heart can know deceit,
Where Pity should live weeping,
Farewell to Love, that idle cheat,
And life, not worth the keeping!

W.

AN ESSAY ON BREAKFASTS.

"Quanto satius esset quærere bonorum initia quam fines."—Erasmi Colloquia Hedonius et Spudæus.
How much better to treat of breakfasts than of suppers.

I CONFESS, with a certain complacency, that I am not one of your matutinal gourmands; on the contrary, I hold that the man who is in the habit of eating what is popularly termed a hearty breakfast is an uncivilised barbarian. So premature an appetite is an inexcusable sign of the most Gothic of all things—health. The more civilized we are, the more delicate. In savage countries, breakfast is a feast. What gluttony, for instance, can compare with a breakfast in Scotland? A great deal might be said about the philosophy of breakfast. What tales a muffin could tell, if we did not eat it! The adventures of a crumpet would be better worth hearing than the "Adventures of a Guinea." Of all meals, breakfast is treated most like a friend of the family, for how many hours do we keep it waiting! With what indifference do we treat it! We could not behave cooler to it, if it were the person we loved best in the world! We bestow on it none of the eagerness—the rapture—the silent, yet luxuriating delight, with which we greet its great successor, the dinner. We testify towards it none of the homely, cordial, quiet affection with which those who drink tea (alas! I never do) yearn towards that old-fashioned and cheerful regale. But then we are more at home in its company; we receive it in our dressing-gown and slippers; loll over it with a book; muse in its company upon the state of our finances, or the business of the day; suffer it to survey us in our solitude; "and to know us (what other meal doth this?) exactly for what we are." How connected is it with our studies—how woven with our amusements; it is the nurse of a myriad essays; it is worthy of an essay itself, and it shall have one.

I am fond of divisions in a subject, especially a subject like the present, important to mankind; it has the air of a logical frame of intellect. I shall divide what I have to say into two heads. I shall consider first, Breakfast in Town; and secondly, Breakfast in the Country.

To your London breakfast there is not, unoften, a disagreeable appanage, in the shape of sundry square pieces of paper, ill folded, with printed flourishes at the top and (commonly enough) an uncouth, yet pretentious vignette in the corner. Two or three specimens of this vulgar tribe of *mauvaises plaisanteries* are not unwontedly seen invading the snowy surface of your table. These documents,—

> "Messengers
> Which feelingly persuade us what we are,"—

have the power of casting a certain sombre complexion over our thoughts for the rest of the day. Nothing in the world is more productive of hypochondria than the aspect of a bill—*Odi et arceo—favete linguis.* "Somewhat too much of this:" the grievance too is hacknied, you say. I allow that; but then there is nothing very original in the subject which permits me to allude to it. A London breakfast "has a strong dash of commonplace in it." Another evil——but instead of going

... step through a damnable iteration of complaint, perhaps it may be better to club the leading disagreeables into a picture. Let ... figure to ourselves the hour of half-past nine—an ordinary hou... prehend, for the ordinary herd of fast-breakers. And first, reader, ... intend you to be of the sterner and more miserable sex,)—first w... describe you. You come down in your dressing gown and slippers. You recollect, as you walk down stairs, that there has been an interesting debate in the Lords last night. Accordingly, on entering the breakfast-room, you look eagerly round for your newspaper. No sign of it. (Mem. four of the said ill-favoured square pieces of paper in the place where the newspaper is usually deposited.) You then recollect that your newsman, in spite of your threats and remonstrances, has not, for the last three days, brought your paper till eleven o'clock, exactly that time of the day when you least want it. (N.B. Fidgetty and impatient for an hour and a half, and then the wrong paper!) While you are poking out your fire, which won't burn up, the postman's knock is heard; two letters requiring long answers by return of post. You nerve yourself to the task: nay, you have begun your answer to the first epistle. Enter your servant. The butcher you have discharged comes to be paid a bill.* You believe you have paid him *before*. Not finding his receipt, you have twice told him to call again. Painful impression, that you cannot make a similar request the third time Letter suspended. You institute a hunt in your escrutoire, your desk, your table-drawers, your letter-box, and the various pockets of three coats, four waistcoats, and five pair of trowsers—receipt vanished. Bill paid in a rage, which rage is exercised on a new servant, who, not knowing "your temper," gives you warning. Your humour is now marred for the rest of the day; but you think a walk may do you good. Nothing can seem more inviting than the day; not a cloud to be seen; you hurry out, and are caught in a hail-storm. So runs the world away, till you wake the next morning to care and to breakfast again!

This is a misanthropical view of breakfasts: I confess it. Let us turn to a brighter prospect. You are in the country—you look out upon green fields—you wake refreshed and vigorous—you saunter into your garden—and feel your own life in the living world around you—I know an old gentleman who has established an absolute friendship with his flowers; he gives them pet names; examines them tenderly every morning, and, during the cheerfulness of the early summer, you cannot help fancying that those bright and happy-looking things seem sensible of his care. "See," said he once, "how they smile at me as I approach." It was impossible to deny the assertion. I question if men would ever smile if they had never seen the face of Nature—it is an expression that we catch from her.

I love to read of the matutinal habits of great men, especially of those who live in the country and are early risers. I like to know what a fine mind does with itself after a return to this world from the haunted palaces of dreams. For my part, I never consider dreams as things not to be remembered. I look at them as the mirrors of such thoughts as lie half-shaped and embryo in the mind—thoughts that we should not recognize as our own but for those spectral reflections. Often are we dimly unaware how certain prepossessions are seizing and advancing on our minds, till we are startled to find them tyrannizing over our sleep. I first knew that I

loved that person in the world I have loved most by seeing her for ever in my dreams. I first knew that I hated that person against whom, for three years afterwards, I burnt with an unquenchable revenge, by dreaming, night after night, that I was engaged with him in mortal conflict. Ah! from what guilty thoughts and evil passions might we save ourselves in the day did we more seriously acknowledge the monitors of the night. But as we grow older—if we are in the habit of cultivating any ideal pursuit or train of contemplation—we learn more closely to regard the shadowy strangers of the Ebon or the Ivory Gate. And therefore it is that I have a curious interest in learning how imaginative men, of a certain age, pass the first hours of waking. I like to hear of Scott dashing, at sunrise, through the dripping woods, upon his shagged pony. I like to read of Rousseau, in his old age, loitering, at early day, by the lake that nourished his immortal "Reveries." I picture to myself the wild, yet tranquil, and half-developed images that flitted athwart the mind of Goethe, as he paused for long minutes by some flower, yet wet with the early dews. The beings of the mind are more chastened and spiritualized while fresh from the bath of dreams and ere the low cares and petty troubles of the day begin. But we are in the garden—return we home. The lattice, reaching to the grass, is open—your light repast prepared—your favourite book beside you—your dog at your feet—the projects of the day lie like a map before you. Every thing, in a country life, is calm and certain; and if you are worthy of that life, your own thoughts can preserve you from monotony.

The author should not live in towns; in them his soul does not sufficiently feel its own majesty; those images which delight others he pours forth on paper, without sufficiently enjoying and brooding over them himself. He knows but the fever of composition; not the calm voluptuousness of the contemplation that led to it.

And yet it is in cities that most of us are condemned to live and to struggle on. Happy is he who can be the spectator of the human passions of life!—but who can claim to himself that lofty exemption from the motives and errors of his kind? "Men should know," said Bacon, in his high rebuke of the Samian, for the arrogance of such a boast,—"Men should know that in the theatre of human actions, it is only for God and angels to be spectators!"

"And here," said I—(gazing around the little chamber in which a certain great man, a reasoner and a moralist, now no more, was accustomed to compose his lucubrations),—"Here then he wrote those works which the future age will appreciate." The room was dark, gloomy, confined; it looked only upon dead walls; it was in the heart of a metropolis. As for the *avium cantus* (the song of the birds), two dull, tame sparrows were quarrelling for a straw in the dingy court below. As for the *cithara* (or the classic melody), you heard, at a distance, the whirr of the knife-grinder's wheel: or, at best, a broken drone from a most joyless hurdy-gurdy. "And he wrote, you say, of a morning?" "Yes, sir, upon that table; the breakfast things were never removed till two o'clock, but he rose at eight." The hurdy-gurdy—the two sparrows—the dead wall—the knife-grinder's wheel!—What an association! I never turn to the pages of the philosopher but what I fancy I see all these accompaniments of his inspiration! I imagine I detect the cause both of a certain coarse and material complexion, and of a depreciating and gloomy esti-

mate of men's future prospects, which characterize his genius. He had published nothing before he lived in that house looking upon the dead wall. The influence of the dead wall is to be detected in every view the philosopher takes of the destinies of mankind. He bounds with a dead wall their dim futurity!

But, some years since, I was visiting the retreat of one of our country's poets, and my guide, taking me into his morning room, bade me remark how still it was, and how remote from all noise or intrusion; it was separated from the rest of the house. Trees of venerable size overshadowed the green turf upon which the casement opened; but through their interstices you caught glimpses of the lake that flowed below; and there you saw the squirrel, half tamed, beneath the nearest tree; and aloft, with its peculiar rushingness of wing, you heard the flight of the scarce-seen ring-dove. There was quiet around; but not the quiet of dulness—not the quiet of a dead wall, and the dreary dinginess of a back yard.

"And at what time, ma'am, did he mostly write?"

"Chiefly at or after breakfast,—for about three hours,—and the breakfast things were never disturbed till he had finished, and gone out (which he generally did about noon); for he used to stop every now and then, and feed the birds with the crumbs."

You see what a confidant and familiar friend a man makes of the subject of my essay! And the lawn and the high trees, and the squirrel and the ring-dove, and the gentle charity to the birds—these are my associations when I open the pages of the poet; but amongst the associations of both poet and sage—(of the man of towns and the man of rural life)—belong also and equally the time and appliances of—breakfast!

But turning from the more intellectual view of the "gentleman usher of the day," what racy scenes in our various novelists have not been painted in connexion with this initiatory meal. What think you of the breakfasts of Fielding and Smollett? How vividly you see before you the small inn and the round table—and Parson Adams with the loaf in one hand, and no idle blade in the other—or the easy swagger of Tom Jones, as he rises from the board, and prepares you for an adventure before noon—or the long face of Strap, who perhaps hath forgotten that breakfasts must be paid for, and whose Caledonian nature hateth much the aspect of "the bill." And Scott, too—with what breakfasts has he loaded the table of imagination! What heroes are his when they come to a venison pasty! I beg the reader to recollect how the young Quentin Durward, in the fourth chapter of that delectable romance called from its name, breaketh his fast in the ambiguous presence of *Maitre Pierre.* With what an appetite hath the fictionist gifted the healthful savage in order that he may *flesh* his valour heroically on the PATE DE PERIGORD, "whose vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised like the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city"—from whose battered muniments the victorious beleaguer carries his ivory army, to the softer conquests of the "delicate ragout," and "the ham which had once supported a noble wild boar in the neighbouring wood of *Montrichet*—then the white bread, too, made into little round loaves called *boules*—and, lastly, the flask of leather called *bottrine*, which contained about a quart of exquisite *vin de Beaulme.*" And then, as the Scotchman eats and eats—verily, *edax rerum*—observe the scene; the large room, the faggot blazing on the

hearth, the sturdy and intent adventurer plying his pleasing task, and dark brow half relaxed, and the bitter lip half in smile, and the chilling eye half complacent—of the formidable *Maitre Pierre!* I think, howbeit, that after such a breakfast,—termed by the author himself "an enormous meal,"—it would have been more skilful and discreet to have deferred to a more convenient opportunity the event of the hero's first falling in love! The reader will recollect that the worthy Quentin was just fresh from his desperate achievement at the walls of the pasty, when the door opens, and—the heroine appears! Now, I humbly opine that the heart would be more free and more exposed to the boy-god's shaft, if it had not been neighboured and guarded by so recent a garrison from the walls of the venison pasty. But let it pass—the "Almanach des Gourmands" holds a different doctrine, and deposeth seriously that Eros, (or Anteros, perchance,) never kindles his torch so brightly as when he illumines his wick at the kitchen fire.

And then, too, *à propos* of my subject, who hath forgotten the Tower of Tillietudlem, and the ever-memorable breakfast of which his Most Sacred Majesty, Charles II., did there partake? Ah! cold—cold the hand that gifted us with such merry, as with such graver, memories! But Quiet is the elixir of life—joy then to the dead!

The skein of my lucubration grows long. Wind we it up at once, that it may lie at least compact in this receptacle of odds and ends.

"And how, Sir, do you yourself pass the morning hours? Are you of the town or country? Do you look out on dead walls or green fields?' Tarriest thou with thy morning friend till noon, loitering over some beloved book, or pleasing thyself with yet more indolent meditation? or art thou quick, precise, and wont to gird thyself at once to the toils and business of the day?"

Alas! dear reader, I am but a weed upon the stream—no fixed spot—no settled life in the cool shade, or the sunny margin of the world's great waters, is mine;—I am borne on, now resting long hours in some cranny or brake that thwarts the shoreward current—now whirled with the noisy eddies into the midmost tide. I *have no habits*, but passively do I yield myself to the ever-varying courses of events! Here are we to-day and gone to-morrow. Why should we form habits—why lay down laws that cannot bind us? Day certifies to night—but neither of day nor of night can we certify to ourselves. Change snatches us from our resolves—a moment can scatter to the winds our firmest plans—customs may be our masters, they cannot be our slaves. Why should we form habits?

A FEW SPECIMENS OF AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

Among those literary enterprises which youth commenced, but which the nature of the unquiet time forbids to maturer years the [illegible] of completion, was a Translation from Horace, upon principles somewhat different from those on which former translations have been attempted. The classical reader will perceive that the author of the following specimens of a new translation of Horace has not endeavoured to imitate the metres of the Roman poet, but to catch that Roman spirit to which the Gallic frigidities, usually termed classical, are so obstinately opposed. If the spirit of the original be in any way caught, so the reader will also find that the sense is, for the most part, very literally adhered to. The translator has selected for the sample he offers to the reader, not those Odes which he has best executed, but which are usually considered the most difficult, nay, almost impossible, faithfully to translate. The greater the task, the greater, he trusts, will be the indulgence accorded to the attempt.

Book I.—Ode V.

To Pyrrha.

On many a rose reclined,
All odour-bathed, in some cave's grateful lair,—
Say for what slender youth shall Pyrrha bind,
Simple in simplest garb, her amber hair?

How oft the broken vow,
And the changed Gods, the credulous dupe shall weep,
As o'er thy mind's smooth calm, so halcyon now,
Wond'ring he views the dark winds, roughening, sweep!

He now thy golden charms
Enjoys, and hopes thee aye as prompt to please;
Nor dreams, unconscious lapped within thine arms,
Of all that waits him in the faithless breeze.

Ah! hapless they for whom
Thou glow'st—untried, as yet, thy treacherous love;
But *I* am one escaped the watery tomb,
And hang my robes the Sea-God's shrine above! *

* They who escaped shipwreck dedicated to Neptune the garb in which they had reached the shore.

Book I.—Ode IX.

To Thaliarchus.

Behold how, on the lofty brow
Of lone Soracte, stands the lustrous snow!
Ill bears its load the labouring wood,
And creeps the sharp ice through the halting flood.
Dissolve the cold!—the hearth shall smile,
Heaped—largely heaped—with many a blazing pile!
Come, Thaliarchus, bid the wine,
Some four years old, in Sabine goblets shine!
Leave to the Gods the rest, who still
Loud winds with waters battling, at their will;
So that at last no angrier breeze
Stirs the wild ash, or waves the cypress-trees.
The future of the morrow shun,
But count true gain with each revolving sun,
Nor spurn, till age green joy
Makes chill—soft love, or choral dance, fair boy!
Thee shall blithe sports please now,
And blandest whispers, nightly murmured low;
And the glad laugh from coyish maid
Hid in some nook, (that laugh the nook betray'd;)
And Love's dear pledge—the armlet band,
Or ring, hard won from dear, reluctant hand!

Book I.—Ode XXXVIII.

With the Persian pomp away.—
Away with your costly wreath, boy;
Nor seek for the spot, I pray,
Where the lingering roses breathe, boy.

If thou wouldst please me, see
That the myrtle-bough be mine, boy;
The myrtle-bough suits thyself—and me
Drinking under the arching vine, boy.

Book III.—Ode XXI.

To his Wine Cask.

On mine own natal day,
(When Manlius held the sway,)
Thou, too, receiv'dst a soul, O pious Cask!

Or if to jest or sadness,
Or love's delicious madness,
Or to quarrel thou wouldst stir us,
Or in pleasant sleep inter us,—
Corvinus bids thee!—Come, awake thee to thy task!
No matter what thy date,
Thou art worthy of thy fate,
And a merry day is thine
To shed the slow and languid blood of thy old friend, the Wine!

Corvinus, fond of preachings
From the old Socratic teachings,
Is not so rugged as on thee to frown.
What! are we, too, not told
How the rigid worth of old
Cato himself, at rosy wine,
My cask, like thine,
Would ofttimes mellow down!
Thou, with thy gentle force,
From its hard and crabbed course
Canst draw to thy dear will the crabbed mind;
Grave Wisdom's troubles stealing,
And the closest thoughts revealing,
At the beck of thy joyous God, whose name is "To unbind."*

Bringer of strength thou art,
And of hope to the anxious heart;—
Thou givest Want itself the bold brow of a God;—
And the poorest learn from thee
Unquailingly to see
The soldier's glistening arms—the monarch's boding nod!
Thee, Bacchus,—and, between us,
We won't object to Venus,—
Shall welcome in, with the entwining Graces.
So honour we the Wine
While the living lamps shall shine,
Till through the air the fading stars the merry Day-God chases!

* Lyæus, from λυειν.

WATERING PLACES.

"Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ!"
CLAUD.

And now arrives that agreeable period of the year, when bandboxes and trunks are once more in request; when married couples remove the drag chains from themselves to their britskas; when nursery-maids and pointers, and children and double-barrelled guns are packed up, and shifted about, for the purposes of benevolent enjoyment; when there is an extraordinary demand for cases of gunpowder and cigars; when all the extra copies of the old new novels are transferred from the counters of London to those of Cheltenham and Brighton; and when the chief question in every itinerant household is—"Well, *what* watering-place *shall* we decide on?"

For me, who was always of a migratory and rambling turn—these gentle Baiæ of England were wont in former days to possess no petty attraction. I have visited nearly every one of them, "non cultor parcus nec infrequens"—I have played at whist in the steam-vessel to Margate, and roamed, draught-book in hand, a solitary pedestrian, by the banks of Winandermere and Westdale.

I love, now that my watering-place days are nearly over, to recall my recollections of them. And the first of August, 1833, reminds me of all those former Augusts which shone down upon my youthful excursions in search of pleasure or adventure. And thou, oh great Leviathan of the deep!—thou that spreadest thyself from east to west along the cliffs of Sussex—thou, oh dissipated and unromantic Brighton!—thou shalt receive the immortalizing mention. Does there live any man, from the age of twenty to sixty, English-born, and possessing the animal means to transfer himself from spot to spot—the wishing-cap of wealth—who hath not already visited "the windy Eden of the Sussex wave?" I envy him the eager eye and the animated pulse with which he will enter that town which the antiquarians of guide-books assure us derives its name from Brighthelm, the Saxon bishop! What noise! what bustle! what life! what gladness! The spires and domes of the Pagoda (cheap temple consecrated to Moria, the goddess of Folly) seem to say to him—"Forget to be fastidious—abandon thyself to thy whims, no matter how expensive—laugh at the dull lessons of economy—scatter about thy guineas and be merry." The great characteristic of Brighton is this:—for the first two or three days every thing seems to you inordinately cheerful and prodigiously excited—the promenades are so full—the people are so well dressed—horses, and flies, and donkeys, and dandies, crowd successively upon you in the riot of exuberant existence. You imagine that Englishmen have ceased to be English—you believe them to be positively gay; but before a week has waned, the delusion falls from your eyes, you perceive that the gaiety is a business and the pleasure a ceremony; the same faces, and the same horses, and the same flies, and the same donkeys—at the same hour and the same places, impress you at length with one melancholy sentiment of sameness. As those who were snatched into faëry land were enraptured at first with the gaiety, and saddened at last with the monotony, of the Brownie's life, you find that the English

hilarity will not bear a continued inspection, and that what at to you a smile is in reality a yawn.

> "Subdola *dum* ridet placidi pellacia ponti."

N.B.—Brighton is a very tolerable flirting place, but a very bad marrying one—the number of damsels distracts you, the number of engagements occupy. The idle and the solitary only fall in love; and dandies have a wonderful intuition into the tactics of dowagers.

Away from the shores of St. Brighthelm, through the "genteel" desolation of Worthing,—swarming with children, and breathing of asses' milk,—through the rocky insipidities of Bognor, "a tranquil situation," saith the eulogist, "replete with every convenience and comfort," but melancholy as

> "A party in a parlour
> All silent and all damn'd!"—

away through Little Hampton, boasting a coach from London three times a-week—with its inn on a sand-bank, and its houses in a row; sweet spots for those families "who seek seclusion," and intend, by a "change of air," to signify only "a change of dulness." We find ourselves—heaven knows how, for our tour is irregular and capricious—at Eastbourne. I remember well spending sundry weeks in that serene retirement. You may get some good rabbit-shooting in the neighbourhood; you may read some very old novels; you may visit some very old castles; and you may play at billiards with the marker *ad libitum.* But, I confess, that my chief amusement in this "delightful village" was in watching the honey-moon of a young couple who had married for love, and who came down to Eastbourne to yawn themselves into a belief of their happiness. Being a mere boy myself at the time, with my head full of rhymes and raptures, the contemplation of these young persons was to me a very interesting study. The gentleman was a handsome younger son—high-spirited, gay, good-natured, extravagant; the lady small, flaxen-haired, and pretty, with a fortune of some 20,000*l.* They used to drive every evening in a pony chaise. They looked wonderfully happy for the first week; at the end of that time the bridegroom appeared somewhat regularly at the billiard-table; he shortly afterwards suggested to me the advantages of rabbit-shooting. The lady sent for all the new novels. They have since retired to the country, and are, I believe, exceedingly happy. But, somehow or other, the contemplation of the honey-moon destroyed a vast number of illusions in my young brain, and I never afterwards caught myself repeating with Byron,

> "Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister."

I have very little confidence in such administration!

A very different object of reflection was a short time afterwards suggested to me at Hastings—a pleasant and a passing hot watering-place, wherein at that time Mrs. C—— drove about in a new, hot-looking chariot of yellow, with new, hot-looking liveries—a sort of representative ambassadress from the Dogdays. There, too, the handsome and whiskered Captain B—— was wont to walk, matutinely, knee-deep into the sea (with sixteen dogs of all sizes), attired in a sailor's dress—possibly he was benevolently ambitious to cool the impression produced by the

liveries and the solar chariot of Mrs. C——. In the published description of Hastings occurs the following virtuous passage:—"One circumstance must, above all others, render Hastings dear to those who have a regard for morality, viz. Vice has not yet erected her standard here. The society at Hastings is gay without profligacy, and enjoys life without mixing in its debaucheries." It was after improving myself with the exemplary spirit of this comment, that I went to call upon an old friend of mine, who had just married a lady who had been divorced for his sake!

I know of nothing more melancholy than was the situation of these two persons: a more noble, generous, high-minded being than the man—a more brilliant creature than the lady, I never met. They had been early betrothed to each other, and separated by the old curse of parental authority. The lady had married a man of coarse habits and large fortune; the gentleman had lived abroad for several years,—at his return they met; and, in short, they were now married. He idolized the very ground she walked on; their sin, their sacrifices, had bound them indissolubly to each other. Never did knight or troubadour, even in poetry, testify to mortal woman so chivalric, so tender a respect. He sought, by his own veneration rather than love, to make her forget the contempt of others: and she, poor lady, *did* forget that and all things, save the blight to his prospects and the obstacles she had heaped athwart his career,—these were exactly the thoughts which never occurred to *him*. Alas! their mutual generosity was their common punishment, and a bitter one it was; they never went out save at the dusk of evening, and then they sought the obscurest walks. In one of these melancholy promenades I was their companion. We suddenly met ——'s brother, with his wife and daughter on either arm; the sister-in-law had been once the intimate friend of the adulteress;—the happier brother paused for one moment; even by the twilight you saw the flush mount to his face,—then, instinctively glancing towards his young daughter, he passed on with a proud but quickened step; the relatives, the friends, were strangers evermore.

An abrupt, a long pause took place in our conversation. The poor lady was the first to break it; she affected an unusual cheerfulness, and talked fast and gaily with the animation of old days. The pride of the husband gave way; he stopped short, looked hard in his wife's face, pressed her hand to his heart, and then, despite his manhood, despite my presence, burst passionately into tears. Alas! poor ——! he died shortly afterwards, and she did not survive him three months. Amidst all her misfortunes it, at least, was not her sentence to be left alone in a scornful world. What beacons are kindled from barren and broken hearts! the recollection of that night saved me in after-years from that concession to passion which had proved *their* curse. And if, oh! never-forgotten Julia! we have passed—saved—but not unscathed, from the most perilous trial in the life of either, we are preserved by the crime, we have escaped by the punishment, of others!

"What will you please to take, Sir, brandy and water—bottled porter, Sir?—very famous indeed; the Hero is noted for its brown stout. Yes, Ma'am—a stool for the lady there. Come, my love, down to the cabin.—Where are the sandwiches, Ma'.—Dear me, there's Greenwich

Hospital.—Steward, I say, steward.—Yes, Sir.—What time shall we get to Margate?"

We are on board the steam-vessel—we are at Margate; of all places of amusement in England none are like unto Margate. Here the commercial character loses its characteristics—the trader no longer thinks of pence and shillings—he gives himself up lavishly to the good things of life—he calleth for hock with a lusty voice—he inquireth tenderly touching the John Dories, and, in his soul, he damneth the cost. There too all are equals; the absence of the chilling sneer of the great allows the young apprentice to relax from his stiffness, and to assume the man of *ton* without the dread of being likened to the original. Sea baths in the morning prepare the appetite for shrimps and eggs; from shrimps and eggs thou passest to billiards, to pony-back, or to the reading-rooms. Then, too, to each of the baths, that, bright and newly painted, stretch seaward in a glistening row, is its own pianoforte!—some damsel gratuitously musical wakens its dulcet notes: and such pretty gay-dressed lasses escaped from Aldgate, or from the long street of Oxford, glance, giggle, laugh and coquet around, that if thou art amorous thou mayest find here the English Cadiz. Many a Jewish dark eye looks arch at thee under its flowery and feathered bonnet, for Jewesses abound at Margate. The tribes of Solomon and Levi pour forth in abundance down the sultry streets. Here, if thy name be one of gentle note, sink it, and become a Hobson or a Smith; affect no superiority; flirt and dance and laugh thy fill, and never wilt thou find thy time less heavily employed. Here what motley affluence of character, what vast miscellany of humours, greet thy observing but quiet gaze! Here mayest thou find materials, ay, and adventure too, for fifty novels and five hundred plays! Whose vein shall the critics justly declare to be exhausted while Margate opens her arms to all the varieties of the most variegated classes? And beautiful is it to the philanthropist, as well as to the gallant or the observer, to behold trade thus throwing off its cares, and the reserve of the mercantile respectability blowing merrily about in the gay breezes of the pier. Some of my school-days were spent in the neighbourhood of this Omphalon Gaiæ; and well do I remember the portly president of its pleasures, that most important of all important personages—the Master of the Ceremonies! He was a character. In those good old times, ere the feudal government began to cede to the federal, Margate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate, the triple Geryon of the coast, were united under one lordly sway; *now* each community claimeth its own separate master of the ceremonies—the union of the three kingdoms has been repealed. Thou, O illustrious C——! wert then supreme—defender of the faith, from the Margate assembly-room of Cecil Square to the Broadstairs library of Nuckell, and the Ramsgate ball-room of the Albion hotel! Captain C—— was a character! he valued himself on being the living picture of George IV. Fair was he in complexion—comely in stomach—taper of leg; and his bow,—it was George the Fourth's to a hair! It is said that when the good monarch visited those regions you could not tell Captain C—— from the King—alike the dignity—alike the condescension. The visiters of Margate were prodigiously proud of the resemblance.—"Have you seen our Mr. C.?" was the common inquiry to strangers; "a perfect gentleman—the very moral of his Majesty!"

Broadstairs is the exclusive circle of Thanet—stiffly cheerful, and superciliously gay are its habitants; much do they value themselves on being thoroughly *genteel;* great is their horror of Margate—great their veneration for the aristocratic tenants of the ten guineas per week lodging-houses. No changeful and evanescent visiters are they: yearly come down the spinster and dowager *habitués*—intimate are they at the library—sedately settled in their pursuits—fond are they of whist, and moderate are the stakes thereat. Nor is there in the wide world a more charming place for those who think it vulgar to be merry.

Ramsgate is the golden medium between the two; it shuns the exuberant mirth of Margate and the sobered monotony of Broadstairs. As at Broadstairs you are asked to tea, so at Ramsgate you are asked to dinner.

But the carriage waits. Strike we across the country—never mind how much we go out of our way; post-horses travel fast and cheaply—upon paper.

Southampton rises, white and elegant, before us. If you are fond of yachting, "now's the time and now's the hour." There may you take sail to Guernsey, or Jersey, or the—— Isle of Wight!—In fact, Southampton is a delightful sea-town, save that your windows will not look upon the sea; the rides are beautiful; and what must be remarkably interesting to the intellectual pilgrim, we are informed by the Guide Book, *that the house which is now Mr. Lewin's once belonged to Miss Minifie, the authoress.*—Miss Minifie! what were her works—what her literary triumphs—by what ties of immortal association is her virgin name connected with the literary glories of Southampton? Who will ever desire fame when Miss Minifie's works suggest this interrogatory? Alas! how many melancholy morals do the great names of a watering-place suggest! —Of course you will ride to Lymington, through forest scenes which no part of England will excel; and perhaps if you meditate a book, or it may be self-destruction, you may settle for the summer in the beautiful dulness of Muddiford. Its cliffs abound in petrifactions, and after a short residence there you will probably be a petrifaction yourself. The season wanes—we will reject the charms of Cromer and of Yarmouth. If you enter Norfolk, for heaven's sake contemplate no amusement but that of shooting. Two years ago, in visiting Cromer, I asked for the last newspaper, the month was October, and the newspaper they brought me was for the 10th of July. But Fellbrig, the family seat of the Windhams, is in the neighbourhood, and is the *beau ideal* of the residence of an English squire.

Well do I remember returning from Edinburgh by the steam-vessel;—"sick unto death and like unto one appointed to die," I was put on shore at Scarborough. I was deposited at "a small but highly respectable" inn. Scarce, by dint of soda water and sleep, had I recovered from the effects of the voyage, before I was informed, by a most savoury odour, that dinner was preparing: it must be five o'clock, thought I. Nay, it was half-past two. There was but one dinner for all the guests; they kept a *table d'hôte*, and discouraged the unsocial habits of the fastidious. You had—(Sir, are you fond of the table?)—you had five hearty meals a day at this inn, and a bed-room, all to yourself, for the sum of 3*s.* per diem! and by the shade of Polypheme, whose stomach was his god, you had enow for your money. I ascended through all the grades of hotel rank, from the

inn at 3*s*. per diem, to the inn at 4*s*., to the inn at 5*s*. 6*d*., where there was located a jolly widow, who, the oldest guest at the table informed me, with a meaning air, had 6000*l*. at her own disposal, till I rose to the most elevated hostel or boarding-house, and became one of the exclusive set by the payment of, I think, no less a sum daily than 10*s*. But, alas! these recollections are of by-gone years—by this time all may be changed! It was amusing to see how invariably in each location the hours of feasting were postponed in proportion to the increase of payment—a languid appetite and a full purse are ever concomitants; and yet, in truth, each place had its five meals, and exuberant meals they were:—the great characteristic pleasure of Scarborough was, in one word,—eating! they eat away the morning—they eat away the noon—they eat away the twilight,—and they eat away the drowsy hour that precedeth rest. Time was measured—occupations meted out from breakfast to lunch—from lunch to dinner—from dinner to tea—from tea to supper; each meal lasted its two hours; and ten hours subtracted from the twelve leave but little time heavy on your hands.

Doubtless the place abounds with attractions, but one has no leisure to attend to them. Who could ride to Castle Howard? even to Hackness? nay who could move a hundred paces from the town between the interstices of meals? Scarcely do you escape from breakfast but you are arrested by the summons to luncheon. It is fortunate that Harrowgate is in the neighbourhood; you get the gout at the one place, but you cure it at the other.

We return by Buxton: the site of which being the ugliest spot in a beautiful country has, of course, been selected to build a place of amusement upon. Send a foreigner into these regions. The Peak of Derbyshire is one of the noblest features England possesses. Vaults, caves, cataracts, rocks, are all wonderfully adapted to excite your admiration, and to afflict you with rheumatism. Once visit the Peak, and I warrant, you will never forget it as long as you live!

Leisurely rolls on our carriage, and now we are at Matlock. Take it all in all, this is the most beautiful watering-place perhaps in England. The ruggedness of the cliffs, clothed with the richest verdure,—the dark Derwent flowing below,—the quiet and solitude of the place itself,—the beauty of the neighbouring country,—the variety of the wild flowers that reward the botanist,—make the place a paradise to those who can bear to live alone. For here there are no amusements, except those you create for yourself: Nature is your master of the ceremonies. There is a small fountain with a willow bending over it at the foot of the beautiful walks leading to the heights of Abraham, which is a perfect model in its way; and if you like a high situation, you will find a charming Tower, belonging to Mr. Gilbert, to be let in the midst of the grounds, half way up the ascent, backed by copses of thick firs, and commanding a rich prospect of the vale below. But, above all, go and see Haddon; it is the only house extant which has been left just as it was in Henry VIII.'s time. It is small, compared with our notions of Gothic grandeur; the hall is rude and mean, and there is only one room possessing claims to architectural graces. But its melancholy and naked simplicity is its chief merit; the uneven stones in the court-yard,—the dark den where the porter slept,—the worn wood of the heavy gate, all impress you far more powerfully with that senti-

ment which belongs to the antique, than the more ornate and florid castles of greater pretension in size and proportions. From the dim chambers of Haddon Mrs. Ratcliffe is supposed to have borrowed some of her descriptions in the "Mysteries of Udolpho;" but the author has given a stately vastness to her creation which Haddon never possessed.

Pardon, O pleasant Bath, with thy rooms, and thy card-parties, thy scandal, and thy small talk;—thy Milsom-street, reminding us of former glories;—thy pump-room, classic with the recollections of Beau Nash and of Bolingbroke, of Chesterfield, of Queen Charlotte, of Roderic Random, and hereafter, perchance, of Paul Clifford, and Long Ned;—pardon, if I do not pause sufficiently to do homage to thee. Thou art not belonging to this season of the year. Winter is thy summer, and summer is the "winter of thy discontent." Pardon, O Cheltenham, —hot, dry, and whist-playing,—pardon a similar omission. And thou, O Malvern Wells, half brother in likeness and aspect unto Matlock,—what need I say of thee, save that thou hast two boarding-houses and art surrounded by an amplitude of trees? But Leamington; stay—we will halt at Leamington. For what recollections of Guy, Earl of Warwick, and the Dun Cow,—of Kenilworth, and the false Leicester, and the high-nerved Queen,—are connected with the lions of its neighbourhood! And then, too, people are expected, according to the guide-books, to make excursions to the Leasowes, and mourn over Shenstone, or to Stratford-upon-Avon, and persuade themselves that they know Shakspeare by heart And Leamington itself!—social—pleasant Leamington!—with a gallery of pictures, beautifully framed, and an excellent market of eggs and butter!—no place better favours a *grande passion;* the rides, the walks, all foster sentiment, and ripen into one focus the levities of miscellaneous flirtation. And here, too, reigns the spirit of the departed Elliston. Here was his theatre:—here did he hope, like a second Alexander, to found a second dramatic capital;—here "the ingenious Mr. Pratt" wrote ingeniously bad books; —and here the Great Room values itself upon the splendour of its chandeliers.

On—on;—or we shall lose the autumn. On to Dorsetshire and to Weymouth! To my mind Weymouth is haunted ground: what novels, redolent of Minerva, (the Minerva Press,) have consecrated the ground! Was there not once written "A Summer at Weymouth, or the Star of Fashion?"—a brilliant precursor of the "Almacks" and "Granby" schools! Does not the Esplanade remind you of it? Did not Ralph Allen, too,—the Allworthy of Fielding,—first recommend the fair borough to watering-place notoriety? Was not the first machine that ever startled the Weymouth sea nymphs dedicated to his use? And what pleasure in these places, rife with the glory of our grandsires, does it not impart to us to read the laws yet regulating the ball-room? How charmed are we to find in these reservoirs of ancestral civilization, that "on Tuesday and Friday Evenings, ladies must not appear in the assembly-room in *riding habits*,—that gentlemen will please to leave their swords at the door,—and that no dogs on any account be admitted!"

Alas! the Star of Fashion is set! Gone is the influence of the Minerva Press; we can never make Weymouth what it was; its interest is of the past, not the present—it is a Rome—it is a Babylon—it is a Palmyra.

And now we are in Devonshire, which returns to Parliament Lord Ebrington and Lord John Russell. Out on the political vulgarism of the time that makes us think of such trifles! Does not Devonshire contain Sidmouth, and Teignmouth, and Exmouth, and ever so many mouths besides? What historical recollections embalm these delicious resorts! Did not Miss Pennyman lend "her singularly elegant *cottage ornée*" to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales (or rather to Queen Caroline) in her visits to these parts? And does not Compton Castle, near unto Teignmouth, contend with Hayes Farm for the honour of birthplace to Sir Walter Raleigh? Is not the chapel of Exmouth indebted to Lord Howe for its communion plate? And has not Dawlish obtained much of its reputation from "the elegant muse of Dr. Downman in his beautiful poem on Infancy?"

But, in fact, all these ports of Devonshire are well worthy of a pilgrimage. The richness of the culture—the mildness of the air—the foliage, sloping to the coast—the "frequent feudal towers" that gleam forth through woods and over vales,—render this portion of England interesting to every man who desires to see what merry England once was, ere commerce, and machinery, and spinning-wheels, and forges, took all mirth from her heart, and grinded her poetry into money-making.

If the fairies yet linger among us, seek them in Devonshire, even rather than at the Lakes. Tourists, and sketchers, and emulators of Wordsworth, have ruined the associations of the last; but in Devonshire, all is primitive and all is natural; the moon shining over the haughty walls of Powderham, the exceeding verdure of the grass, the scents from the hedges, the exuberance of the wild flowers, the rivulets rushing into the blue sea—all steep us so deep in visions and in poetry, that we are scarcely fit for the world when we return.

But our tour is over—our pleasant task is done—the tired horses are drooping at the door of our hotel—we are in London once more. Yet thou, reader, whose journey is to begin, rejoice that thou canst quit "the dust and the roar of Rome." Heed not thou the proud lament of the squires that country-houses are unheeded, and that shooting is going (where it should go) to the dogs! for the few only have country-houses, but watering places are to the many. Rejoice that such various and healthful resorts are open to thy election. Bright be the sun, and smooth be the roads, and invigorating the breezes, as thou speedest on, seeking relaxing ease in the only idle places yet left to the working-world of England. Ah, happy if thou canst forget for a little while the cares of business or the schemes of avarice, the disappointments thou hast experienced, and the chimeras that yet lure thee to toil, to hope, or to aspire!

POOR ABERGAVENEY.

A CLERICAL MEMOIR.

The country town of —— boasted both physicians and surgeons in good store, and they were all more than ordinarily respectable; but at their head stood very pre-eminently Dr. St. Clare. He had been thoroughly educated, and possessed abilities highly capable of benefiting from that education. His mind was considered as at once religious and philosophical, and he discharged all the duties of life as one whose principles were well based. But, alas! who is perfect? Dr. St. Clare had one private, but master fault. On the Christmas-eve of 1801, his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, returned from college in order to spend the holydays. It had been his first absence from home, and his return was looked forward to with excessive pleasure by his gentle mother, kind father, and nine happy boys and girls, all of whom received him with open arms. But his mother, whose mildness and spirit of acquiescence were proverbial, felt slightly irritated on this evening, by the Doctor hurrying the children, one after another, a full hour sooner to bed than usual, and when, at last, it came to "dear Tom's" turn, she could not help hinting that she had rather hoped to be somewhat later than usual on this happy occasion.

"My dear," said her spouse, "you should consider that Tom has travelled sixty miles to-day, and for a youth of his slight frame, and who has been more confined than usual for some months, that is rather severe work. I see he requires rest; and, besides, I have to ride early to-morrow morning, and as you always insist on seeing me breakfast, it is time, on your account, to retire."

She said no more, but withdrawing with her son, she left the Doctor in full possession of the dining-room.

They were no sooner gone than he rose from his seat, locked the door, withdrew the key, and snuffing the candles, put his hand in his pocket, and brought from thence a packet which might contain three sheets of ordinary post paper. This he turned over twice or thrice, peeped in at the ends, and examined the plain and scarcely impressed wafer seal.

At that moment the table cracked, as tables sometimes do in an over-heated room. He started, dropped the letter into his pocket, and extinguished the lights. After a pause, he lighted a wax taper and retired to his consulting room, where no one ever presumed to disturb him. Here, however, he again secured himself; and lighting a large lamp which stood on a table, stirring the fire, and putting on a small tea-kettle, he once more withdrew the letter from his pocket, and waiting until the water was fully boiling, went through the usual process of softening a wafer. He had just effected his purpose, when the door bell was pulled with a sharpness which indicated impatience, and the Doctor, at the same moment, threw a thick cloth over the lamp.

"Has Mr. Thomas St. Clare arrived?" said a person in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, it would seem, was proceeding into the lobby; for the servant said, "You canna gang in, sir; they're all quyet, and have been this half hour."

"Quiet at half-past nine! You must be mistaken; they would never go so soon to bed on the night of their boy's arrival. I have just been to the coach guard for a letter, but he tells me that he saw my brother put it into the hands of Master St. Clare: and I must have it to-night."

"But, deed, I fear ye canna get it. The Doctor and Sandy rede maist a' last night, and they're to ride soun the morn, and I canna disturb the

house. It's an hour, I dare say, since Sandy gaed to his bed, and that's the way I'm opening the door. We're to hae company the morn,—ye'll be here,—and am getting forrit Sandy's wark, for thae rides maks him as gude as naebody."

It seemed as if the visitant's mind was too much occupied to permit his interrupting her, or even to speak when her harangue had ceased, for he stood silent a considerable time. At last he said—" Oblige me, my good girl,—there, this is Christmas eve,—oblige me by asking Master Clare for the letter. I was unfortunately detained in the country, else I should have been here four hours since."

" Would to God that you had," sighed the Doctor, who heard all that passed. " Would to God that you had."

The girl soon returned, and said, " Mr. Tom gae the letter to his father."

" Well, ask the Doctor for it;—he cannot be in bed."

" But he can: howsoever I'll see."

She returned, saying, " My mistress says the Doctor's no in his room, and that maybe he's out."

" Good God!" exclaimed the young man.

" Oh fie! Whist,—and you to be a minister. What signifies the bit letter compared wid an oath?"

" I am exceedingly surprised at all this. Why the door chain was up, —he cannot be out."

" Tout, to be sure he's out. The Doctor can do a hantle things that other folks canna do."

And so saying, according to the Scotch phrase, she " clashed the door in his face," and went muttering along the lobby " keepin folk clavering there; however, I'se warrant it 's a guid shillin, and it 's come in guid time noo when the mistress has ta'ened into her head to lock her wark-box."

All this time the Doctor had stood in no enviable situation. Indeed, short of the compunction attendant on crimes of the deepest die, we can scarcely conceive a more astounding confusion than his must have been.

When the door closed, he seated himself, drew his breath, separated his fore finger and thumb in order to press the damp wafer into its former state; but his repentance and honour proved weak opponents to his master passion. Besides, the letter was from one of the professors under whose immediate care his son had been;—perhaps it contained remarks on his abilities or conduct;—and he *almost* persuaded himself that he had a right to see what was said of his boy. Mr. Abergaveney, the gentleman who had called for the letter, was the youngest of four sons and six daughters, while the professor just alluded to was the eldest, so that there was more than twenty years difference in their ages.

Slowly and attentively did Dr. St. Clare twice peruse what he had thus surreptitiously obtained; and with something approaching to a groan, did he restore the whole, as well as he could, to its original state. But somehow it did not please him; the wafer was rebellious, and the ends of the envelope could not be compelled into their former compact and exact folds. He retired to bed, but could not be said to rest: and, after a feverish and wearisome night, he started up, on Christmas morning, long before day-light, ordered his horse, and rode forth, in the hope that the sharp air might brace his nerves, and the approaching light present objects to his view which might divert his mind from the recollection of his meanness. How far he succeeded in either the one or the other we cannot tell.

Young Abergaveney was in his twenty-first year when the above-mentioned incident took place. His father had been a country banker, and died in 1800, merely not a bankrupt, leaving a widow, six daughters, and his youngest son, all unprovided for. But yet, though almost a boy, and worth nothing, to him did those seven females confidently look for support. The eldest son (the professor) had married early, and found his fees, &c. &c. &c. quite little enough for the support of a wife, an increasing

family, and *genteel* appearances. The two others were [illegible] not hitherto supported themselves, and, for some years to [illegible] struggle for existence. There was but one road to the means of support for young Abergaveney—a Scotch Church,—and by a lucky coincidence, as it seemed, the old incumbent of —— died a few months after Mrs. Abergaveney had become a widow. Her youngest son, the subject of this little memoir, had all his life been intended for the divine vocation, hence the females of his father's family now fixed their eyes on him as their sole hope and, in fact, until he should be provided for, he had the pain of sharing in a maintenance procured partly by credit and partly by loans, if not gifts Considering all these pressing circumstances, some people were shocked at the tardiness with which he went through the previous steps to being licensed, and still more so, when he could hardly be prevailed on to write a letter of thanks to the patron who, unasked, had sent him the presentation to the Church of ——, his native place.

John Abergaveney had hitherto been a universal favourite with all who knew him which, owing to his father's situation and extraordinary popularity was everybody His mother, in her anxiety to have the grateful and proper thing done towards their patron, had betrayed her son's backwardness, and were there not enough of people to propagate the surmises of ignorance and idleness? "What could the lad mean? Was he not sensible of his mother's and sisters destitution? Did he not know that their existence, that is, their station, depended on him? A cause was sought for his apparent ingratitude,—for the more than indifference which he had exhibited towards his good fortune, and for his previous slowness in fitting himself for discharging the heavy responsibility which it had pleased Providence to throw upon him

It was speedily agreed on all hands that it was consciousness of inability. "But he had passed his trials "Umph! said some, and "Whough!" said others, "We all know what sort of trials are passed, and what sort of folks are passed upon us "But he was always reckoned a clever youth." "Yes and a kind one yet see how little he seems to rejoice in the prosperity that awaits his family'

During the intermediate time between the presentation and ordination, all eyes were upon him, and it was remarked that he had lost the brilliant hue of health which had hitherto shone upon his fair and sunny face, that his lively and sweet blue eye had become dull and sunken, and that the elasticity of his step was gone The hitherto popular boy and youth began now to have enemies What a taint there is in misfortune! yet no one knew what his misfortune was His first sermon was anticipated by the majority with invidious sneering, by a portion with such obscure doubts as to prevent any committal of judgment on their part, and a few kind hearts did beat high with hope and fear.

The day arrived He appeared to drag himself up the pulpit stairs; but he read a psalm, and got through a prayer with tolerable success. His text was remarkable and inapplicable to the particular day, at least so most people thought even in the short space of reading, in a slow and hollow tone—"As a madman who scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, 'I am in sport.'" As he uttered the last word, he fixed his eyes on Dr. St. Clare, whose seat was exactly opposite to him, and instantly fainted

Dr St. Clare happened that day to be the only medical man in church; but he seemed fixed to his seat, and suffered the poor young man to be carried out without even an inquiry.

Abergaveney was seized with a nervous fever, and did not leave his room for many weeks; during which time, as is usual, his place was supplied by the Presbytery. It was rumoured that they taxed him with the singularity of his text on the day of his unlucky first appearance, and that he answered

very coldly, and with a dignity which the excessive sweetness of his disposition seldom suffered him to assume, that "he did not know he was amenable to the Presbytery for his texts; and that he supposed, if he had chosen, in all scripture, the words most irrelevant, no one could dare to find fault, since it *was* scripture."

The public mind very much resembles a collection of mob boys; a straw will turn it. "Halloo!" to the villain; "Hey!" to the saint. It depends on less than a breath which it *shall* be. Which it *should* be is often known only to God.

The previous change in Abergaveney's appearance, his sudden fainting, and his remarkable look towards Dr. St. Clare, which many had observed, turned the tide of disfavour for a space on the physician. "He had surely been guilty of something which had wounded the feelings of the poor young man, and every one knew that he was particularly sensitive." The Doctor had a secondary fault, one which is almost a natural consequence of intense curiosity, viz. a tendency to sneer; for the consciousness of possessing secrets known to nobody else is very apt to generate this cruel and unmanly quality. It was immediately resolved, in all the committees of scandal, that he had inflicted something of contumely on the young minister. This passed current for some days, but, on mature consideration, such a cause could not have produced such an effect. "No, no, the doctor's a doctor; and, faith, doctors get into queer secrets—ay, that is just it." This was the more especially sufficient inasmuch as Dr. St. Clare was always mute on the subject; and, generally speaking, a man is never so well justified as by silence,—that is, if he be of a certain standing in society.

The former feeling towards Abergaveney had been that of an ill-defined disapprobation, a something which, as it were, stood on the slenderest pivot, to be turned by any chance; but now there was a chillness towards him approaching to the freezing point.

The congregation for a time went to church uncertain which co-presbyter was to preach, and at length became totally indifferent about going at all. They had ceased to inquire after a man that they were scarcely disposed to call their pastor, and dozens were on the point of taking seats in the different secessions. But their inert attention was roused one Sunday morning by a report that Mr. T——, then a rising orator, was that day to hold forth. The very bells seemed to be inspired. There was a pith and clearness in the tingle which had not greeted the ears of the parish of —— for a long time. The air was breathless, and the sun shone forth with that sweet complacency which we are apt to fancy peculiar to a Sabbath morn. There was a quiet bustle, especially in the suburbs. Chest lids were up—coats and hats were brushed—and a quarter of an hour before the usual time all the plebeian seats were filled. In five minutes more, shopkeepers, &c. &c. might be seen in their places; and even the aristocracy (for they, too, had heard the titillating news) arrived a short space too soon. All were seated—noses were blown—the pinch preparatory to attention taken—Bibles turned up the right way—ladies leant their pretty cheeks on gloved or ungloved hands as colour or ornaments might induce—and the patron sat with his arms recumbent on his green velvet cushion. All, in short, was significant of the deep attention of people curious to see and to hear. Eyes were eagerly bent on the pulpit-stair, and the hearts of those liable to extra-excitation could scarcely be said to move. The minister's seat began to fill, and——Good heaven!—Mr. T——, the expected orator, followed the ladies, and placed himself beside the youngest and the fairest! What next? An awful pause ensued! It is, in fact, astonishing how rational creatures can be so excited.—(Query, are they rational?) At last, with a firm step, an upright look, and, in fact, the bearing of one who has buckled on his sword and bared his right arm, Mr. Abergaveney entered his pulpit. There was a simultaneous change in position. The plebeians leant their heads

on the fronts of their seats—the shopkeepers took a pinch of defiance, or opened and ruffled the leaves of their Bibles—the ladies withdrew their elbows from their leaning places, and reclined back, and the patron raised himself to his utmost sitting altitude.

Mr. Abergaveney looked five years older than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah, —he always preferred the Old Testament,—and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the *law* of the Lord is with us? Lo! certainly in vain made he *it*, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff remained in immoveable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me in the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found anything surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergaveney's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

So great had been the forenoon's excitement, that even the animated, thundering, and impressive T—— was listened to in the after part of the day with something approaching to a yawn.

The unexpected discourse of Abergaveney served most of the parishioners for conversation during the week, and Saturday evening found man and woman anxious for the morrow's exhibition. Exhibition! the word dropped insensibly from my pen, and calls for an apology. It must be found in the deep tincture of Scottish feeling with regard to the pulpit gladiatorship of this country.

Ill-nature and suspicion were lulled asleep; no one hinted that the sermon might be borrowed, or that, even if his own, it might be the top and cream of his mind. There was an unpretending sincerity about it which forced a belief of its originality; and there was a richness in the vein which gave ample hope of its not being soon exhausted. Not often had human penetration made so good a reckoning; as there was no apparent effort, so there never was a falling off.

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergaveney lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral-cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days; but, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." "What *could* be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of

His youngest sister to the Reverend Mr. T—— took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sisterhood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergaveney called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unsocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leant to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains, and sometimes one old wife would seize the arm of another, and exclaim, "I'm no sure about this constant attendance at ilka body's last gasp—can folk no dee without him? It smells sair o' papistry." "Not only that," it would be responded, "but we a' ken what a cheerfu' merry lad he was, and hoo ill he liked onything that was sad or waesome; noo, wha kens but he attends the sick and deeing with such wonderfu' care as a kind o' penance as they ca't! What an awfu' thing that is, folk poonishin themsels!" "It is that, woman. And then he gi'es sae muckle to the puir. They tell me that was the way lang syne wi' the papist priests—that they gae fourpence out o' every shilling they got, forbye platefu's o' meat at their monkish doors. I declare it gars ane a' grue just to think that maybe we sit ilka Sabbath hearing a papist! And whiles I think we're a' bewitched, for there's unco little gospel in his sermons." "Deed that's true; but he draws us aye back on the Sabbath morning, and learned and unlearned a' like to hear him." Such discourses were now and then stirred up, as some fresh cause of wonder occurred, such as going out in the most inclement season and worst weather to visit, and, if poverty required, to *nurse* those who were labouring under the most infectious or loathsome diseases; and it was some times suspected that his charities ran him to the last sixpence before his stipend became due.

It was true, as old Janet said, *all* liked him as a preacher, but all had not exactly the same opinion of his sermons.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, insomuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English church, even in prayer, they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergaveney ever appeared before his people; and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance.

They turned round and looked on each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalms and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part——but——I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why* is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die all shall be known to such as care; saving the name of him who——but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and that often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anticlimax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the smaller ones' poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity,—what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous."

After enumerating many serious evils which may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man?'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow, emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sunk back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergaveney's neckcloth, and put his hand to his heart to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedency seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after

the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the mean time, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; "but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation of life I have been *un*faithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence: the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he, "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or have you any other meaning? It behoves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned to him: but surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called a humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here? I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that *you* would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed *for* me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he *must* believe! At last, as

I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all by letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ——. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mothers and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially *why?*—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—*Because*, the son and brother was a *Doubter!* Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that *one* deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and one by one the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this!"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:—

DGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

FRANKLIN'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.*

UNPUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

It is singular enough that, just after finishing an article, which will be found in another part of this number, upon the gentleman Walpole, some new Letters, just published in America, and not yet made known in this country, should be put into our hands, written at various epochs of his life by the citizen Franklin; and what, perhaps, will strike some of our readers as rather extraordinary, we find in the correspondence of the one, as of the other, great wit, playfulness, and grace. But the wit and playfulness of Franklin are of the homely and republican order we might expect. His thoughts appear very frequently to be lively and gay; but, generally speaking, they are without the tinsel and ornament of gaiety; and as, in the correspondence of the one, the mind of the courtier is everywhere perceptible, so, in the correspondence of the other, it is im-

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* A Collection of the Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Benjamin Franklin, now for the first time published. Boston, U.S., 1833.

possible not to see, at every page, that the writer had been educated without the precincts of a court; but then you do not regret it. The coarseness which occasionally occurs is not of the mind; and, therefore, instead of shocking as vulgarity, it charms as simplicity.

We cannot help first quoting a paper, which, though published with the correspondence, does not, of course, form a part of it—not, we own, on account of its simplicity,—for it bears rather a contradiction to the theory we have been laying down, and which we believe to be generally correct,—but for the singular manner in which it resembles, even in flighty fineness, the similar productions of Horace Walpole. Considering the total dissimilarity in the characters, pursuits, habits of thought, and habits of writing of these two persons, it is almost a literary curiosity when looked at in this point of view—a point of view in which we should never, but for the preceding criticism, have thought of regarding it.

"The Craven Street Gazette.

"*Saturday, Sept.* 22, 1770.

"This morning, Queen Margaret, accompanied by her first maid of honour, Miss Franklin, set out for Rochester. Immediately on their departure, the whole street was in tears—from a heavy shower of rain. It is whispered that the new family administration, which took place on her Majesty's departure, promises, like all other new administrations, to govern much better than the old one.

"We hear that the great person (so called from his enormous size) of a certain family in a certain street is grievously affected at the late changes, and could hardly be comforted this morning, though the new ministry promised him a roasted shoulder of mutton and potatoes for his dinner.

"It is said that the same great person intended to pay his respects to another great personage this day at St. James's, it being coronation-day—hoping thereby a little to amuse his grief; but was prevented by an accident, Queen Margaret, or her maid of honour, having carried off the key of the drawers, so that the lady of the bedchamber could not come at a laced shirt for his Highness. Great clamours were made on this occasion against her Majesty.

"Other accounts say that the shirts were afterwards found, though too late, in another place; and some suspect, that the wanting a shirt from those drawers was only a ministerial pretence to excuse picking the locks, that the new administration might have everything at command.

"We hear that the lady chamberlain of the household went to market this morning by her own self, gave the butcher whatever he asked for the mutton, and had no dispute with the potato-woman, to their great amazement at the change of times.

"It is confidently asserted, that this afternoon, the weather being wet, the great person a little chilly, and nobody at home to find fault with the expense of fuel, he was indulged with a fire in his chamber. It seems the design is, to make him contented by degrees with the absence of the Queen.

"A project has been under consideration of government to take the opportunity of her Majesty's absence for doing a thing she was always averse to, namely—fixing a new lock on the street door, or getting a key made to the old one; it being found extremely inconvenient that one or other of the great officers of state should, whenever the maid goes out for a ha'pennyworth of sand, or a pint of porter, be obliged to attend the door to let her in again. But opinions being divided which of the two expedients to adopt, the project is for the present laid aside.

"We have good authority to assure our readers that a Cabinet Council

was held this afternoon at tea; the subject of which was a proposal for the reformation of manners, and a more strict observation of the Lord's Day. The result was a unanimous resolution, that no meat should be dressed to-morrow, whereby the cook and the first minister will both be at liberty to go to church—the one having nothing to do, and the other no roast to rule. It seems the cold shoulder of mutton and the apple-pie were thought sufficient for Sunday's dinner. All pious people applaud this measure; and it is thought the new ministry will soon become popular.

"We hear that Mr. Wilkes was at a certain house in Craven-street this day, and inquired after the absent Queen. His good lady and the children are well.

"The report that Mr. Wilkes, the patriot, made the above visit, is without foundation, it being his brother, the courtier."

There are two or three other pieces of the same kind which follow, and which are remarkable—as this is remarkable—for a vein of wit and humour. But the correspondence is of another kind: its charm—and it has a peculiar charm—is in its quiet and steady good sense and unaffected good-nature. The first letter we shall quote was written when Franklin was twenty years old, and is only noticeable for its *naïve* simplicity, and the kind of contrast which it forms to our general idea of the character of the grave philosopher and statesman. At the time of the second he was thirty-six years old; this was just previous to his first appearance in political life, and the appointment offered to him, and refused by him, of Colonel of the Philadelphia regiment. Its interest is in the opinions it expresses, and the admirable spirit of toleration which, with bigots and fanatics, has naturally passed for a spirit of irreligion. The third, to which we shall give a place, is mainly remarkable for the practical sense and the keen habit of investigation it displays on the merest trifles of ordinary life. The picture of the boy's unwillingness to go to church, —of his shuffling, and delaying, and complaining of his clothes on Sunday,—is, in its way, excellent, and shows, in a touch, the character of the writer. These letters the reader will find at the end of our remarks.

We find a remark in another letter which, though we do not quote the letter itself, we cannot pass over in silence; there is a simple and unaffected spirit of high and genuine honesty in it which the wittiest phrase of Walpole cannot compete with. He is speaking of the conduct of a Mr. Parker to his nephew.

"Mr. Parker," he says, "has, in every respect, done his duty by him, and in this affair has really acted a generous part; therefore I hope if Benny succeeds in the world, he will make Mr. Parker a return *beyond what he promised.*"

There is, in this short sentence of the printer's apprentice, a nobility which all the herald's art did not furnish to the honourable member of the House of Orford.

The fourth and last letter which we now quote,—for it is intended to continue the notice of this correspondence,—is to a young lady, and has all the gallantry and grace that might be expected from a *preux chevalier.*

"Persons," says the old philosopher, "complain of the north-east wind as increasing their malady; but since you promised to send me kisses in that wind,—and I find you as good as your word,—'tis to me the gayest wind that blows, and gives me the best spirits. I write this during a north-

east storm of snow, the greatest we have had this winter. Your favours come mixed with the snowy flakes, which are pure as your virgin innocence, white as your lovely bosom, and—as cold."

Match us, reader, in the most gallant memoirs of the happiest French court a prettier paragraph.

But we have turned to Franklin after Walpole, not so much to draw a comparison between their writings as between their lives.

Franklin,—sprung from a low origin, the citizen of a colony which swelled into an active republic, in which every path was open to ability, —passed through each gradation of useful and ambitious life. Read the account of his arrival at Philadelphia—the commencement of his career!—

"I arrived at Philadelphia in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to find a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's-worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first, but I insisted on their taking it. *A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much;* probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty."

He then goes on, we remember, to tell how he bought three large rolls, and

"with one under each arm walked on, eating the third. Passing, in this manner, the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife, she, standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance."

Beginning thus, and not stopping in his laborious career, he did not end it until he had successively been the apprentice to the printer, the editor of the newspaper, the clerk of the General Assembly of Philadelphia, the representative of that city, the philosopher, celebrated for his discoveries in science, the diplomatist. You see him through life,—now employed in improving his almanack—now in making his experiments in electricity—now in taking part in the debates of a public assembly—now in conducting a treaty, and settling the basis of national independence for his country. Contrast this useful and laborious life with the epicurean and softened existence which smoothed down and wore off the energies of Horace Walpole! In his writing—in his speeches—simple, unadorned, and concise, the grace of Franklin (for he also had that charm) was the grace of an antique statue; while Walpole's more frequently resembles that of a French painting. They were both men of various and extraordinary talents; but the one, living only for pleasure, produced nothing that could do more than contribute to the idle amusement, while the other engaged in everything that could add to the solid happiness and moral dignity of his countrymen. Walpole, afraid of peeping without the pale of good society, clipped his talents down into accomplishments; Franklin, with the wide range of the world before him, took an easy flight into its various paths;—the one could hardly have been more, the other could not have been less, than he was. We aim at no moral; and our tale, if we had any, is finished.

The letters we promised close this paper, and will be continued.

"TO MISS JANE FRANKLIN.

"*Philadelphia*, 6 *January*, 1726-7.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I am highly pleased with the account Captain Freeman gives me of you. I always judged, by your behaviour when a child, that you would make a good, agreeable woman, and you know you were ever my peculiar favourite. I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined on a tea-table; but when I considered that the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a *spinning-wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection.

"Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty, as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me.

"I am, dear Jenny, your loving brother,

"B. FRANKLIN."

"TO MRS. JANE MECOM.

"*Philadelphia*, 28 *July*, 1743.

"DEAREST SISTER JENNY,

"I took your admonition very kindly, and was far from being offended at you for it. If I say anything about it to you, it is only to rectify some wrong opinions you seem to have entertained of me; and this I do only because they give you some uneasiness, which I am unwilling to be the occasion of. You express yourself as if you thought I was against the worshipping of God, and doubt that good works would merit heaven; which are both fancies of your own, I think, without foundation. I am so far from thinking that God is not to be worshipped, that I have composed and wrote a whole book of devotions for my own use; and I imagine there are few, if any, in the world so weak as to imagine that the little good we can do here can merit so vast a reward hereafter.

"There are some things in your New England doctrine and worship which I do not agree with; but I do not therefore condemn them, or desire to shake your belief or practice of them. We may dislike things that are nevertheless right in themselves. I would only have you make me the same allowance, and have a better opinion both of morality and your brother. Read the pages of Mr. Edwards's late book, entitled, 'Some Thoughts concerning the present Revival of Religion in New England,' from 367 to 375, and when you judge of others, if you can perceive the fruit to be good, don't terrify yourself that the tree may be evil; but be assured it is not so, for you know who has said, 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.' I have not time to add, but that I shall always be your affectionate brother,

"B. FRANKLIN.

"P.S.—It was not kind in you, when your sister commended good works, to suppose she intended a reproach to you. It was very far from her thoughts."

"TO MRS. JANE MECOM.

"*Philadelphia*, (date uncertain.)

"DEAR SISTER,

"I received your letter, with one for Benny, and one for Mr. Parker, and also two of Benny's letters of complaint, which, as you observe, do not amount to much. I should have had a very bad opinion of him, if he had written to you those accusations of his master which you mention; because, from long acquaintance with his master, who lived some years in my

house, I know him to be a sober, pious, and conscientious man; so that Newport, to whom you seem to have given too much credit, must have wronged Mr. Parker very much in his accounts, and have wronged Benny too, if he says Benny told him such things, for I am confident he never did.

"As to the bad attendance afforded him in the small-pox, I believe, if the negro-woman did not do her duty, her master or mistress would, if they had known it, have had that matter mended. But Mrs. Parker was herself, if I am not mistaken, sick at that time, and her child also. And though he gives the woman a bad character in general, all he charges her with in particular, is, that she never brought him what he called for directly, and sometimes not at all. He had the distemper favourably, and yet I suppose was bad enough to be, like other sick people, a little impatient, and perhaps might think a short time long, and sometimes call for things not proper for one in his condition.

"As to clothes, I am frequently at New York, and I never saw him unprovided with what was good, decent, and sufficient. I was there no longer ago than March last, and he was then well clothed, and made no complaint to me of any kind. I heard both his master and mistress call upon him on Sunday morning to get ready to go to meeting, and tell him of his frequently delaying and shuffling till it was too late, and he made not the least objection about clothes. I did not think it anything extraordinary, that he should be sometimes willing to evade going to meeting, for I believe it is the case with all boys, or almost all. I have brought up four or five myself, and have frequently observed, that if their shoes were bad, they would say nothing of a new pair till Sunday morning, just as the bell rung, when, if you asked them why they did not get ready, the answer was prepared, 'I have no shoes,' and so of other things, hats and the like; or if they knew of anything that wanted mending, it was a secret till Sunday morning, and sometimes, I believe, they would rather tear a little than be without the excuse.

"As to going on petty errands, no boys love it, but all must do it. As soon as they become fit for better business, they naturally get rid of that, for the master's interest comes in to their relief. I make no doubt but Mr. Parker will take another apprentice as soon as he can meet with a likely one. In the mean time, I should be glad if Benny would exercise a little patience. There is a negro woman that does a great many of those errands.

"I do not think his going on board the privateer arose from any difference between him and his master, or any ill-usage he had received. When boys see prizes brought in, and quantities of money shared among the men, and their gay living, it fills their heads with notions that half distract them, and put them quite out of conceit with trades, and the dull ways of getting money by working. This, I suppose, was Ben's case, the Catherine being just before arrived with three rich prizes; and that the glory of having taken a privateer of the enemy, for which both officers and men were highly extolled, treated, presented, &c. worked strongly upon his imagination, you will see, by his answer to my letter, is not unlikely. I send it to you inclosed. I wrote him largely on the occasion: and though he might possibly, to excuse that slip to others, complain of his place, you may see he says not a syllable of any such thing to me. My only son, before I permitted him to go to Albany, left my house unknown to us all, and got on board a privateer, from whence I fetched him. No one imagined it was hard usage at home that made him do this. Every one that knows me, thinks I am too indulgent a parent, as well as master.

"I shall tire you, perhaps, with the length of this letter; but I am the more particular, in order, if possible, to satisfy your mind about your son's situation. His master has, by a letter this post, desired me to write to him about his staying out of nights, sometimes all night, and refusing to give an account where he spends his time, or in what company. This I had not heard of before, though I perceive you have. I do not wonder at his correcting him for that. If he was my own son, I should think his master did

not do his duty by him if he omitted it, for to be sure it is the high road to destruction. And I think the correction very light, and not likely to be very effectual, if the strokes left no marks.

"His master says farther, as follows:—'I think I can't charge my conscience with being much short of my duty to him. I shall now desire you, if you have not done it already, to invite him to lay his complaints before you, that I may know how to remedy them.' Thus far the words of his letter, which, giving me a fair opening to inquire into the affair, I shall accordingly do it, and I hope settle every thing to all your satisfactions. In the mean time, I have laid by your letters both to Mr. Parker and Benny, and shall not send them till I hear again from you, because I think your appearing to give ear to such groundless stories may give offence, and create a greater misunderstanding: and because I think what you write to Benny, about getting him discharged, may tend to unsettle his mind, and therefore improper at this time.

"I have a very good opinion of Benny in the main, and have great hopes of his becoming a worthy man, his faults being only such as are commonly incident to boys of his years, and he has many good qualities for which I love him. I never knew an apprentice contented with the clothes allowed him by his master, let them be what they would. Jemmy Franklin, when with me, was always dissatisfied and grumbling. When I was last in Boston, his aunt bid him to go to a shop and please himself, which the gentleman did, and bought a suit of clothes on my account, dearer by one-half than any I ever afforded myself, one suit excepted; which I don't mention by way of complaint of Jemmy, for he and I are good friends, but only to show you the nature of boys.

"The letters to Mr. Vanhorne were sent to Mr. Whitfield, under my cover.

"I am, with love to brother and all yours, and duty to mother, to whom I have not time now to write, your affectionate brother,

"B. Franklin."

(*To be continued.*)

THE INNS OF COURT.

The power at present exercised by the Inns of Court, whether wisely or not, seems of the most singular and anomalous description. It will hardly be disputed that if anything concerns the public at large, it is the property, the character, and security of every individual of which the public is composed. If the public are interested in anything, it is then in the choice of those persons by whom their property, their character, and their personal security may be defended. "Yes," say the public. "Not at all," say the benchers; "that is *our* concern. We shall determine for you: your property, your character, and your security are our affairs. It is our right to monopolize the courts of law, and to say whom you shall have, and whom you shall not have, as your advisers and defenders. We, forsooth, are a private body, a mere club; and we shall admit whom we like into our club without your having any possible business to interfere with us."

"But your private club manages *my* concerns," says the country.—"*C'est égal*," says the bench; "that's our affair; we choose to manage your concerns; and if that does not satisfy you, we don't know what the devil will." Now, if the government took upon itself the appointment of persons qualified to practise at the bar, there would be something to

say for it. The government is charged with protecting the public interests, and the government is responsible if it does not do so.

But this club, this private society, denies all responsibility over its own will and pleasure: its own will and pleasure is to regulate the management, the defence, the protection of everything that is dearest to our honour, character, and property, and it has the face to tell us that these things are no concern of ours.

Now, was anything ever so monstrous? "Oh!" but say the gentlemen of the bar, "the scheme works well;" for this is the cant phrase by which all abuses are propped up. It works well,—it works capitally: as the rotten boroughs worked. We answer the assertion by a flat negative: such a monstrous system can't work well. You tell us, gentlemen benchers! that you never refuse to receive men into your society to whom there is no fair objection. We tell you it is most flagrant impudence to talk of the profession of the bar as *your* society, and we don't want your word for your own discretion. Is not every man's character now before the public? Would it be possible for any person to be deceived as to the honour and the character of the advocate he employed? Are not all trials published? Is any control beyond that of the public press necessary? We deny that there is: but we say, also, if there was, that yours is not the proper control.

You say that your choice will be the best for us. We say first that we have a right to choose for ourselves; but we say next, that we are not by any means sure of your being governed by the principles or the feelings which are most for our advantage. In constituting yourselves into a society, you must have the feelings of a clique; and what you are most bent upon is advancing the interests of that clique. You will confess that you want to make yourselves of as much importance as possible before the eyes of the world,—as *respectable*, to use the especial phrase, as you possibly can.

But respectability, in an aristocratic and mercantile country, means birth and wealth. Mr. So-and-so is a very respectable man: oh! vastly so: he has a hundred thousand pounds. In such a country, too, to be of violent politics,—to be of the politics which favour the poor man to the prejudice of the rich,—is to be *not respectable*. We remember the time when Sir Francis Burdett, for politics of this description, was in danger of being cut in what you may call *good society*. Sir Francis Burdett would not have been at that time respectable in your eyes. It is not even likely, we will venture to say, that you would have admitted him to the bar.

Well, then, your object is the respectability of your order. Who will add most to it—a peer's son, a merchant's son who will have a large fortune, those two gentlemen being both of moderate politics, moderate abilities, and irreproachable private character; or that other gentleman there, without a farthing, the son of a waiter, if you please, a desperate radical, and one who, we will confess, would make an unworthy member of the Temperance society, but who yet may have the deepest knowledge of the law, the most splendid eloquence, and all those qualities, in short, which make him useful to us as his clients, but which do not affect you as his associates? The interest of the public and your interest here are in direct opposition. The person who may confer the most respectability on you may be the least useful to us. Upon the very principle on which you proceed, the House of Commons should elect its own members. No

doubt it would equally choose very *respectable* persons: nay, i[illegible] undoubtedly ought to have this privilege if you retain yours, or [illegible] happen that you, in your own conceit, may think proper to deny the e[illegible] of the bar to one who, by the constitution of the country, is daily called upon to determine questions that relate to the vital interests of every individual in the British empire. This would be rather too ridiculous. It is ridiculous, we grant, but it has actually happened. There is the case of Mr. Whittle Harvey: Mr. Whittle Harvey, who has been in the House of Commons for six Parliaments. Nobody who knows Mr. Harvey can dispute his great and almost unrivalled talents: but Mr. Harvey is a violent,—on many subjects, a very violent,—politician; it is quite natural, therefore, that you should refuse Mr. Harvey. You may be very right in so doing, as far *as yourselves* are concerned; but you are doing a great injustice to *the public*: and more than this, you are pretending to inflict a great stigma upon the highest court in the empire—and mark the ridiculous contradiction that occurs in this case! Here is a gentleman, one of the most powerful members of the assembly which is the court of appeal from every court and jurisdiction in the empire, and to this man you refuse the privilege of being advocate in the most trumpery case at the Old Bailey. Why it is impossible that this should endure.

We do not go into Mr. Harvey's case, because we are arguing the general case, and because we are quite convinced that if nothing else could be said of Mr. Harvey than that he wished to destroy the established church, an opinion in which we *entirely* disagree with, and would most stoutly oppose, him, it would be quite sufficient, without the aid of scandal, to cause his exclusion. But this, in justice to Mr. Harvey, we are bound to say, that we have had every particular of the charges against him laid before us; we have heard them impartially sifted by gentlemen of the first talent and respectability at the bar and in the House of Commons, who had actually met together for the purpose; we have inquired and been present at the most accurate and impartial inquiry into these tales, and can testify that our opinion, *and the unanimous opinion of every individual present*, was absolute astonishment at the frivolous nature of the charges under cover of which the benchers have mysteriously whispered their vindication.

But we repeat, it is not with this case or with that case that we have to do. The whole system out of which every case has arisen is unjust and ridiculous, and ought to be overturned without delay.

THE REPEALERS,

A NOVEL, BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

It has been our (may we say, laudable?) wont to pay peculiar attention to the works which emanate from a female pen. We have always thought that we cannot better improve the education of women in general than by rendering every appropriate tribute to the literary achievements of individuals of their sex. Lady Blessington must rank among the remarkable women of her time. With a personal beauty which Lawrence immortalized, yet could not flatter, and with a brilliant power of conversation, she has, in her various writings, combined a very rare union of literary talent, and manifested a great tact and delicacy of thought, with no inconsiderable mastery of the graces and eloquence of diction.

The work before us evinces these latter qualities to no less a degree, perhaps, than the "Conversations with Lord Byron," but scarcely does, upon the whole, as much justice to the writer; and this mainly, we suspect, from the prevalence of a political moral, on which Lady Blessington insists so strenuously, that it prevents her surrendering the course of her story enough to her imagination, and perverts, to many a prejudice of the *salons*, a judgment naturally clear, courageous, and acute. Despite its title, Lady Blessington is in the present novel desirous of exposing rather the crimes of the agitators than the evil consequences of repeal. She falls into what we must be allowed to term the drawing-room error of confounding the political Liberal with the predatory Whiteboy; and she makes the eloquence of O'Connell the main cause of all the crimes of the midnight murderer and the dastard house-burner. From a mind like hers we could scarcely have expected this injustice, and still less should we have imagined that she would weave the moral of her tale from the text of "Content to the Irish:" they are assured that if they are quiet, everything will be granted to them by the benevolence of England; and yet, in the same breath, our authoress asserts that the payment of tithes to the Protestant church of the minority is no burthen to the Catholic majority. The misfortune of the moral is, that the book will *not* go among the peasantry, whom it might, in many instances, convince of the folly as well as wickedness of outrage: but it *will* fall into the hands of the gentry, whom it tends to persuade that the Irish peasantry are extremely well off; that they have plenty to eat and to drink; that the stories of their destitution are wholly unfounded, and that the Irish Coercive Bill was not only the saviour of the country, but the sole preacher of salvation, whom it becomes us to send forth to her.

We enter our political protest against these doctrines; and we utter our literary lament that so much ingenuity of mind should have been wasted in embodying them. We now turn to what is the more agreeable part of our duty; and we gladly confess the pleasure we derived from a story which, though episodic and excursive, is always interesting, spirited, and attractive.

The remarks scattered throughout the work are full of beauty; they are at once shrewd and refined, delicate and profound.—"*Circum præcordia ludit*," our authoress paints a character in a phrase, and refers the likeness to your heart, if it be good,—to your *experience*, if it be bad. There is, to our taste, a remarkable instance of justness, yet of romance

of thought in the first volume, in which an old peasant mourns for his wife lately dead, exactly because he had been parted from her a long time, and all his recollections of her were coupled with those of his youth :—

"'If we had been living dacently and rispectably together, quarrelling every day, like most other married couples, I might soon get over my grief, and think, perhaps, her going before me on the long road was all for the better; but it's so long since I parted from the creathure, and she had gone so clear and clane out of my head for so many years, that now I know she is dead, faith, she comes back into my mind for all the world as she was whin I first married her, and I can't for the life of me dhrive her away. If I saw her as she was latterly, sure I could not have such false notions, for then I'd know that it was a poor ugly ould woman that was dead, instead of a sprightly, purty girl; but it's all in vain for me to be thrying to remember how she looked before I parted from her, when we used to be fighting and squabbling all day bekase I'd take the dhrop, and that I used to think she looked like the north side of a crab-tree, so sour and contrairy when I came home. No, faith, Mrs. Cassidy, all this is gone clane out of my mind, and I'm just grieving my heart out for the clane, sprightly Colleen dhas I was once so fond of, instead of thinking of the poor ould woman that's gone to her long home. Then whin I thry to comfort myself by rimimbering the nicknames and bitter words she used to say to me, I can't bring one of 'em fresh into my thoughts, but all the loving words is always coming into my ears; and aren't I obliged to go and look at myself in the bit of looking-glass I've got, to prove I'm not the buckaleen bawn, and the clane, tidy boy that poor Molly used to call me in ould times; and whin I see the ould wizen face [illegible] in the glass, and all the wrinkles falling out about my eyes like an ould stocking about the heels of a beggar-man, faith, I don't know whether to laugh or cry, I feel so quare. Och! Mistress Cassidy, sure it's a droll thing to have the thoughts and loving notions I had forty years ago all coming back young and fresh into my heart, for all the world as if they had been asleep ever since, and to see the ould face and the ould body outside, that is like a cabin falling to ruin, and the inside so fresh All this comes from poor Molly's dying: sure it has brought grief and throuble on me any way."

We add a few other short extracts in proof of the true tact and sentiment Lady Blessington's composition possesses :—

"If there is a point on which women are especially sensitive, it is in their jealousy of the influence of other persons over the minds of those they love. This jealousy they themselves attribute to wounded affection, while the ill-natured set it down to the effects of wounded vanity. Something of both feelings may, perhaps, unite in producing it; but we are loth to search too profoundly into causes whose effects are at least flattering to the sterner sex, though they may not always be agreeable. The most painful and humiliating epoch in the life of a woman is, when she has discovered that *he* on whom she has anchored her hopes of happiness is deficient in intellect, and yet has too much pride or too little love to supply the deficiency by attending to her counsels. A woman of merely ordinary understanding, actuated by a strong affection, acquires wisdom by suffering; and, short-sighted as she might be for herself, becomes prescient for him she loves and would save, and whose destruction ingulphs all her hopes."

Again :—

"No homily in the English language could so impressively convey the disenchanting conviction of the fickleness of affection and the instability of felicity, as the provisions in a modern marriage settlement, which are as little in harmony with religious feeling as they are in unison with love,

Were women to peruse such documents, never could they approach the altar with the idea that the engagement about to be contracted was either so awful or so sacred as all pure and elevated minds are prone and desirous to consider it. 'Those whom God has put together let no man separate,' seems to be forgotten, as more provisions are made for the possibility of a hostile separation, than for that of preserving and cementing the irrevocable, though dissoluble bond of union."

"Let no one say that true affection is egotistical, because a few pretenders to love are selfish. No: egotism proves at once the absence of love."

We wish our space would permit us to indulge in further extracts,—we refer the reader to the work itself. We shall look with considerable interest to the successor Lady Blessington may give to "The Repealers." We are anxious for her to surrender herself more to her imagination; to construct a more elaborate story, and to strike out characters that will allow a wider scope to her knowledge of the world and of the mind than she can possibly obtain from that gallery of well-framed pictures of still life which we call "London Society." She possesses the faculty of "*style*" to no common degree. We could point to passages in "The Repealers" which are eminent for their light, easy, yet touching and effective eloquence; and this faculty, which, in her hands, would render sparkling and interesting the most inartificial story, will afford all conceivable advantage to those loftier descriptions of character she is so well calculated to draw, and that command over the dramatic source of effect which her talents will enable her to attain.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Local Courts—Malegash Politics—Short Method with Thieves—Disgraceful Neglect of our Scientific Opportunities—The New Grand Tour—The Houris of the West Indian Negroes—Sea-burking—Idea of a New Court for Domestic Grievances.

Local Courts.—Perhaps we may confess that we did not go into mourning for the loss of the poor dear Local Courts Bill. Had the measure been carried, it would probably have done but little mischief, and stopped a great deal of good. The object was to diminish the expense of procedure in cases where the amount in dispute was small. Why not in all cases? Oh! that would have interfered with *too* many interests. It was hoped that all the robbery and extortion in proceedings for the recovery of sums under 50*l.* would have been conceded to the spirit of the age: that is to say, that a portion of the plunder would be yielded in order to secure a tranquil title to the possession of the remainder; but it has been held that the whole might be kept, and we are not sorry that no terms have been made with Westminster Hall, we shall ultimately not gain less.

If it is desirable to cheapen proceedings under 50*l.*, why not in all cases? It is said where the sum is small the parties are poor. This is erroneous. Baring and Rothschild might fall out about 49*l.*, and if each felt confident he was right, might send the cause for trial: on the other hand may a tailor and a cobbler litigate concerning 10,000*l.* to which each may

fancy he is heir. Be this as it may, we would say the same principles are involved in the discussion of a claim of 50*l.* or 5000*l.*, and the same impartiality demanded. Amount ought to go for nothing in a court of justice; and whether the sums in dispute were multiplied or divided by ten, the decisions should be come to with the same impartiality, deliberation, and solemnity. If, then, Lord Brougham's bill were good for 50*l.* it was good for 50,000*l.* But this extension of the principle would have robbed Westminster Hall, it was thought; whereas the very author of the Bill prided himself on the multiplicity of the business in this said Hall: he did not dare to admit the idea of encroaching on the sacred profits of the great lawyers. In short, the reform was a thorough Whig reform in the sense which the term now bears: it was re[illegible]enough to unsettle the old proceedings, and to satisfy a kind of vague expectation on the part of the Whig admirers; but it was not enough to do even a balance of good. Up to this moment, law proceedings, both in equity and common law, are burthened with numerous expenses and delays that might be got rid of greatly to the advantage of suitors, and which will be abolished the moment that the opinion of the country becomes the King's guide in the choice of his ministry. At present the aristocracy rules in every assembly of power, whether it be in matters of law, finance, or commerce. If Lord Brougham's Bill had been a well-digested Bill, which it was not, 50*l.* should have been struck out, and trillions put in its place. Instead of local courts, circulate more judges, and instead of twice a year, let them hold the assizes six times, and make no difference either in the amount of property or crime; let each and all be decided according to the best lights of the age. After a certain number of years service, the judge might be qualified to sit in London to hear arguments and carry on the judicial business, as they do now, in all matters of doubt and appeal. We do not believe the lawyers would be interested in objecting to this arrangement; and whether they were or not, the public would greatly gain in promoting it: it being, at the same time, understood that all the expenses of process should be reduced as low as possible. It was allowed on all hands that the expenses of legal proceedings was absurdly extravagant; —the absurdity, however, only appeared openly and grossly when the amount was small. What, then, was the scheme of that great reformer Lord Brougham? Why, to remedy the defect where it was grossly *apparent*: wh[illegible]e amount of law expenses was masked by the [illegible] amount of the [illegible]y litigated, whatever might be the merits of [illegible] case or the co[illegible] of the parties, the abuse was to remain.

[illegible]ash Politics.—With all the fuss we and our European neighbours have made, and do make, on the subject of ancestry, and the importance of primogeniture, the right mode of propagating the true line has not been selected. It is not, perhaps, of much importance whose and what race is continued; but since it is thought so, there is stupidity in not hitting upon the surest channel. We must visit a savage nation to learn the mystery of transmitting the genuine blood. In Madagascar, the crown is hereditary, yet, by an ancient law, it descends upon the eldest son of the reigning monarch's eldest sister. This custom is said to have had its rise in the depravity of Malegash morals, where the even lofty station of the queen was not thought a sufficient guarantee for the purity of the

royal blood. "The King," reason the Malegash, "is certain of being the son of his mother; but no one can be sure who is his father: he is also confident that the daughters of his mother are his sisters; and that, although by a different father, they have still the royal blood in their veins, which must descend to their offspring." Here is reasoning that would have have saved all the scandal about the Bourbons, and so many other royal families: and yet we call these people savages. Radama, the Malegash sovereign, is one of the most remarkable men of the age; he is a reforming king, and has had a success far beyond Mahmoud or Tamehama, and is, in fact, the modern Czar Peter. To be sure his methods are sometimes rough, after the manner of his prototype. In order to [illegible] his army a military appearance, he wished to have the pigtails of his soldiers cut off, and appeared at a review in a crop: the men immediately followed his example; but these pigtails were the admiration of the women, who were furious to see their husbands and lovers shorn of their chiefest beauty. They fomented a rebellion. Radama saw the necessity of a *coup de main*; his throne hung, if not by a hair, at least by a pigtail; he seized some of the noisiest of the anti-reforming ladies, and ordered his guard to take them into a neighbouring wood, and there dress their wigs in such a manner as that their hair should never grow again. This was a serious puzzle to the *corps de garde* of King Radama; but they settled it as soldiers generally settle disputed points—with the sword: they cut the Gordian knot; that is to say, in cutting off the hair, they contrived to cut off the head along with it. Now, said the warriors, Radama's orders are obeyed; the hair of these women will never grow again: and so ended the pigtail rebellion of Madagascar. When the Duke of York cut off our military tails, we believe there was no dissatisfaction expressed on the part of the ladies of Great Britain; but our Commander-in-Chief followed public opinion, which had grown weary of these appendages, whereas Radama got in advance of the popular tastes. The Duke belonged to a school that keeps up an old folly till it absolutely rots off. Radama, in this instance, was a radical who applies the shears of truth and reason to all ugly excrescences, forgetting that sometimes men feel more acutely the loss of a pet absurdity than they are touched with gratitude for the bestowal of a piece of pure utility. For a curious and excellent account of Radama, the reader is referred to the book of Captain Owen's "Surveying Expedition on the Western Coasts of Afric[illegible]

A Short Method with Thieves.—At the late Old Bailey [illegible] a pickpocket plied his trade in court: he was caught in the act, [illegible] stead of being handed to prison he was introduced into the dock; the judge, the jury, and the witness were all prepared, on the spot, and just as if they had been made for his crime. He was tried, found guilty, and from the bench was pronounced an extempore sentence of transportation for life. "One came to scoff, but stopped to pray;" so here the youth came to steal, and stayed to be tried. There are some events of a tremendous importance, that if they happen very suddenly, produce no impression, or rather they destroy all impressions; we seem to require a preparation even for misfortune, in order to receive it with due misery: everything has its time, its pace, its measure. On reflection, we dare say this young Filch deemed himself hardly treated; he probably com-

plained to Mr. Wontner that he and his offence had not been treated with due ceremony. Here was a culprit apprehended without a pursuit, tried without an imprisonment, and condemned without the sympathy of his friends. His wife (vulgarly so called) was expecting him home to dinner; and, lo! the judge had ordered him off to the Antipodes. Was ever the insolence of office carried to a higher pitch? Foreign service, and not even time to take a farewell from his most intimate associates! Who would be a thief to be treated with so little respect? Men about to be hanged derive a temporary consolation from being for once in their lives the principal actors in an extensive scene. Poverty, ignorance, and contempt, perhaps, have kept a poor man down all his life; but on this fatal morning the condemned rises the principal object of a thousand cares and thoughts—he is for once 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;' the sheriff turns uneasily on his pillow for thinking of him; Mr. Wontner looks pale and sad as he bids him a last farewell; the turnkeys grow tender as they talk; and every apprentice in the vicinity has a lecture at night, and leave in the morning to go and see the man hanged. It is then that humanity has its triumph; the man gets universal attention for once, because he is a man, and can die. He that could scarcely attract the passing glance of a fellow-being, now is the gaze of myriads assembled about the scaffold with upturned faces, anxious to behold him do a deed—that is die, *alias* suffer. This flinging-off in the face of public opinion is often the consolation and the support of the previously-despised and overlooked good-for-nothing. Now, if a man proceeding to solemn and public execution were called aside in some wretched Newgate passage, and told to die there without ceremony, he would feel himself a vastly aggrieved person, cheated of his dues, and, if he could write, would surely demand pen and ink, and protest against thus being docked of his lawful solemnities. Thus, we have no doubt, will our Filch complain of an injury of minor degree, that of being sent out of this world without a proper regard to the *bienséances* of respectable police. It is a pity, however, that all his brethren cannot be treated in the same manner; we should soon want crime. Bentham would have the judge always sitting; he would have him on the bench at all hours; nay, that as he slept, he should be liable to be summoned into his court; he would have his door graced like that of a surgeon's, with Night Bell; the fractures of the peace, he thought, demand as instantaneous a setting as those of the bones. Some error might arise, but what an awe would such an arrangement strike into the population of crime! What, no space for communication with the fellows, otherwise *pals* of the society?—no scheming to get off by *alibi*, or suppression of evidence?—no time to frighten, buy, or tire out witnesses?—and, above all, no vacation when free from external cares, the Apprehended may strut his hour in Newgate, where the worst having happened, the accomplished thief holds himself up as the mirror of Nighthood, the pride of roguery, and the envy of surrounding thieves, and daily and hourly lectures upon the theme of his former triumphs.

Disgraceful Neglect of our Scientific Opportunities.—The indifference of the English government to the promotion of science has long presented a remarkable contrast to the zeal and magnificence which the various French governments have shown in encouraging all attempt to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. It penetrates from the highest

offices of state to the lowest outports: all that we have done in bringing home the scientific treasures of other countries, or in braving the dangers and difficulties in seeking nature in her remotest recesses, has been the result of individual enterprise: lucky if, on our return, on the very threshold of home, some custom-house duty, or other paltry obstacle, does not destroy or render of no avail the result of all or a great part of our labours. Consider the enormous extent and the natural treasures of our colonies, and the relations they, joined with our commerce, bring about between England and the nations of the earth, and wonder how rarely an officer of government has his attention directed to exploring and describing the remarkable objects absolutely under his control. Sir Stamford Raffles is a distinguished instance of what might be done, even in a short life; but Sir Stamford Raffles was an officer of the East India government. We might pardon the appointment of men to rule countries without any knowledge, political, commercial, or scientific, for the sake of the military rank which somehow is supposed necessary to sustain the dignity and secure the safety of our colonial possessions; but it is surely inexcusable that, among all the overpaid and almost sinecure places of our colonial establishments, care is not taken that some one at least of these officers shall be able to give some account on his return, and, during his residence, be able to spread the knowledge of the natural advantages of the country in part placed under his control. In that colony of such extraordinary beauty and richness, the Isle of France, where our official establishment cost as much as would govern Denmark and Sweden, but a short time ago a variety of plants were the admiration but the puzzle of the whole island, for no one knew or could form a guess of what they were; accidentally, however, some German gardeners arrived, sent about the world by the generous and enlightened government of Bavaria, to collect seeds and specimens, who no sooner had these plants pointed out to them than, to the shame of the education of the island and its regiments and staff, clerical, medical, political, and financial, they instantly explained their names, their qualities, and took note of some of their remarkable varieties. There is scarcely a colony we possess where the natives have not some valuable medicine unknown to our faculty; but a mystery is usually thrown round savage treasures, and it requires such men as Waterton to track them to their secret habitats; but when do we find such men as Waterton or Burchell spring out of official appointment? The most scandalous neglect of opportunities of gathering valuable knowledge occurs in our navy, and more especially in our expeditions of discovery and survey. Something in a small and mean way was done in the Polar expeditions; but how many vessels have left our shores, bound to survey the most interesting tracts of the globe, without having a man on board the least acquainted with the kingdom of nature, or even a smattering of any other art or science beyond those indispensable to navigation! Look at Captain Owen's expedition to the coasts of Africa, which spent years among the most curious and fertile spots of the whole earth; the government did not attach to it a single naturalist; not a man who knew a hawk from a handsaw, or a melon from a mulberry, save in the pulpy form of fruit. But there was a botanist: oh, yes, there was a botanist—one botanist to three ships! and hear the record of his appointment as published by command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty:—

"The Horticultural Society, desirous of extending the boundary of human knowledge in natural history, obtained from the Admiralty

an order to embark a botanist for this purpose: and here Mr. J[illegible] Forbes, the gentleman appointed, joined us, *with an allowance from the society of* 200*l*. a year during his absence." This able and zealous young man fell a victim to the deadly climate of the countries in which his researches were carried on. What became of his collections we are not [illegible]ormed: as he had no assistant, or successor, or adjunct, in all the ex[illegible]dition, it is possible they were lost. Such as he had made at Rio he [illegible]hed to send home by the Beaver frigate, then on her return; but the spirit of hatred or contempt for natural science which animated the Admiralty of the time had descended to its officers. Mr. Forbes went on board the Beaver, and asked the Captain (M'Lane, a very young man, and nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Melville) [illegible]ission to send his collection to his frigate. The answer was, 'She i[illegible]g to take dollars, and so could not.'"—(Captain Owen's Expedition, vol. i. p. 49.) The Scotch captain was not too young, we dare say, to calculate his per centage on the carriage of the dollars, though it is very probable he was too ignorant to understand the value of any other plants than such as had been time immemorial introduced into his father's kitchen-garden. Like Omar, we can easily imagine a nephew of Lord Melville's reasoning of botany thus: "Do these plants grow in my father's kailyard? if they do, I see no use in sending them to England; if they do not, they are wholly unnecessary, and, as such, might as well be thrown to the pigs of the Beaver."

A botanist, we perceive, has been appointed to Hobart Town, with a salary of 600*l*. per annum. This is a sign of better times. The fact is, a chair of natural history, or perhaps two or three, ought to be endowed in every one of our great colonies, such as Jamaica, Demerara, Ceylon, New South Wales, &c., and travelling professors appointed, like the travelling fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge (now sunk into jobs). Were two or three men sent to every colony, such individuals as followed in the steps [illegible]en like Whewell, Sedgwick, Sabine, Swainson, a[illegible] were there i[illegible]d to lecture and travel, the result would be [illegible] portant chang[illegible]lonial morals, as well as great acquisitions to sc[illegible] An impetus would be given to the intellectual exertions of the y[illegible] colonists, which would raise them altogether above the low and grovelling pursuits too common in hot climates amongst intemperate and ill-informed youths. They would form themselves into investigating parties, study to compose memoirs and reports, and gradually connect themselves with the science of the mother-country; thus, not only raising the standard of individual excellence, but strengthening the bonds of union between the mother-country and the colonists by the most graceful of ties; while, at the same moment, the great and distinguishing o[illegible] of civilization would be furthered, viz.—the advancement and re[illegible] of mankind at large through the purifying influence of knowled[illegible]

THE NEW GRAND TOUR.—Here is an autumnal excursion: what next? Our ancestors made their wills before they set out on a journey from York to London; now we arrange our carpet-bags for trips to Asia and Africa,—Gibraltar, Smyrna, and Egypt: we are to pluck the orange from the tree, bathe in the Jordan, and "join the Hebrew patriots who reside near Sion"—(who are they?)—the only preparation necessary being to see to a supply of coals.

"Extensive Pleasure Trip.—It is in contemplation to send a well-appointed steamer annually, near the end of summer, from Greenock or Glasgow, to Alexandria, Joppa, and Athens, which vessel shall remain about a fortnight or three weeks convenient to those ports, for the accommodation of such passengers as may offer in Belfast, Liverpool, Dublin, Gravesend, Brest, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, and other places where she may touch for a few hours upon her voyage out and home. Economy and convenience being thus united, learned and curious persons may v various interesting parts of the three old continents in a very little m than two months' time. They may pluck the orange, olive, grape, and fig in full perfection; examine the rocky fortress of Gibraltar; the statue, pillar, pyramid, and mosque. They may bathe in the Jordan and the Nile; kneel, with the Greek and Catholic, at the tomb of their Redeemer; or join the Hebrew patriots who reside near Sion, and keep the harvest-feasts beneath the branches of the willow and the palm. Supplies of coals should, of course, precede the steamer to some intervening ports."—*Greenock Advertiser.*

The grand tour indeed! What was the grand tour, compared with the mere Cockney trip of the present day? It is called an excursion,—an extensive one, to be sure. An excursion is a little eccentric deviation from the ordinary routine; the little modern deviation, however, includes Constantinople, Athens, and Egypt. Doubtless, there will soon be a corresponding boat at the Isthmus of Suez, which will perhaps extend the excursion to India,—a mighty pleasant arrangement to those who have friends and connexions in the Indian empire. The Malacca islands will vary the return; and our friends, at evening parties, will prattle of the Malays instead of Mont Blanc, and the volcanoes of Sumatra take the place of Vesuvius;—nay, it is not impossible that the more leisurely and disengaged may stretch the excursion to China or New South Wales, or bring us the latest fashions from the South Seas. If Captain Cook could look down upon these things, what would he say to a Cockney trip round the globe, in which a provision was made to visit his tomb in the Sandwich Islands, as a mark of respect to the man who first showed the way to so pleasant a variety of the grand tour?

The Houris of the West Indian Negroes.—"News has come from St. Vincent's that the negroes are aware that something is going on for their advantage, and are already speculating on having *white wives* and *keeping gigs and horses*."—*Mr. Bernal's Speech in the House of Commons, July* 24.

This was, of course, meant to prove that the negroes are in a very dangerous state, and the Members thereupon cried *hear, hear!* in horror; but, in truth, it is an argument that tells quite the other way. Mr. Bernal, whose talents, experience, and deserved popularity, secure to his remarks the highest respect, had just informed the house that the negroes would not work but on compulsion; that, by six or seven hours' labour per week, they could support themselves; and having done that, they would, in freedom, do no more. But here is a very different story;—the negroes are looking up; freedom is not idleness in their opinion—it is white wives, and horses and gigs. We admire their taste; but it is not a cheap one. The negroes are mightily mistaken if they imagine a white wife and a horse and gig in any country, much less in the West Indies, are to be kept for the value of six or seven hours' labour per week. The negro has a capacity for labour, he has a love of gain, and various expensive tastes; and yet there are people who will maintain that nought

is to be expected from him but indolence or violence. The negro is extremely apt for civilization: it is shown in his very nonsense, his love of fine names, his passion for cocked-hats and plumes of feathers, his ceremonial observances, especially at balls and treats; and, immediately on his getting property, his peculiar neatness, his pride, and his contempt for slaves. More than this, we think there is a great deal in Mr. O'Connell's apparent paradox,—he proves his fitness for freedom by the grace with which he has submitted to slavery. What is slavery, but an undue share of the hardships of life? We are all slaves, more or less; the so-called slave has his hardships in the grossest form, but by no means always in the greatest amount. Well, then, here are men who have made the best of all the bitters of life, unmitigated in their astringency by such joys as we deem sweets. If unrepiningly—nay, respectably—they have made up their spirits to bear this burden, surely they are the very men who will bear themselves discreetly under the ordinary restrictions imposed by society. They have bowed to fate—they have acknowledged superior power—they have taken misfortune in good part,—are not these the men rightly chastened for a subordinate state of citizenship? Good wages in hand, and many tempting merchandises all around, and the Mahometan paradise of "white wives," and "gigs and horses" in view, much may be expected from the transplanted African. Wherever we hear of him in free service he is a worthy man. Ask the captains of our navy if they would desire better or more trustworthy hands than the ordinary sailor-negro? while some of the tribes, even of savages, are proverbial for their sense of honour, their fidelity, and their enthusiasm in [illegible]

[illegible]RKING.—This is a name given to a crime of extreme civilization: as land-burking springs out of science and humanity, so sea-burking takes its origin in mutual association to prevent individual distress. Advantage of this is taken to insure unseaworthy vessels for a sum greater than the value, when the owners and the captains enter into an agreement to wreck them on some dangerous shore, the bad reputation of which may serve as an excuse for the loss, and yet, by its proximity to succour, may afford a refuge for the boat of the prepared conspirators. The wretched crew shift for themselves: the majority are probably drowned,—that is to say, murdered by this new description of pirate. The reward, or blood-money, is received at Lloyd's,—it is the difference between the value of an unsaleable vessel and the insurance-money. How many lives are to be thrown into the debtor and creditor account of the book of conscience, as a balance against this blood-money, depends upon chance. The horrid thirst for gold is too greedy to calculate lives: it is in thought guilty of compassing the death of all, and if any are saved it comes of no mercy of the blood-traffickers. This is worse than the slave-trade, bad enough though it be, and assumes a more atrocious dye, concocted and prepared as it is by "respectable" individuals in the very centre and mart of knowledge and benevolence. A late publication on this subject filled us with incredulous horror; but such doubt as remained is pretty well cleared up. Captain Owen's surveying ships were directed to some points of the coast of Africa infamous for wrecks: it appeared, on examination, that nothing but the grossest ignorance, or the most wicked purpose, could account for the majority of these wrecks;

and it seems to be well understood in our navy which of the interpretations to adopt. The fact is, these murderous wreckers have their pet spots, their nooks and corners of the ocean, to which they retire for the perpetration of their unnatural offence. "Of the numerous wrecks which occurred in Table Bay and its vicinity, during the term of our voyage, there was not one, at least where we had the means of inquiring, which could not be traced either to extreme ignorance, negligence, or design." —("Captain Owen's Voyages.")—A case of gross sea-burking is recorded in the same valuable book: it is that of the Matilda, which, after having made a barefaced attempt to be wrecked within the port of Mozambique, from which she was saved, in spite of her officers, by unexpected assistance, was afterwards run upon the bank of St. Antonio, in open day, "to answer the ends of her owners, by whom she had been over-insured." The bank on which she was lost is a patch of coral, crowned with dry-sand, just covered at the highest spring tides. She was comfortably laid on the inside of this bank, where the least danger was likely to attend the crew (charitable souls!) They began to unload the cargo and place it on the sand; but after three days, they all set off, in two boats, for Mozambique, a distance of about seventy miles to the northward. But the scoundrels were out in their reckoning: they had forgotten the currents, which always set with great rapidity to the northward near the shores and edges of coral banks. They were obliged to land on the coast for water, where some were killed, and the rest with difficulty escaped. The son of the owner (said to be an agent for Lloyd's) was on board, but the fatigues and privations to which they had been unexpectedly exposed in this adventure, cost him and all the officers their lives upon their arrival at Mozambique. The information was gained from a few nearly starved Lascars, picked up at St. Mary's; them died before Captain Owen arrived with them at the Cape.

Idea of a New Court for Domestic Grievances.—One of the most fruitful sources of applications for magisterial interference is the unhappiness arising out of matrimonial misunderstandings. It is a pity that there should not be some better mode of reconciling these differences. The great want seems to be some court of morals, some branch off the main trunk of Doctors Commons, which might interfere in all domestic disputes on being appealed to, and whose deliberations should take place with closed doors. Men of respectability, education, and knowledge of the world, formed into a Domestic Court in every large town, might interpose with great effect. Public opinion unhappily does not operate with any force below a certain rank; broils, fights, abusive set-tos, ending in the disturbance of a neighbourhood, are visited with no loss of reputation, reputation being in fact pitched too low for such discord to make a difference. The restraint imposed by the fear of ridicule and the dread of censure acts with very favourable results in the higher and middle walks of life. Many is the broil of bad temper stopped at the point where the bubble and squeak is likely to be heard by the neighbours or the passenger. But there is no such wholesome fear in low life. Neither is there any care to be considered in a happy and respectable *ménage.* Wonderful efforts are made, and great sacrifices are yielded in a multitude of families for the sake of this consideration alone; and though the hypocrisy it engenders is sometimes laughable and easily

seen through, yet the mere effort often turns the tide of wrath; the lull is taken advantage of, and the coming storm prepared for; nay, the elements of anger themselves often seize the opportunity and dissolve into innocuous showers. In the lower ranks, most commonly the wife is both spouse and servant; if she performs her duties ill in her latter capacity, the punishment is visited upon her in her other relation. A bad servant, when not a wife, is immediately discharged; but if bound also by the sacred bond of marriage, the only discharge she receives is a discharge of blows. To use the language of a gentleman whose domestic quarrels were lately the subject of a police case, she is well *quilted.*

"Thomas Lay, a horse-dealer, was brought before Mr. Murray at Union Hall, charged with committing a violent assault on his wife, whose features were scarcely visible, owing to the beating she had received.

"The complainant stated that her husband was a man of violent temper, which was increased when he got drunk, and this was often the case. On the preceding night, he came home, and as she did not expect him so early she went to bed at nine o'clock, and the moment he entered the room he dragged her out of bed, and commenced beating her with a stick. She screamed with pain, but instead of her tears and entreaties having any effect upon him, he continued to beat her, and did not desist until she fell to the ground in a state of insensibility, one mass of bruises from head to foot.

"The magistrate asked the defendant what he had to say in answer to the charge, and he replied with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, 'I admit that I gave her a *quilting* with an ash sapling, and she provoked me *by not having supper prepared.*'"

Another husband, in the same rank of life, brings up "a buxom young damsel," his wife, and charges her with a multitude of offences, one of the chief of which seemed to be the neglect of not having washed up the breakfast things before the middle of the day—a complaint at any rate exhibiting a passionate love of order. On the part of the husband—

"the complainant gave a long account of matrimonial enormities perpetrated by his wife, the principal of which appeared to be that she permitted his shirts to go unbuttoned and his hose undarned, in order that she might indulge her *penchant* for a dish of gossip with her neighbours. Having occasion, a few days ago, to call at her father's house, he encountered his wife, who opposed his progress up stairs tooth and nail, and inflicted a scratch down the dexter side of his nose. 'It is from no vindictive feeling (added Mr. Joyce) that I bring forward these serious charges against that woman, but it is because I go in fear of my life. Oh! your worship, I haven't told you half, nor a quarter of her baseness—I've come home at twelve o'clock in the day, and I've actually found the breakfast things not washed up!'"

It is creditable to this complainant that he proceeded to no violence like the horse-dealer; but then he is connected with the arts, being a lithographic printer, and the arts, all save those of the horse-dealer, "soften manners, and will not permit a man to be brutal," at least so says the Latin syntax in illustration, not of a police, but a genitive case. And then it appears Mr. Joyce is a person of some refinement of taste; he occupies his leisure hours with music—that music is the guitar. This fact, to be sure, comes out in an awkward manner:—

"Mr. Conant intimated that his opinion did not quite coincide with complainant's as to the grievances he appeared to think so unpardonable. 'Well, but what will your worship think,' said Mr. Joyce, 'when I inform

you, that though she well knew that music was my only rational recreation after the shop was shut up, she positively pawned my guitar !'"

But the lady, in some measure, explained this circumstance, which draws out still further charges—

"Mrs. Joyce.—'That was when you left me several days without a farthing to support myself.'

"Mr. Joyce.—'And I have just discovered another piece of monstrous baseness on her part. Last year she pretended she had got the influenza and I sent her to the doctor's for advice. She came back and told me that Dr. White had ordered her to go to Margate for a month, or the consequences would be serious. I met the doctor the other day, and asked him about it He then told me that he had never given such a recommendation, therefore it is plain this woman had a design of putting me to an expense of eight or ten pounds.

"Mr. Conant.—Perhaps your wife might have wished for a little rational recreation, and took this mode of obtaining her fancy. I cannot, however, see anything as yet very censurable in her conduct.

Mr. Joyce.—"Then I'll charge her with a most serious offence on this very spot. I charge her with having refused to suckle the poor baby, and with having very nearly put me to the expense of six shillings a week to suckle it myself, only very fortunately the little innocent died."

The magistrate advised the parties to go out and see if they could not make the matter up; he could do no more. But see the result of this lame and clumsy method of procedure:—

"Mr. Conant advised the parties to go out and try if they could not settle their differences without his interference, hinting that he had an impression there were faults on both sides.

"'Do you choose to hold this woman to bail or not, that is the point?' asked Mr. Joyce, in a rage.

"'No, I do not,' replied Mr. Conant.

"'Then I know what to do,' said Mr. Joyce, bouncing out of the office.

"What the intentions of the complainant were did not transpire; the warrant was, however, dismissed."

The intention of the complainant, in all probability, is to proceed to America by the first ship. His art will always support him in that country, where he may play the guitar after work, while his wife becomes dependant either on the town or the parish.

Now, were our idea extensively and judiciously carried into effect, of establishing a court of domestic grievance, with a jurisdiction over all moral offences between relative and relative, we think all this mischief might have been prevented. The warrant was evidently far too rude an instrument for this dispute; and, we believe, never does good in any. This case was one of a misunderstanding of the relative duties of man and wife. Mr. Joyce, as he strummed his guitar at his window among his bean-pots in some suburban street, fancied himself an emperor: he expected to be servilely administered to, and, thinking only of his own gratifications, entirely forgot that his wife, too, had her tastes and her inclinations. But Mr. Joyce, in the choice of his spouse, had consulted his eye; he had chosen a "buxom young damsel" for the pleasure of possessing an object of that agreeable kind, and yet fancied, probably after a warm courtship, that the ceremony of marriage was instantly to deprive her of her individuality, and attach her to him as a sort of parasitic plant. With a little training, backed by custom and the usages of the world, a man may do a great deal in this way.

But we doubt not Mr. Joyce revealed his selfishness too abruptly;—too plainly showed his want of consideration for her pleasures; and probably did not even take the pains to attempt to educate her tastes into a coincidence with his own, and certainly yielded nothing to her natural love of talk and fresh air. Of whom did he sing with his guitar? Was it not of "gentle Zitella," or the "fair Gabrielle?" Had he but taken the pains to turn his regards to his buxom wife as he played, and given her to understand that Zitella stood for Betty or Bettina Joyce, and that the Gabrielle of others was his own fair Elizabeth, the result might have been very different. We do not believe she would then have pawned his guitar. Other and very valuable hints might have been given him; and she herself sadly wanted some instruction in the art of happiness. Women, however, wonderfully accommodate themselves even to the most difficult and painful circumstances; but we are not at all surprised at Mrs. Joyce, in her early days of buxoming, suddenly turning round and setting up for herself upon discovering that Joyce the husband was a very different man from Joyce the lover. The metamorphosis is great, and often very frightful to young ladies, both high and low. By the way, it would be as well to observe that much advantage might arise by connecting a jury of matrons with our new court.

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena negotia centum."—*Horat.*

For Identicals.—Gentlemen,—The papers inform us that the furniture used by the Duchess de Berri, at Blaze, is about to be sold by auction; and if this be true, the proprietor will find his account in transferring the property to this country, for the especial patronage of the English, whose gullibility attaches an extravagant value to whatever is curious. If an unparalleled monster happens to be hanged at the Old Bailey, the rope used on the occasion will fetch a guinea per foot, while the clothes in which the wretch may have suffered death become the object of competition among the *connoisseurs* in curiosities. I happen to be acquainted with a person of this remarkable taste, who boasts that the bell-ropes in his apartment have each hanged a murderer, and the principal ornament of his chimney-piece is a bone of one of the identical pork chops eaten for supper on the night of the murder of Weare by Hunt and Thurtell. That which is intrinsically quite worthless becomes invested with peculiar value, directly it has been used in any deed of horror—which, instead of making it an object of disgust, renders it, in the eyes of many persons, a thing to be sought after. A few seasons ago, everybody ran to Covent-Garden, to witness a spectacle called the Life of Napoleon, the principal feature of which was the *identical hat* worn by the emperor. The hat, though (to use a vulgar phrase) a *shocking bad* one, used nightly to excite the applause of an enthusiastic audience, and was hailed with three rounds of applause every evening of its appearance. Surely it would be worth the while of some theatrical manager to get up the Prisoner of Blaye, introducing the whole of the *identical* furniture. The table would certainly be received with *three cheers* (*chairs*); and, in fact, in the present state of dramatic taste, there could not be so safe an experiment.—I am Gentlemen, &c. P. L.

A NEW *Walk* OF LITERATURE.—Gentlemen,—"The prisoners in Lancaster Castle have been some time in the habit of receiving newspapers; they introduce them into the chapel, and *read them while on the treadwheel.* This novel plan of combining mental instruction with mill labour is to be brought under the notice of the magistrates at the annual Session, 'with a view to consider the propriety of *continuing* the custom.'"

The above paragraph shows us the laudable zeal for mental improvement which is manifested by the Lancaster prisoners, and certainly presents a remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; indeed, there could scarcely be a better device to keep the men to their labour; for should they relax for a moment in their pace, they will soon be attracted to a renewal of their exertions by a desire to get to the end of some interesting paragraph. The newspaper in front will be a more powerful incentive to them to keep moving than the overseer's cane behind; and with a ministerial journal before them, it is impossible they should for a moment forget, that, as the wheel turns, they must accommodate their movements.—I am, Gentlemen, &c. &c. PETER PRY.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.—Gentlemen,—"Mr. W. Stacey, of Barton Farm, near Abingdon, commenced reaping on Tuesday with considerable strength."—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

This is one of those important facts that the public is now and then put in possession of by the provincial press. Every one will peruse the paragraph with interest and satisfaction. "Mr. Stacey has commenced reaping" is sufficiently exhilarating news; but the announcement that he is achieving this healthy and useful exercise "with considerable strength" seems to demand some public manifestation of ecstacy. Happily, the London press has almost universally given currency to the paragraph; so that nobody can remain long in ignorance of the cheering intelligence.—I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c. GEOFFREY GOSSIP.

Communications at the Publisher's (Marlborough Street) for the of "The Coal Carrier," "The Philosophy of Hunger," "Commerce," " Creole," "Miss Martineau and her Radical Reviewer," "Essay on preserving the Health of Manufacturers."

Many thanks for the spirited paraphrase from the KORAN, for which we regret that we could not find room.

We have handed over to the Publisher of the Magazine the two articles from our esteemed and able correspondent at Norwich; also "The Remains of a poor Sizer of Trinity," "The Remaining Leaves of a Poet," "Mr. Martin's Plan for Draining the Metropolis," "Paganini's Fiddle," "Autumnal Marriages," two or three papers by W. T. H., "Review of Martin's Illustrations of the Bible," &c.

We are sorry we cannot insert the "Translation from Pindemonte."

All applications relative to any other articles not here alluded to, to be made at the Publisher's, Marlborough Street.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.

The Duke of Sutherland died on the 19th July at his seat, Dunrobin Castle, in the county of Sutherland. His Grace had laboured under an infirm state of health for several years, but up to his departure for the North, on the 2d July, he was better than he had been for many months. George Granville Leveson Gower, Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower of Sittenham, and a Baronet, K.B., Recorder of Stafford, and (jure uxoris) High Sheriff of the county of Sutherland, succeeded his father Granville, the late Marquis, K G., Oct. 26, 1803. The Marquis was called up to the House of Lords during the lifetime of his father, and placed in his barony of Gower of Sittenham; he married, September 4, 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver (in her own right); and has issue, first, George Granville, Earl Gower, born Aug 6, 1786; married, May 28, 1823, Harriet, third daughter of the present Earl of Carlisle, second, Charlotte, born June 8, 1788; married, Dec. 27, 1814, Henry, Earl of Surrey, only son of Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk; third, William, born June 4, 1792, and died in 1793; fourth, William Leveson, died June 17, 1804; fifth, Lord Francis, born 1799; married Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville by whom he has a family of six children; sixth, Elizabeth, married. Sept. 16, 1819, Richard, Viscount Belgrave, now Earl Grosvenor.—The family of Gower has some pretensions to be considered of Anglo-Saxon origin. The object of the creation, in Queen Anne's time, is thus stated by Burnet:—"Finch, Gower, Granville, and young Seymour, were made Peers in 1702, to create a majority in the Upper House, while Harvey was advanced at the same time through private favour."—On the death of the Duke's uncle, Francis, the last Duke of Bridgewater, in 1803, he became the heir general of that nobleman, and acquired the whole income of the Bridgewater Canal and the Worseley estate, which latter is entailed on his youngest son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower. Thus, for life, by the Stafford, the Sutherland, and the Bridgewater possessions united, his Grace was regarded as enjoying one of the largest incomes in Europe—report affirmed that it exceeded 300,000*l.* per annum. The Duke expended that income nobly and munificently. From the late Duke of Bridgewater, and by his own extensive purchases, his Grace possessed a superb collection of paintings, ancient and modern, which, during a certain portion of the year, he was accustomed to open to the public, at his late residence in Cleveland-row. Subsequently to his occupation of Stafford-house many pictures have been removed thither; but the Bridgewater part of the collection remains in Cleveland-row.—When, after the decease of the late Duke of York, it had been deemed advisable to dispose of the palatial residence erected for his Royal Highness in the Green-Park, we believe there was not an individual capable of forming an opinion on the subject who did not rejoice at its falling into the possession of its late noble owner. The purchase-money of the mansion was 75,000 guineas; but it must be borne in mind that its interior was then, and yet remains, incomplete. The Duke of Sutherland did not survive his elevation to a ducal coronet more than six months. He supported the present Administration, and his proxy was given in favour of the Lord Chancellor's Local Courts Bill.

EARL OF PLYMOUTH.

This noble earl died on the 10th of July, of a sudden apoplectic fit. Other-Archer Windsor, Earl of Plymouth and Baron Windsor, was born in July, 1789, and was consequently just 44 years of age. He succeeded to the title on the demise of his father, the fifth earl, before he was ten. He married, in August, 1811, Lady Mary Sackville, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Dorset, who survives his lordship. They have no children. The noble deceased's two sisters, by the late earl and his wife, the present Countess of Amherst, are married—Lady Maria to the Marquis of Downshire, and the other to the Hon. Robert Henry Clive. By the death of the noble lord, the title, we believe, becomes extinct. The barony by writ was created in 1529, and the earldom by creation in 1682. An ancestor of the family, however, William de Windsore, descended from William, son of Walter Fitz-other, Castellain of Windsor, (who was ancestor also of the Duke of Leinster and the Marquis of Lansdowne,) was summoned to Parliament so early as 1381. The



barony has been before in abeyance, which was terminated by the crown, in 1660, in favour of Thomas Hickman, who assumed the name of Windsor, and was the first earl. Another title in the family, Viscount Windsor, in Ireland, and Baron Mountjoy, of the Isle of Wight, became extinct in 1758, on failure of issue male.

LORD DOVER.

George James Welbore Agar Ellis, Baron Dover, of Dover, county of Kent, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at his house in Whitehall, on the 10th of July. He was a Trustee of the British Museum and of the National Gallery, F.R.S. and F.S.A.; was born January 14, 1797, and married, March 7, 1822, Lady Georgiana Howard, second daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and niece to the Duke of Devonshire and the Countess Granville. His lordship was the only son of the present Viscount Clifden, by Lady Caroline Spencer, sister to the Duke of Marlborough. At the general election in 1818, he was returned for the borough of Heytesbury; and, at the age of twenty-one, took his seat in the Imperial Parliament, of which he was an efficient member—seldom, indeed, taking a very conspicuous part in debates upon the great political questions which have been discussed; but while he maintained his principles upon these in a way not to be misunderstood, applying himself with more congenial and prominent zeal to every subject which involved the cause of learning, the fine or useful arts, charities, and the improvement of the people. Thus, in 1824, when the sum of 57,000*l.* was appropriated to the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures for the public, as the foundation of a National Gallery, it must be recorded, to the lasting fame of Mr. Ellis, that he was the first person who suggested this illustrious design, and one of the most earnest and enlightened of its advocates whose energy led to the adoption of the measure. His lordship was a steady political adherent of the present Administration; and, on the change of government in November, 1830, he was selected by Earl Grey to succeed Viscount Lowther as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. This office he, however, resigned a few weeks afterwards, on account of his delicate health, and he did not subsequently accept any other appointment under the crown. In the spring of 1831 his lordship was created a British Peer.

His lordship was a liberal patron of British art. The judgment exhibited in the collection which adorned the walls of his mansion in Spring Gardens proclaimed the connoisseur as well as the amateur; and almost every picture is a gem, which one would be tempted to choose as the best specimen of the artist extant, always to be referred to as a pleasing example of his style and execution. Among these, the celebrated composition of the "Queen's Trial," by Hayter, is memorable as an historical document, and a gallery of distinguished portraits such as has rarely been produced; while the works of Lawrence, Collins, Jackson, Newton, Landseer, Callcott, and other eminent contemporaries, add to the treasures of this selection, no less distinguished by its uniform taste and feeling than by the grace, beauty, and interest of its component parts. In literary pursuits, similar discrimination and refinement have marked the career of Mr. Ellis. As an author, he has published within a short time, "The True History of the State Prisoner, commonly called the Iron Mask, extracted from documents in the French archives;" "Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England;" "The Ellis Correspondence," in two octavo volumes, illustrating a remarkable period of the annals of England, from the letters of the editor's family. He also wrote the "Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia." His last work was, "Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann," published from the originals in the possession of Earl Waldegrave. Mr. Ellis also, in 1822, produced a Catalogue Raisonné of the principal pictures in Flanders and Holland, which was printed, but not published; and he was the writer of some able reviews, both in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, as well as of articles in Magazines, Annuals, and other periodicals, which reflect great credit upon his fancy and talents.

Lord Dover has left an infant family of six children, the eldest, the Hon. Henry Agar Ellis, (the present peer,) being in his ninth year only. His lordship was a personal friend of the late King, and of the King of the Belgians, who stood sponsor for one of his children in 1829. A writer in the "Times" thus speaks of the noble lord:—"If length of days were to be commensurate with personal merit, his life would have been one of no ordinary duration. Amiable and exemplary in all his private relations, an upright, zealous, and intrepid supporter of his political opinions, he will long be regretted by his family and his party; add to this his ele-

gant accomplishments as a man of society, and his various and extensive attainments as a man of letters, and it would be difficult to find, in the whole range of English gentry and nobility, a personage who will be so severely missed. He possessed, in his family, and fortune, and character, every motive which can make life desirable; but he had discharged his various duties, both domestic and social, so conscientiously and honourably, that, short as his life has been, it has been long enough to establish a reputation which there are few men, past or present, who, having lived to the greatest age, would not be proud to enjoy."

DR. ANDREW.

At Edinburgh, on the 13th of June, the Rev. James Andrew, LL.D. and F.R.S., late Principal of the Hon. East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, in the 60th year of his age. When the Hon. Company resolved to educate the youth intended for their engineer and artillery service separately from the King's cadets, they made choice of Dr. Andrew and his private institution for this purpose; soon afterwards they purchased Addiscombe House, to which Dr. Andrew removed, and continued to preside over the increasing establishment as Head Master and Professor of Mathematics for about fifteen years with great success, maintaining throughout a system of discipline and subordination that had never been equalled in England. He retired from his arduous duties about ten years ago; and is the author, we believe, of a Hebrew Grammar and Dictionai[illegible] System of Scriptural Chronology, Nautical Tables, and Original Grammar o[illegible] English Language, &c. Educated at Aberdeen, he was one of those many [illegible]vering and fortunate North Britons of whose merit and success their country [illegible] well be proud.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols.

We have heard of a Turk who declared that "the Turkish government was the only government in the universe that was not despotic." Equally startling, in the way of self-blindness, is the declaration of Lady Morgan, that if she had anything more light and trifling than the trifle "I have the honour to lay at its feet, (the public,) I should, of preference, have selected it." We would ask her Ladyship, (with all due respect for talents which, however, in our estimation, occasionally misapplied, are of very first-rate order,) *could* there be *anything* more light and trifling than the two volumes she has now given forth? Although the first drama has, in our estimation, many moral faults, and Lady Julia is an off-set of the "Glorvina" which turned our youthful heads and hearts, yet there are in it characters and scenes of beauty and vigour which show that time *has* brought knowledge with it, if Lady Morgan would be satisfied to give that knowledge forth, stripped of the tinsel by which she, with so mistaken a taste, often seeks to ornament the gem. Her present production lacks *new* invention; but in "Malnor Sackville" it displays much experience, and Brian and Honor are sketches that every one who knows anything of Ireland and its brave and noble peasantry must acknowledge as drawn from the life. Mrs. Quigly and her cat, Mr. Galbraith, and the Rev. Mr. Callaghan, are all admirable, and make us wish that, if it were possible, her Ladyship would sink politics, and give us some purely national dramas.

The Dream, and other Poems. By Mrs. Conyngham.

We have the pleasing task of soliciting peculiar attention to a small collection of poems, which afford a new instance of that female talent for which this country has been distinguished of later years. To the names of Edgeworth, Hemans, Morgan, Norton, Landon, Ratcliffe, and Sheridan, we have to add that of Mrs. Conyngham, who has just published the poetical volume we allude to, under the title of "The Dream, and other Poems." The Dream is the principal poem, and contains some passages remarkable for their easy grace, and others for their force of expression.

We will take the first passage that we open (page 12) as a specimen:—

"It was not that her radiant eyes
Were like the stars of Eastern skies;

It was not that her brow was fair,
That Nature's softest touch was there;
It was not that the hand of Love
The texture of her cheek had wove;
It was the spirit's harmony,
The mind's unbroken melody,
Breathing its sweetness through the whole;
It was the glance that spoke a soul
All fearless in its purity;
It was the sunny smile that drew,
Where'er it fell on this world's tears,
Bright colours out—whose rainbow hue
Gave promise of less troubled years."

The whole of this passage, continuing it farther than we have space or time here to do, is full of nature and grace. The 28th and 29th stanzas possess beauty of a more nervous and striking kind; and, indeed, the whole poem is such as may fairly claim the attention of the public, while it needs but little indulgence from the critic.

Some of the smaller poems, however, are more perfect of their kind than "The Dream." Mrs. Conyngham is niece, we believe, to Emmett, famous for his mistaken but honest patriotism; and her muse seems to have taken many of its tones which a high and pure spirit of liberty from her ancestral recollections.

Hints to Anglers and Chess-Players.

here is always more or less of a family likeness between an author and his writings. His good-humour and good-heartedness are instantly transfused into his book; and, in ten cases out of twelve, we might swear to the literary affiliation without any further evidence.

With regard to the pleasing *jeu d'esprit* upon our table, the resemblance is easily perceived. Its inoffensive, quiet satire, its unassuming tone, its right-headedness, and certain unerring indications of an amiable man, would have pointed our conjectures to Richard Penn, whom we have long known as an angler and chess-player, had we not much better authority for the fact.

Beresford's "Miseries of Life" seem to have suggested to our friend the humorous idea of the miseries of an angler. These, indeed, are what the French would call incommodities only, though, in a late criminal trial at Paris, we were not a little surprised that a person who had taken poison was described by the physician as having undergone *beaucoup d'incommodité*. What we mean is, that they are those miseries only which are legitimate subjects of ridicule; and these minor miseries are sure to beset the inexperienced tyro of the rod, and he must bear a laugh raised at his expense if he is ambitious of becoming a skilful angler. In truth, this little book abounds with wholesome cautions against the improvidence and inattention to trifles which have marred many a day's sport, and led to mischances which he might easily have avoided had he relied on his own understanding, rather than followed the advice and directions of others.

And here is a good opportunity to remark that your genuine angler is the most independent being in the world. His ways and means are the resources of his own understanding, sorely exercised by the petty vexations of his craft, till at length

Old experience do attain
Something of prophetic strain,

and he goes forth in the morning quite proof against the accidents "by flood or field," which would drive an undisciplined pupil of the line and hook stark mad. The sun, the clouds, the breeze, are his books; they are the oracles that announce the coming events of the day. In short, he may well exclaim with Edgar, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess!" For it is by an assiduous worship in her temples only that he can arrive at any proficiency.

And, pray, is not this enough to brush away the feeble insect objections for ever buzzing in your ear to the sublime mystery of the angler? For there are many well-dressed, well-behaved persons, with manners bearing the polish of good company, and shoes that of Day and Martin, who, in the foolishness of their hearts, have called it an idle amusement. Idle! to wander by river, wood, and fell, amidst all the harmonies of the universe, the noontide hum, that, like an air of Handel, lulls the soul into devout contemplations, the murmurs of brooks and rivulets, their little waves, playful as children, chasing each other over a clear pebbly bottom,—idle! to

watch in the early season of the year (for then begins the angler's occupation) the first tender buddings of the hawthorn, for the future destinations of his being are unfolded to him as clearly in the renewal of the leaf and the return of the verdure as in a page of Bishop Butler's Analogy,—idle! to see the fitful shadows flung by every passing cloud upon the stream he loves, giving him as ecstatic a delight as the change of scenes in a pantomime to a child on his first visit to a theatre; and, above all, the deep and still deeper shade cast on its surface by the stunted elm on which he leans his back—the shade where the speckled lord of the brook waits half asleep and half awake for the May-fly as it skims over his head. No; this is not idleness. It is good for man to be amid such scenes. They are those bright pages of creation from which folly would retire wise, or, at least, less foolish, and avarice and worldly wealth derive a hint by seeing how bountifully Nature has done her part to second, as far as they can, her holy ministrations.

But we will not trust ourselves any further with the subject. Yet we must remark, in justice to the author, that many new hints are thrown out which an angler would do well to mark and inwardly digest. One we think extremely useful respecting the absurdity of playing too long with your trout to hook him the more effectually; for you frequently enable him, by this dexterous manœuvre, to disengage his jaws from the hook, and return quietly, perhaps with little more inconvenience than a tooth-ache, to his old quarters. And the lesson may be well applied to the schemes of life. Let the Miss who is inclined to be coquettish be cautious when the hook has been fairly swallowed, of playing with her fish.

The illustrative designs have considerable humour. It is said, indeed, that they are from the pencil of the great sculptor, Chantrey.

Chatsworth, the Patrician.

We will venture to say that such a novel as Chatsworth is not to be found even 'mongst the most monstrous superfœtations of the press.

"None but itself can be its parallel."

It is, however, a curiosity which deserves inspection, inasmuch as it is a most perfect specimen of a Cockney fiction, and an exact image of a Cockney mind. Without fear of contradiction, we assert, that the author, if he ever travelled out of the sound of Bow-bell, got no farther than Edmonton. The dialogue is something in the manner of Dean Swift's Polite Conversations, the wit and humour of the model, however, having evaporated in the process. But as a conservatory of the sentimental talk of middling life in London, though the scene is laid in high life, and in what the late Lord Kenyon used to call "the great squares," it will be hereafter invaluable. In the awful vicissitudes of human things, it may happen that this dialect may become extinct. But "Chatsworth" may transmit its remains for the gratification of future antiquaries, in the same way as the Punic scenes in Plautus preserved for the delight of General Vallancey the charming and intelligible diction of Hannibal and Hamilcar.

Cockney Specimens.

"The duke gazed on her with delight. 'I ordered the curricle to be here in an hour—will you *go a drive* this morning?'

"'Your ladyship seems to forget how much you are concerned.'—'No, no; *depend I shall* lose no opportunity of retaliating on the duke.'

"On the fourth morning, Mrs Grey and Irene reached the metropolis in safety, and proceeded straight to Caroline's residence *at the west end*.

"Mrs. Wise would frequently say, *her house was not like home* if some of the Misses Garlands were not with her.

"'I was married at Colnbrook by a friend of the duke's, the *Reverend George Bates*.'

"'I shall *come for you to go* to the theatre to-morrow.'

"'Having given my promise, *I must not go from my word*. Besides, he is so *tenacious*, he would never forgive me.'

"'Now, Irene, here is the end of our *drive*. Fasten your tippet, my love, or *the draught may give you cold*.'

"'By the bye, I saw the Silvertons the other day, and find I shall soon have to congratulate you on *your prospects in the matrimonial line*.'

"'I think you said your sister *was engaged out* to-morrow.'

"'Yes, yes, I promise. So don't tease me any more, *that's a good soul*.'

"'Shall I ring for her,' demanded Sir Edgar, 'or *is she gone a walk*?'"

When such things are printed, might we not be allowed to sigh for another caliph Omar, who set fire to the books at Alexandria?

Critical Notices.

Poems by Hartley Colerid[ge]

"Father and bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers,
Thou, in thy nightwatch o'er my cradled slumbers,
Didst meditate the verse which lives to show
(And long shall live when we alike are low)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong,
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which none but Nature's pupils know!

"The prayer was heard: I wandered like a breeze
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gathered there the shapes and phantasies,
Which, mixed with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee!"

We quote this beautiful introductory sonnet, addressed by the father, to ensure at once the good feeling of our readers before pr[oceeding fur]ther in our brief notice of a work which contains as much of the essence of poetry as any of which this poetical age can boast. It is a book full of gentle fancies and peaceful expressions, of "dreams which float before the half-closed eye," and thoughts which, springing from Wisdom's "best muse, Contemplation," aided by a somewhat metaphysical intellect, present themselves under those engaging forms supplied by the external world, in unlimited number, to express feelings which, without th[e aid o]f such accompanying imagery, would be unintelligible. The delineation [of the s]ofter emotions, and of love more especially, appears to be Mr. Coleridge's fort[e; he s]eldom breaks out into the wild expression of pas[sion]; and "glad of it with all our hearts" we are, for we are beginning to be tir[ed of the] melodramatic rant and glitter of the characters of the Byron school; and that c[om]mon expression that a hero, to be interesting, must carry about with him in hi[s] countenance and gestures credentials to ensure a ready admittance into St. Luke's; while he scorns to express even the most peaceful feelings of the hearts of other men, under a less terrific image than

"The lava flood
Which [b]oils in Ætna's breast of flame."

Such, however, is not the spirit in which Mr. Coleridge has written; nor, indeed, the spirit which is now beginning to shed a more peaceful character over the general style of our current literature He is an interpreter of Nature in her most winning dress, looking upon her in her true character of a faultless reflex of immaterial wisdom and goodness holding intercourse, through the medium of palpable symbols, with the immortal and invisible part of man In pieces of quiet pathos, too, he is possessed of no ordinary power, as the following stanzas, which we cannot refrain from quoting, will sufficiently prove:—

TO SOMEBODY.

"I blame her not—because my soul
Is not like hers,—a treasure
Of self-sufficing good,—a whole
Complete in every measure.

"I charge her not with cruel pride,
With self admired disdain;
Too happy she, or to deride,
Or to perceive my pain.

"I blame her not;—she cannot know
What she did never prove.
Her streams of sweetness purely flow
Unblended yet with love.

"No fault hath she that I desire,
What she can not conceive;
For she is made of bliss entire,
And I was born to grieve.

"And though she hath a thousand wills,
And in a moment's space,
As fast as light, a thousand smiles
Come showering from her face;

"Those winsome smiles, those sunny looks,
Her heart securely deems
Cold as the flashing of the brooks
In the cold moonlight beams.

"Her sweet affections, free as wind,
Nor fear nor craving feel;
No secret hollow hath her mind,
Nor passion to reveal.

"Her being's law is gentle bliss,
Her purpose and her duty,
And quiet joy her loveliness,
And gay delight her beauty.

"Then let her walk in mirthful pride,
Dispensing joy and sadness,
By her light spirit fortified,
In panoply of gladness.

"The joy she gives shall still be hers,
The sorrow shall be mine;
Such debt the earthly heart incurs
That pants for the divine.

"But better 'tis to love, I ween,
And die of slow despair,
Than die, and never to have seen
A maid so lovely fair."

We have now to mention the few faults which have struck us in this elegant volume. These are, principally, a tinge of affectation in manner, and the want of a fixed and determinate object, in several of the poems. Mr. Coleridge has all the imagination which raises a poet from the smoke and stir of this dull spot into a purer and more exhilarating atmosphere; but he is still in want of the nerves and sinews requisite to sustain him in a prolonged flight. This may be attributable to a want of confidence in his own strength, which a second essay will probably produce. At all events, we are pleased to find, in his first volume of verse, sufficient merit to afford the old adage of "fortes creantur fortibus" additional confirmation. Besides, there are occasional glimpses of feeling, which we regard with pleasure as likely to furnish a greater fund of satisfaction to their possessor than even the meed of literary fame which he has in prospect, or perhaps in possession. We allude to that conviction of which all ought to be sensible, and which he has so happily expressed in the conclusion of his lines "to an Unknown Sister-in-law." We cannot help transcribing the whole passage as a fitting specimen of the author's best style, wherewith to conclude our review.

"Dearest sister, I
Am one of whom thou doubtless hast heard much,
Not always well. My name too oft pronounced
With sighs, desponding sorrow, and reproach,
By lips which fain would praise and ever bless me.
Yet deem not hardly of me: who best know
Most gently censure me, and who believes
The dark inherent mystery of sin,
Doubts not the will and potency of God
To change, invigorate, and purify
The self-condemning heart.
Good night: e'en now,
Perhaps, thou art sleeping by my brother's side,
Or listening gladly to the soft, sweet breath
Of thy dear babe, while I must seek a couch,
Lonely, and haunted much by visions strange,
And sore perplexity of roving dreams,
The spectres manifold of murdered hours.
But yet, good night; good be the night to thee,
And bright the morrow. Once, again, good night!"

Lives of Celebrated Spaniards. Translated from the Spanish of Quintana, by T. R. Preston.

Every one knows and acknowledges the value of biography as a department of literature; every one can attest from experience its absorbing interest and lasting influence on the mind: the only point, therefore, upon which it is necessary for us

to touch, in reference to these Lives, is the manner in which they are executed; and here we willingly and freely use the language of praise, not only because the work possesses positive merit, but because, also, we are anxious to promote the importation and naturalization of all that is good of foreign growth. Sincere thanks are due, and will be readily given, to Mr. Preston for presenting us with so pleasing an addition to our literature. These Lives are portrayed with a fidelity and skill by no means common. The author exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the springs of human actions: he traces every manifestation of character to its true origin; paints every feature in its natural colour; prevents the misappreciation of facts, assigning to deeds their strict moral value; and invests a narrative of events with the alluring charms of romance. We cannot better give an idea of the heroes whose lives are here described than in Quintana's own words; they are—

> "Those whose celebrity is attested alike by the voice of history and of tradition: and he (Quintana) believes that not one of the lives which he now offers to the public can be impugned as being in contravention with the title of the book itself. EL CID CAMPEADOR, for instance—a name which, among us, is synonymous to the indomitable strength of heroism, as well as to success. GUZMAN THE GOOD—equal to the most distinguished personages of antiquity, by his patriotism and magnanimity. ROGER DE LAURIA—the greatest mariner possessed by Europe from the days of Carthage to Columbus. The PRINCE OF VIANA—so interesting from his character, from his learning, and his talents; so worthy of compassion by his misfortunes, and who unites in his destiny, to the dignity and expectations of a royal birth, the example and misfortune of a private individual, unjustly persecuted and barbarously sacrificed. And, lastly, GONZALO DE CORDOVA, the most illustrious general of the fifteenth century;—he who, by his deeds and discipline, gave to our soldiery the superiority they maintained in Europe for nearly two consecutive ages; and who, both in his character and conduct, presents a dazzling mirror, wherein to behold themselves, to all such warriors as blend not ferocity with heroism."

If this bill of fare attract not numbers to the feast, we should address the public in language analogous to that of a musical friend of ours. When Lady —— approached the piano, on which a gentleman was playing with tasteful skill, for the enjoyment of her ladyship's guests, and had just reached the middle of an imposing concerto,—and said, "Thank ye, sir—very delightful—that will do—much obliged t' ye," our friend, who had been turning over the leaves, exclaimed, in a deep-toned growl of contempt, "I pity your taste, my lady!"

Pensieri e Poesie di Guido Sorelli.

This small volume, consisting only of eighty-six pages, contains as much true poetry as most modern writers would contrive to spread over three hundred. Signor Sorelli's last work was a masterly translation of our divine Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and it is a bold affirmation that the original beauties of that splendid production were little, if at all, dimmed by their foreign garb. Sorelli is not one to paraphrase words: he does not *write* only, he *feels*; every fine idea, every brilliant conception, finds an echo in his peculiar and powerfully-organized mind; and he transcribes at once the expression and the inspiration of his author. The might and mysticism of poetry are both upon him; his world is evidently one of imagination and feeling, with which the every-day clamour of life has nothing to do. The "Paradiso Perduto" was dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty, and is, if we mistake not, the only instance of such an honour having been ceded to a foreigner since she became queen. It is gratifying to know that such distinguished favour was not shown to an author unworthy of the boon. The Florentine Sorelli is essentially a poet; in the little volume which is now beside us he has inscribed "Thoughts and Poems" to which no common mind could have given birth. We could extract twenty passages which would justify our opinion; but we forbear to mutilate, and we cannot afford space to give one of the poems entire. We can only advise such of our readers as love *la lingua Toscana* (and who does not?) to obtain this little book, and to turn to "La Donna," the "Sonnet to Jessica," "L' Addio," and the "Ode to Hope." Neither the author nor ourselves need dread the result.

Tropical Agriculture.

Considering the immense influx of our colonial produce into the mother country,—considering, also, the avidity with which every department in science and literature has been ransacked in these latter days, for the purpose of furnishing a new topic,—it is astonishing that the agriculture of tropical climates has, till the present moment, received comparatively little notice. True it is that a residence in

quaintance with those who have been instructed by actual experience in such matters. True it is, also, that the subject requires something more than the sketching and witticising talent which characterizes so many of our modern travellers. Notwithstanding all this, it is certainly surprising that a branch of knowledge so intimately connected with the daily comforts of the community at large should be suffered to remain unimproved in a time of general observation and universal authorship. The public attention has been latterly much directed to our colonial interests, and with reason. Colonies are at all times of vital importance to a commercial country; but the misfortune is, that their true use is little understood; and when mismanaged, according to a general law of nature, they are as injurious to home interests as they are beneficial when governed by salutary regulations. That mismanagement has existed on the part of the British Government on this very essential head must be universally acknowledged; but we have, at the same time, reason to hope that the day of short-sighted policy is past, and for ever: indeed, the relations between ourselves and our foreign possessions, which are daily assuming a more important character, no longer suffer ignorance or indifference on either side to be a matter of unimportance, or even of possibility. While the agricultural interest at home wanes, and seems likely to continue waning, before its hundred-handed rival, the genius of manufactures; while the increase of population is manifested by the growth of houses, and streets shooting forth in every direction with the rapidity of crystals formed under the microscope of the philosopher,—it does not seem either absurd or inconsistent with the evidence of facts to anticipate a day when the farmer will be fairly pushed out of the country, and the shepherd become as scarce an object in England as in Egypt of old. At such a time our means of support will perhaps be chiefly supplied by our farms beyond the Atlantic and Indian Seas, which may stand in the same relation to our children as Sicily and Africa to the swarming population of Rome at the height of her power. It is unnecessary to add a word more to prove the utility of such a work as Mr. Porter's, which will no doubt be appreciated by every one connected by commerce or interest with the countries of whose cultivation it treats; while to the man of science it will open a field of the most exciting inquiry. Even in our own land, agriculture, as a science, always repays the interest it engages; but in those climates where the perils and profits of the pursuit are incalculably increased, where Nature, acting ever on the same gigantic scale either bestows with the munificence of a gratified monarch, or desolates with the fury of an avenging conqueror,—the consideration of an agency which may best improve her gifts, or moderate the effects of her anger, rises into proportionate importance: besides, the productions of a tropical region are so infinitely diversified by the exuberant fertility of the soil, and so entirely different, both in character and culture, from our own, that little to be envied would be either the heart or head which could contemplate so many mighty and novel adaptations of wisdom to circumstances without gratitude and admiration.

Mr Porter's work contains accounts drawn from the best authorities, and supplied by persons of experience in the management and use of almost every tropical plant considered of importance in a commercial sense; amongst several others, of cotton, tea, cocoa, millet, maize, tobacco, the several spices, opium, and indigo. Each of these well deserves a separate review; and we regret that the little space we can devote to the present notice prevents us from dwelling as we could wish upon each. The chapter upon Cotton is rendered particularly interesting by the increased demand for that article upon America; and we have a very clear statement of the means by which the United States have been able to drive our own planters from the market. That upon Tea, also, may be very advantageously consulted towards forming a clearer conception of that great political mystery—the China trade, which it seems decreed that nobody should understand and everybody talk of. Mr. Porter thinks, with Cobbett, that maize might be introduced with great success into our own country, and quotes from Dr Franklin a list of its uses, the bare enumeration of which any one would suppose might secure it a place on every estate, if he were not at the same time aware that, of all prejudiced animals under the sun, there exists no one so essentially and entirely bigoted to a previously conceived opinion as an English farmer. Maize, as a foreign and strange-looking grain, was at once voted to be fit only for the sustenance of hogs, and to their sole use and benefit it has accordingly been assigned. The account of the cocoa-tree is elegantly written, and that of tobacco contains many interesting particulars. On the subject of indigo, a comprehensive exposition of the different methods used for preparing the dye in the East and West Indies is given, with the relative advan-

tages of each. In the chapter on Opium we are made acquainted with the astonishing fact, that the revenue obtained from the growth of this pernicious plant, in our East Indian possessions, amounted, in 1830, to the sum of two millions sterling.

With these remarks, made "currente calamo," we must now close our notice of Mr. Porter's excellent book. It will need no recommendation on our part to become generally popular, as every means of obtaining accessible information appears to have been followed, and both utility and entertainment have been equally and successfully consulted in its compilation.

National Portrait Gallery. Nos, 49, 50, and 51.

Few works, issuing periodically from the press, have a stronger claim than the above upon the public attention, from the object professed—few have earned a better right to the public patronage, from the spirited and successful manner in which that object is endeavoured to be attained; and, to these recommendations is added that of a price so moderate, that we are astonished how so large a quantity of matter, and such superior embellishments, can be issued without injuring the proprietors by the necessary outlay. As our attention will be rather directed in the present notice to the literary portion of the work than its engravings, we merely state of the latter that they are executed in the first style of the art, and that they are taken from the best original portraits which can be procured. The lives contained in the three parts last published are as usual nine in number. Among these, first in interest as in importance, stands the name of Edmund Burke, among the numerous memoirs extant of whom, we do not remember to have seen one written with more elegance and truth than the concise biography before us. It contains a just analysis of the mind of that eminent statesman, in whom the spirit of eloquence shows itself to a degree which has certainly never since been equalled within the walls of a British Parliament, and of that great philosopher than whom none ever made further advances in the intricate paths of mental science. The next memoir which appears to us deserving of high commendation is that of Robert Hall, a name which few can hear without a feeling of regret for the still recent removal from the scene of their trial of as brilliant, intellectual, and moral qualities, as ever distinguished the internal constitution of man. The life of Mr. Hall, it is well known, was one long scene of personal suffering, and even if uninteresting, in any other view, it would be deserving of earnest attention, as affording a most singular instance of the triumph of mental power over the most formidable physical impediments. The writer of the present memoir has given us a striking, and, it is to be hoped, not uninstructing picture of what may be performed under every discouraging circumstance, by a principle only equalled by the genius which formed at once its ornament and support; and if the portrait is at times distinguished by a warmth of colouring perhaps not strictly justified by the facts adduced, this will be acknowledged as a defect which certainly "leans to virtue's side." It is, moreover, one which we regret the less, as it affords us a favourable specimen of the author's ability in eulogy, a quality of rather uncommon occurrence in these censorious days. The remaining memoirs are devoted to Sir William Jones, the present Earl of Shrewsbury, Dr. Adam Clarke, Professor Leslie, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. With respect to these, we have only space to observe that they are written, to the best of our knowledge, with fidelity as well as with discrimination and judgment. The life of Sir William Jones is, perhaps, the best, on whom a suitable panegyric has been pronounced, though, at the same time, we fully agree with the writer that the importance of his testimony to the truth of Revelation has been egregiously overrated. No man in his senses could possibly have spoken otherwise. Thus much for the latest numbers of the "National Portrait Gallery," which, as we have perused them with interest, we now lay aside with regret. We have no doubt that the work will be properly appreciated by a discerning public, and meet with that encouragement which the zeal and ability of all engaged in its production deserve.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Internal Structure of Fossil Vegetables found in the Carboniferous and Oolitic Deposits of Great Britain described and illustrated, by H. Witham, 4to., 21*s*.

Facts, not Fables, by C. Williams, 18mo. 4*s*.

The Colonies: treating of their value generally; of the Ionian Islands in particular, and the Administration of Sir F. Adam; by Col. C. J. Napier, 8vo., 18*s*. cloth.

The Provost of Paris, a Tale of the Court of Charles VI. by W. S. Browning, 3 vols., 12mo., 15*s*. boards.

Montagu; or, Is this Religion? by Charles B. Taylor, new edition, 12mo, 6*s*. cloth.

Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, by Captain Owen, R.N., 2 vols, 8vo., 1*l*. 12*s*. bds.

Life of Gouverneur Morris, by Jared Sparks, 3 vols., 8vo., 27*s*.

Taxation of the British Empire, by R. M. Martin, 12mo., 5*s*. cloth.

Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public, post 8vo., 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21*s*. bds.

Character, or Jew and Gentile, a Tale, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, 2 vols., post 8vo., 16*s* bds.

The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science, No. IX., 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Ritson's Ancient Popular Poetry, crown 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, by Capt. C. Strutt, 2 vols., 8vo., 28*s*.

Sir Guy de Lusignan, by Miss Knight, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21*s*.

Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830, 10 vols., 8vo., 5*l*. 10*s*.

Main's Illustrations of Vegetable Physiology, 12mo., 8*s*.

The Village Belles, a Novel, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l*. 7*s*.

England and the English, by E. L. Bulwer, 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l*. 1*s*.

Great Britain in 1833, by Baron D'Haussez, 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l*. 1*s*.

M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy, 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

LITERARY REPORT.

"Illustrations of the Botany and other Branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere," by J. F Royle, Esq., F.L.S. &c.

"Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Coloured, and Negro Population of the West Indies," by Mrs. Carmichael.

Messrs. Ackermann and Co. announce "Two Series of Coloured Views of Niagara and Quebec," from Drawings taken on the spot, by Lieut.-Colonel Cockburn.

"Theory of Pneumatology," in reply to the question, "What ought to be believed or disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions?" by Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling, late Professor of the Universities of Heidelburgh and Marburgh, and Privy Councillor to the Grand Duke of Baden. From the German, by Samuel Jackson.

"A Memoir of Baron Cuvier," by Mrs. Lee, with Portrait.

"Lectures on Painting," delivered at the Royal Academy, by Thomas Phillips, Esq. R A.

"The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland" from the Accession of James I., by J. S Reid, D D.

"Retzsch's Outlines to Macbeth" will appear in the course of the summer.

A new and splendid Annual to be called the "Oriental Annual," from original Drawings by W. Daniell, Esq, R.A., is announced; the Literary Department by the Rev. H. Chaunter, B.D.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

TAGLIONI is gone;—the lady light of foot, the creator of poetic visions of fairy beauty, has left the Opera to the dreariness of her inferiors. Pasta still remains to support Norma, and give intensity of interest to a piece that could not be supported without her. "Cenerentola" and "Somnambule" have been attractive as hitherto, for Malibran does not cease to be fascinating. There have been no novelties.

DRURY LANE.

Paganini has given four concerts at this theatre, and they have been attended by a brilliant and overflowing audience. At the rising of the curtain, sounds of unequivocal disapprobation greeted the unpopular musician, but, like another Orpheus, he wielded all wills to his purpose by the sound of his fiddle. After the first notes of discontent had subsided, the musician commenced his wonders; and if rapturous

and universal applause could atone for his first reception, Paganini had no reason to complain. He is said to have remarked, that such a greeting was worth five hundred pounds; and we leave our readers to judge what sort of a greeting it must have been that the not over-liberal Italian valued so highly. A musical prodigy, a Miss Elizabeth Jones, whose brilliancy on the piano, in a *bravura variatione* from the opera of "Joseph," excited considerable applause, is one of those instances of premature talent, that, however much our wonder may be excited, our pity is more strongly roused: juvenile prodigies being generally hastened to ruin with an accelerated speed by this early exhibition before a crowded audience.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

The late Cobourg Theatre has opened under the above name, and under the auspices of the Duchess of Kent, who has kindly promised to patronize the establishment. Abbott and Egerton, the managers, are in high spirits as to their success. The theatre, as a building, possesses all the advantages of construction for the performance of the regular drama. The "Forest of Ardennes" was the piece first chosen for representation, and though performed in a style superior to what the visitors of the Cobourg have generally been in the habit of witnessing, was not altogether worthy of the high station the managers have assumed. Warde, never doing badly, did moderately here. "Black-Eyed Susan," that best of melodramas, though old, never tiring, followed; and the tact of the managers was shown by the superior style in which Miss Jarman played the affectionate Susan. Nature-loving, fond, and trusting woman, never appeared to win auditors more thoroughly to admiration than did Miss Jarman in this character. Abbott delivered an address on the occasion of some considerable merit; his concluding lines, in allusion to the Princess Victoria, will be re-echoed by the whole of England;—

> "Oh! may that daughter fated be to raise
> Remembrance of those bright and palmy days
> When Sidney fell, and Shakspeare wore the bays."

The "Spare Bed, or the Shower Bath," has also been produced with considerable success.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. C. Mathews has brought out a play at this theatre, adapted from "La Belle Mère et le Gendre" of Samson, the French comedian. It is a piece of no great merit, and but for the acting of Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover, it would have met with none of the warmth of reception that hailed its representation. Mr W. Farren's personation of the old imbecile Mr. Foozy, who loves eating and ease, was most inimitable.

"The Housekeeper, or the White Rose," has been performed with no ordinary effect Mr. Jerrold, the author of this piece, and of the most popular pieces of the day, has here done his best. Caustic wit, punning, and all kinds of satire have been the distinguishing peculiarities of all his efforts. In his former plays he has been distinguished by an attempt at stage display, that has always been kept within the bounds of propriety, but still has been the distinguishing characteristic of his attempts. He would sacrifice many things that lead to the perfection of a dramatic composition, for the sake of a good hit or a novel position. In the present instance he has avoided his *excellent faults*, and improved the excellence of his composition. It is too lengthy a matter to enter into the detail of the plot, and we must content ourselves by saying, that Mr. Buckstone as Simon Box, Mrs. Humby as Sophia Hayes, Miss Taylor as Lady Felicia, and Mr. Vining as Sidney Maguard, all performed their duties in a manner that made it appear they were interested in the success of the piece, and they consequently performed their parts even better than usual.

Madame Vestris has been added to the corps.

ADELPHI.

"The Yeoman's Daughter," a drama, by Mr. Serle, has been produced here with very considerable success. The piece is of the "Rent-Day" school, and is throughout well sustained by author and actors. The Mary Gray of Mrs. Waylett was intense and beautiful, and different as possible to her general style of performance. The Jemmy Muggleby of Mr. Reeve was like the generality of that gentleman's performances, rather coarse, very full of humour, and particularly vulgar and amusing.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Palmer, the civil engineer, delivered a lecture upon the formation of beaches along the coast, and bars at the mouths of harbours. On observing attentively the action of the waves on the beach, he noticed that the largest stones were deposited at the greatest height and distance from the water, and gradually lessening in size downwards to the smallest sand, which was at the water's edge. This order of deposition, the reverse of the effect of forming a heap of stones under common circumstances, where all the large stones roll to the bottom, and the small remain at the top, though ten thousand times observed by others, does not appear to have led any person before him to consider how this operation of nature might be turned to account. He watched the waves and their actions upon particular stones, and found that whenever a wave struck a stone which it had force enough to move, it carried forward the stone in the line of its direction; and when the wave retired, the stone rolled back upon the beach, not in the same line, except when the wave struck it at right angles with the water-line of the beach; thus the stones and sand moved to leeward on the beach in zig-zag lines. The difference of the progressive motion of the stones depended upon their sizes, and the proportionate quantity of surface of the small stones and sand made them more buoyant; and they were by each succeeding wave deposited farther up or down the shore, as the wave struck it more or less obliquely, the difference of progress varying as one to many hundreds. By pointing to a map of the Sussex and Kent coasts, which lie in a direction from W.S.W. to E.N.E., Mr. Palmer showed how, with the general prevalence of south-westerly winds on the coast, beaches were formed in all bays and recesses west of the headlands, or wherever obstructions had been raised by piers or artificial projections from the land: in such places stones and sand are heaped, which, disturbed by the violent action of the waves in storms, were displaced, carried forward, and deposited, perhaps, at the mouth of the very harbour, forming a bar there, which the pier was intended to prevent. Mr Palmer showed that this was the case at Dover, and that the chief object in forming a harbour should be to prevent such accumulation near it. By an experiment he showed that the "fact in which he had caught Nature" might be employed as a principle of prevention, by building sloping dikes at right angles with the beach. These would facilitate the return of the stones and sand to the water's edge, prevent a high accumulation, replace within reach of the waves the materials of the beach, and aid the water in carrying them on to a spot where they might be deposited without injury to navigation.

Scientific Meeting at Cambridge.—The British Association for the Promotion of Science have held their third annual meeting at Cambridge, Professor Sedgwick in the chair. The meeting consisted of near 800 persons, comprising the most distinguished men of science from every part of the empire. The general meetings were held in the Senate-house; and the sectional meetings, under their respective Vice-Presidents, were held in the extensive range of apartments behind the Senate-house. The first day was occupied in various arrangements and preliminary discourses, describing the objects of the meeting; and the subsequent days in reading papers on various philosophical subjects. The proceedings each day commenced at 10 o'clock in the morning in the various sections under their respective Vice-Presidents, and the whole assembled together in the Senate-house at 1 o'clock, under the direction of the President: when the proceedings of the respective sections were reported, and followed by reading papers upon general subjects. The *coup d'œil* of the Senate-house during these re-unions was particularly imposing, comprehending above 1,000 persons, of both sexes, distinguished for their rank, talent, and accomplishments. On the third day the Master and Fellows of Trinity College gave a splendid entertainment to 400 members of the Association, in their great hall, the Vice-Master, Dr. Brown, in the chair, supported by Dr. Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, the Marquess of Northampton, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Morpeth, and Sir J. V. B. Johnstone. The evening passed off in the greatest harmony and enthusiasm. It was truly a most splendid sight to behold 400 of the most learned and enlightened men in the empire, together with some of the most distinguished men of science from different parts of Europe and America, all united together for the advancement of knowledge in that hall where Newton, Bacon, Barrow, and other immortal philosophers, had so frequently met before for a similar purpose. On the

fifth day doctors' degrees were conferred on Lords Fitzwilliam and Morpeth, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Sir Thos. Brisbane, &c. In the afternoon the Master and Fellows of St. John's College gave a grand dinner to some members of the Association. On the sixth day the whole concluded with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music. The next meeting will take place at Edinburgh.—Among the distinguished men assembled on this highly interesting occasion, were.—Sir David Brewster, Professor Forbes, and Mr. Alba, from Edinburgh; Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; Dr. Buckland, Dr. Daubeney, and Professor Baden Powell, from Oxford; Professors Lindley and Turner, of the London University; Sir John Herschel, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Lubbock, Dr. Roget, the principal of the East India College; Rev. James Yates; Mr. Wyon, of the Royal Mint; the Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle; the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved; the Rev. John Kenrick, and Mr. John Phillips, from York; Dr. Phillips, Mr. Blackwall, Dr. Dalton, Dr. Holme, Mr. R. Potter, Jun., Mr. Eaton Hodgkinson, from Manchester; the Marquess of Northampton, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lords Braybrooke, Morpeth, and Cavendish, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir George Cayley, M.P., Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Henry Verney, M.P., Sir J. V.B. Johnstone, M.P., Rev. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Rev. Mr. Malthus, &c. &c.

VARIETIES.

A return of all persons imprisoned for debt for the last three years, with the amount of their debts, has been laid before the House of Commons. It furnishes the following details for the city of Dublin:—

	1831.		1832.		1833.	
	Persons.	Debt. £	Persons.	Debt. £	Persons.	Debt. £
City Marshalsea	942	2,189	900	2,208	718	1,564
Newgate	23	5,574	24	1,097	35	2,659
Sheriff's Prison	600	48,022	761	42,043	535	44,213
Total	1,565	55,785	1,685	45,350	1,288	48,437

General abstract for all Ireland:—

		Debts. £
Number of Debtors confined in 1831	6,898	192,618
1832	7,231	169,048
1833	5,688	192,529
Total	19,817	554,197

Averaging an amount of debt to each prisoner of 2*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*

The number of persons having deposits in the savings' banks and friendly societies, the funds of which were in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt on the 20th of November, 1832, appear to be as follows:—

Depositors in Savings' Banks.	England and Wales.	In Ireland.	Total.
Persons	390,120	43,903	434,023
Charitable Societies	2,490	431	2,921
Friendly Societies	3,943	197	4,140
			441,084
Number of Members belonging to Friendly Societies			36,919
			478,003

By a return on the wine trade, printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that during the last five years the importation of wine has diminished, though, as might be expected from the variety of the vintages, not in a uniform proportion; and that, on the whole, the consumption of wine in this country has fallen off. In 1828, the number of gallons of all kinds imported was 9,637,951; in 1829, it was 7,618,196; in 1830, it was 6,879,588; in 1831, it was 7,116,870; and in 1832, it was 6,018,480. The quantity entered for *home consumption* during these years does not exhibit the same variety, but shows a slight general decrease. In 1829, the quantity of all sorts of wine *permitted* out of stock, was 4,790,076 gallons; in 1831, it had fallen below 4,500,000 gallons; and in 1832, it was reduced to 4,423,325 gallons. By this table the consumption of French wines had fallen off, though not to a great extent. The number of gallons permitted out of stock in

1829 was 219,563 gallons, and in last year 198,289 gallons, making a difference of more than 20,000 gallons. The additional duty imposed on the wine consumed in the greatest quantity has not brought any great accession to the revenue. The duties in 1831 were 1,535,484*l.*, and in 1832, 1,566,758*l.*

Number of vagrants who were passed through the following counties during the year 1832, with their cost:—Middlesex, 9,576, 2,950*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; Bedford, 4,836, 1,096*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*; Bucks, 7,162, 762*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; Berks, 4,559, 1,139*l.* 15*s.*; Wilts, 3,429, 1,400*l.* 19*s.*

A return of the number and value of country bankers' notes stamped in England, for the under-mentioned years, has just been laid before the House of Commons:—Value year ended 5th Jan. 1827, 1,289,775*l.*; 5th Jan. 1828, 1,970,595*l.*; 5th Jan. 1829, 2,842,130*l.*; 5th Jan. 1830, 2,403,700*l.*; 5th Jan. 1831, 1,955,430*l.*; 5th Jan. 1832, 2,217,915*l.*; 5th Jan. 1833, 1,751,685*l.* Total in 7 years, 14,381,230*l.*

The number of persons who have obtained diplomas from the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and those who were examined and rejected by the College during the last five years, are as follow:—1828, diplomas, 384; rejected, 32—1829, diplomas, 470; rejected, 29—1830, diplomas, 481; rejected, 20—1831, diplomas, 406; rejected, 35—1832, diplomas, 402; rejected, 25.

The expense of the under-mentioned establishments, for 1832, appears to be as follows:—Treasury, 64,752*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; Home Department, 26,746*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*; Foreign ditto, 61,686*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*; Colonial ditto, 28,314*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.*; Privy Council Office, 12,228*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*; Board of Trade, 12,551*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

The number of publicans in England and Wales convicted for permitting disorderly conduct in their houses, or for keeping them open at unlawful times, from 1st April, 1832, to the 1st of April, 1833, was 1,775. The number of beer-house-keepers convicted for like offences during the same period, was 3,550.

The total amount of public money expended under the Charity Commission is 14,163*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, of which sum 9,685*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.* has been paid for salaries, and 4,297*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.* in the other expenses of the commission. The average number of days the commissioners have been employed on the business of the commission since their appointment under the act 1 and 2 William IV., is about 190 for each commissioner.

The total number of bricks made in England and Scotland between the 5th of January, 1832, and the 5th of January, 1833, was 998,346,380: the duty received was 294,322*l.* 9*s.* 1¾*d.* The number of tiles made during the same period was 76,601,051: the duty, 38,010*l.* 17*s.* 0½*d.*

The total official value of the imports into the United Kingdom for the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, was 44,586,241*l.* 15*s.* The total official value of exports from the United Kingdom for the same period, viz.—British and Irish produce and manufactures, 65,026,702*l.* 11*s.*; Foreign and Colonial merchandise, 11,044,869*l.* 17*s.*; total, 76,071,572*l.* 8*s.*

The number of persons committed from the police-offices, in the year 1832, is as follows:—Bow-street, 2,904; Hatton-Garden, 3,541; Lambeth-street, 2,207; Great Marlborough-street, 4,877; Marylebone, 2,818; Queen-square, 2,944; Thames-police, 1,248; Union-hall, 1,382; Worship-street, 1,567; Bridewell-prison, 748; Giltspur-street, 311; City House of Correction, 111; Newgate, 394; Borough, 529; Brixton, 47. Total, 25,628.

King's Bench.—The number of writs sealed from the 30th day of April, 1832, to the 10th of June, 1832, was 754: of this number 23 are at the suit of clergymen. The number of writs sealed from the 30th day of April, 1833, to the 10th of June, 1833, 733: of this number 200 are clergymen.

Common Pleas.—The number of writs issued out of the Common Pleas in Ireland from the last day of April, 1832, to the 10th day of June in the same year, was 321: of this number 7 are at the suit of clergymen. The number of writs issued out of the same court in the like period in 1833, was 572: of this number 265 are at the suit of clergymen.

Law Exchequer.—The number of writs issued and sealed from the 30th day of April, 1832, to the 10th day of June in the same year, was 1,844. The number of writs issued and sealed from the 30th day of April, 1833, to the 10th day of June in the same year, was 3,036; the number of clergymen not distinguishable in this last court.

Duty on Tiles.—The duty on tiles ceased on the 20th ult. In order that the public may be apprized of the benefit which ought to be derived from such cessation, we annex the following rate of the duties so repealed:—Plain tiles, per thousand, 5*s.* 8*d.*; pan or ridge tiles, 12*s.* 10*d.*; one hundred paving tiles, exceeding ten inches square, 4*s* 10*d.*; one hundred ditto, not exceeding ditto, 2*s.* 5*d.*; and other tiles not described, per thousand, 4*s.* 10*d.*

Exportation of Coals—By a return to Parliament, it appears that during the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, 10,161 tons were exported to Gibraltar, 605 tons to Spain and the Balearic Islands, 4,039 tons to Italy and the Italian Islands, 3,422 tons to Malta, 1,180 tons to the Ionian Islands, 2,435 tons to the Russian ports in the Black Sea, 323 tons to Turkey and Continental Greece, 647 tons to the Morea and Greek Islands, 7,260 tons to Egypt. Total, 30,072.

Fees.—The amount of fees received in the Treasury for the year ending 1832 was 14,048*l.* 17*s* 11*d.*, the whole of which was applied in the payment of the established salaries of the department. In the Home-office the amount of fees for the same period was 15,193*l* 7*s.* 7*d.*; the allowance from the Post-office, as a compensation formerly enjoyed by the clerks of this office for franking newspapers to Ireland, 1,250*l.* and half the profits of the "London Gazette" in 1831, 3,638*l.* 3*s* 9*d.* The whole amount was expended between the fee-funds of the Foreign and Colonial offices, and the payment of the salaries of the Home Department. The fees in the Foreign-office were 10,645*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* expended in a similar manner. The fees in the Colonial Department were 10,376*l.* 16*s* 6*d.*; expended of which, in salaries in the establishment, 10,071*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* The fees received in the Privy Council office were 14,814*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, almost entirely on account of fees received on the release of vessels from quarantine during the cholera.

Taxation.—An account has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, "of the gross and net amount of all taxes repealed, expired, or reduced in each year since the termination of the war; and also of all taxes imposed in the same period, showing the several articles on which the alterations of duty were made, together with an estimate of the amount of the reduction or increase of duty upon each article." The return does not include the reductions in the present year. It appears that the gross estimated amount of taxes repealed since the close of the war is 42,345,529*l.* The estimated gross produce of the taxes imposed in the same time is 5,836,110*l.*, leaving a balance of taxes reduced above those imposed of about 36,500,000*l.* Of the taxes so reduced about 9,000,000*l.* have been custom duties, 14,000,000*l.* excise duties, and above 18,500,000*l.* the property and assessed taxes.

The quantity of sheep and lamb's wool imported into the United Kingdom during the year 1832 was 28,142,419lbs Of this quantity 19,832,225lbs came from Germany, 2,626,624lbs. from Spain, and 1,425 657lbs. from New South Wales. The quantity returned for home consumption was 27,666,350lbs., that re-exported 555,014lbs., and there remained warehoused under bond on the 5th of January, 1833, 3,165,651lbs. During the year 1832, the exportation of British sheep and lamb's wool was 4,199,825lbs.; of this quantity 3,416,963lbs. were sent to the Netherlands. The woollen yarn exported during the same year was 2,204,464lbs. of which 1,128,196lbs. went to Germany. The declared value of the British woollen manufactures exported from the United Kingdom for the year 1832, was 5,244,478*l.* 10*s.* 10*d*, of which Germany took the amount of 816,718*l.* 12*s.*; the Netherlands, 389,910*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; East Indies and China, 696,073*l.* 8*s.* 4*d*; British North American Colonies, 362,436*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.*; United States of America, 1,420,642*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*; France, 43,186*l.* 12*s.*

The Sheriffs of London have made a return of the number of convicts who have suffered corporal punishment during the last three years, by order of the courts held at the Old Bailey. In 1830, 10 were publicly and 75 privately whipped. In 1831, 1 was publicly and 80 privately whipped. In 1832, 1 was publicly and 77 privately whipped.

The amount of fees received by the Registrars of Deeds in the county of Middlesex for the year 1832 was 2,755*l.* 3*s.* Their official expenditure for the same period was 837*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* The fees for the Registrar in the East Riding of York for the year 1832 amounted to 525*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* Those of the West Riding for the same period to 1,580*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*

Taxation on Paper.—The tax on paper in 1805 was only levied to the extent of

74,304*l.*; in 1822 it was rated to the amount of 528,178*l.* The quantity of paper excised in 1829 was—

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1st class	lb. 38,619,721	6,075,995	1,501,462
2nd do	11,555,311	1,079,800	577,734
Millboards ... cwt.	25,395	4,185	254

The quantity of first and second class paper excised in England in 1822 was about 50,000,000lbs. of which nearly 31,000,000lbs. was first-class paper; in 1823 the first-class paper made was 38,927.738lbs.—The tax on mill, scale, and pasteboard in 1792 was but 6*s.* 10*d.* per cwt.; in 1822 it was 27*s.*! The tax on vellum in 1792 was 3*s.* 5*d.* per dozen, and the quantity made 5380 dozen; in 1822 it was 7*s.* per dozen, and the quantity made not more than 2180 dozen. The tax on parchment in 1792 was 1*s.* 8*d.* per dozen, and the quantity made 31,564 dozen; in 1822 it was 3*s.* 5*d.* per dozen, and the quantity but 39,452 dozen. The licence on paper-makers, &c. was raised from 2*l.* in 1792, to 4*l.* in 1822.—*From Martin's "Taxation of the British Empire."*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The following is a list of the Catholic Clergy in France:—Archbishops, 14; Bishops, 66; Vicars-General, 174; Canons, 660; Rectors of the first class, 767; ditto of the second class, 2,534; Curates, 26,776; Vicars, 6,184; Chapter of St. Denis, 21; Choristers of ditto, 16; Seminarists, 3,500;—total, 40,712. The Clergy cost the country 33,918,000 fr., exclusive of fees, gifts, and other allowances from parishioners, communes, and departments.

State of Religion in the United States.—The relative strength of religious denominations in America is as follows:—In the Baptist Connexion there are 6,059 churches, and 431,534 communicants. The increase of communicants during the last year has been upwards of 41,000. The total number of churches of the Orthodox Congregationalists is 1,059; of communicants, 140,000. The increase during the past year has been 27,252. The Presbyterians have 21 Synods, comprising 110 presbyteries, 2,381 congregations, 1,935 preachers, 1,730 ordained Ministers, and 217,348 communicants. The additions made to the number of communicants during the past year have been 41,046. The Protestant Episcopalians have twelve Bishops, and the population over whom they preside is 6,000. The Methodist Episcopalians, or, as they are commonly styled, the Episcopal Methodists, number 548,593 members. The United Brethren number 4,000 communicants; the Reformed Dutch Church, 79,560; the Associate Presbyterians, 12,033; the German Reformed Church, 17,888; the Evangelical Lutheran Church, 44,356; the Cumberland Presbyterians, 10,000; and the Universalists, 4,000. The Roman Catholic population may be stated to be 500,000; the Associated and other Methodists, 170,000; the Friends, or Quakers, 30,000; the Unitarians, 16,000; and the New Jerusalem Church, 5000.

The French Colonies.—The "Annales Maritimes," a work published under the sanction of Government, contains the following statement of the population and commerce of the French Colonies for the year 1831:—1. Martinique: free population, 23,417, of which 11,628 are males, and 11,789 females. Population of slaves, 86,299, of which 41,825 are males, and 44,474 females; total population, 109,716. Imports of merchandise, 13,554,477 francs; exports of ditto, 12,421,365 francs; balance in favour of importation, 1,135,112 francs. 2. Guadaloupe and dependencies: free population 22,324, of which 10,555 are males, and 11,769 females. Population of slaves, 97,339, of which 47,259 are males, and 50,080 females; total population, 119,663. Imports of merchandise, 11,053,997 francs; exports of ditto, 16,544,171 francs; difference in favour of exportation, 5,490,174 francs. 3. Guiana: free population, 3786; population of slaves, 19,261. In this colony there were 266 births to 417 deaths. This disproportion, which is particularly remarked among the slaves, is owing to the disproportion of the sexes. To 7,483 males, of from 14 to 60 years, there were only 5,835 females, so that the population diminishes annually. The total population in 1831, was 23.047. Imports of merchandise, 1,715,100 francs; exports of ditto, 1,633,294 francs; balance in favour of importation, 81,800 francs. 4. Isle of Bourbon: free population, 27,645, of which 14,059 are males, and 13,586 females. Population of slaves, 70,285, of which 46,803 are males, and 23,482 females; the total population is 100,558, including 2,628 free

Indians. Imports of merchandise, 7,335,755 francs; exports of ditto, 9,910,980 francs; difference in favour of exportation, 2,575,225 francs.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Newspapers published in Spain.—At Madrid—1. Madrid Gazette, the official journal, from which disputations in political matters are excluded. 2. Spanish Review, a paper entirely devoted to the Queen; and a late writer in which, Don Puno Eurostro, has been banished, for having published in it his opinion on the convocation of the Cortes. 3. Literary and Mercantile Courier, local commerce and literature. 4. Advertising Journal. 5. Commercial Bulletin. At Cadiz—The Cadiz Mercantile Journal, which publishes only maritime news, and the decrees of government. At Seville—Diario de Seville, which contains only royal ordinances. At Badajoz—the Journal of the town, localities, and a few *innocent* anecdotes. At Saragossa—an advertising paper. At Valencia—a Journal, containing local intelligence and foreign news copied strictly from the Madrid Gazette. At Barcelona—a Local and Provincial Journal, with occasionally articles on Literature; and a newly-established paper, entitled the Mercantile Journal and Political Economist, treating of the Spanish funds and the resources of the kingdom. Gallicia—the Gallician Courier, which copies the legislative and judicial acts from the Madrid Journals. Murcia—the Provincial Mercantile Journal, exclusively devoted to advertisements. Seville—Semanario de Agricultura y Actes, published in London, continued at Seville.

The half-yearly census, made up to June 30, states the number of individuals occupying furnished apartments in Paris at 44,843, of whom 39,610 are French, and 5,233 foreigners. In the return up to January last, the number was 38,492, of whom 33,765 were French, and 4,727 foreigners.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Employment of Gelatine from Bones, at the Hospital of St. Louis, by M. D'Arcet.—The apparatus employed at the Hospital of St. Louis for extracting the gelatine from bones has been in full activity since the 9th of October, 1829. Since that time, that is, for three years and three months, it has wrought night and day without interruption, and has supplied in that space of time 1,059,701 rations of gelatinous solution, and 2,192 kilogrammes (4,384lbs.) of grease.

All this gelatinous solution has been used in the hospital, either in the preparation of broth, or mixed with vegetable nourishment: all the grease has served instead of butter, in preparing the vegetables or ragouts that have been distributed among the sick and labourers; and thus they have received better broth and ragouts than indifferent "*bouilli*," (the meat from which broth or soup is made.)

Since the Hospital of St. Louis has adopted the use of aliment from gelatine, 21,430 sick and work people have, in that time, been supported by it; and for the last two years, the governors have besides ordered the distribution, every Sunday, of 75 rations of soup and gelatine to the poor of the district. More than 29,000 persons, therefore, in the course of three years and three months, have been supplied at the Hospital of St. Louis with more than a million of rations of gelatine.

Cultivation of Walnuts in Cashmere.—There are four varieties of walnuts in Cashmere, called khanuk-doonoo, which is wild; wantoo, doonoo, and kaghzee, which are cultivated. The khanuk-doonoo, or forest walnut, is diminutive, with a very thick hard shell, and small proportion of kernel, so firmly engaged in narrow compartments with strong partitions, as not to be worth the trouble of extricating. The nut of wantoo is a little larger; but the shell cannot be broken except by a sharp blow from a stone or hammer; nor can the kernel be got out except with difficulty. The nut of the doonoo is somewhat larger still, its shell thick, but in a less degree; the kernel large and good, and is readily extracted. The kaghzee is so called from its shell being almost as thin as paper. It admits of being broken by the pressure of the hand, is the largest of the whole; and its kernel is also large, and easily removable.

It is reported that the kaghzee owes its superiority to having been engrafted. The nuts, steeped in water for eight days, are planted in the beginning of March, and the shoot makes its appearance on the surface of the soil, generally about forty days afterwards. If the proprietor think proper to engraft the trees, the process is performed when the plant is five years old, by the method, if I mistake not, of stock-grafting. The head being cut off horizontally, to a convenient height, is partially slit or opened in its circumference, and three or four scions are introduced

into distinct slits, and retained firmly without the aid of any binding; but clay-mortar, worked up with rice-husks, is put round it, and kept from being washed away, by being enveloped in broad strips of birch-bark.

At the age of ten years the walnut tree in Cashmere is in full-bearing; and upon a single tree at that period, the average annual number of walnuts brought to maturity amounts to about 25,000. After a few years of full bearing, the produce falls off, and the plant runs into great luxuriance of leaf and branch. To remedy this effect, the cultivator reduces the tree, topping its branches so as to bring it to the state of a pollard. During the year following, shoots and leaves alone are produced; in the following season, however, the crop becomes so abundant as to compensate for the absence of nuts in the preceding year. Again, in a few years, when the yield becomes inconsiderable, the process is repeated, and always with similar success.

The walnuts which fall green furnish the material for a colour of the same tint; this, however, is not permanent; but the husks of the ripe fruit are sold to the dyers for the basis of a fixed black.

When ripe, the fruit of the wantoo walnut is retailed in the city for eating, at the rate of a hundred for two pice, or about one penny; the nuts of the doonoo in the same number for three pice, and of the kaghzee for four pice, or two-pence. The country people break the walnuts at home, and carry the kernel alone to market, where it is sold to oil-pressers, at the average rate of seven rupees per khurwar, or ass-load. About 12,000 ass-loads of walnut kernels are annually appropriated to the oil-press in Cashmere, producing in the gross return of oil and oil-cakes 1,013,000 rupees, independently of the nuts eaten by man. Walnut-oil is preferred to linseed-oil, for all the uses to which the latter is applied; and in Cashmere, as on the continent of Europe, is used in cookery and for burning in lamps, neither clogging the wick nor giving too much smoke. Walnut-oil is exported to Tibut, and brings a considerable profit. It is somewhat extraordinary that a tree which furnishes timber durable and handsome, and a nut which yields valuable oil, should not be more cultivated in Britain.

USEFUL ARTS.

New Washing Machine.—This consists of a shaft placed horizontally, which shaft is to be turned by a crank, and has on it a fluted roller, which, by its revolution, causes a circular tub or trough to revolve upon its vertical axis: the bottom of the said tub or trough being also fluted and elevated towards the centre, so as to adapt it to the conical roller. A spiral spring, or weight, is also used, acting upon the outer end of the horizontal shaft, to press it and its roller down, and at the same time to admit of its rising, according to the varying thickness of the clothes between the two surfaces.

Machine for Pressing Flour, &c.—In this press, the lever which forces down the follower upon the flour, is raised by means of an endless screw, working against the end of its longer arm. The concave nut in which the screw works does not embrace it, but is a segment of a female screw, so fixed that it can be thrown out of gear when the lever is raised to the required height.

Cane Rifle; being an improvement on Rifles and Guns.—Our readers are aware that guns or rifles in canes are not new, but of course ingenuity may devise many novel modes of arranging the parts of such an instrument; that before us exhibits much skill, but still we think the instrument itself, however made, will never supersede the sportsman's gun or rifle; and that for defence and offence but few need it, and but few, therefore, ought to carry it. As in many other cases, however, we cannot readily describe the peculiar arrangements of this cane rifle, although one point may be noticed which will be easily comprehended. The head of the cane draws back, so as to expose the lock, and then bends down upon a joint, assuming a form something like the butt of a gunstock.

Newly-discovered Substance.—Mr. J. M. Corbet, of Salop, in a letter to the Editor of the "Mechanics' Magazine," gives the following particulars of a newly-discovered substance, to which he proposes to give the name of Thiogen:—"I inclosed some sulphur in a glass tube of two feet long by one inch in diameter. I passed a very fine spiral wire through the sulphur, and then fixed the whole in a metallic lightning conductor, which was insulated above the sulphur apparatus. The glass tube was so contrived that any air coming from it would pass into a receiver placed for

its reception. I now waited for the lightning to pass down the rod, and had in only two months to witness the effects of it on the sulphur, as a violent shock of lightning passed down my conductor. On visiting the spot, I found the spiral wire fused, and the lower part of the sulphur changed into a powder as white as snow, and my receiver full of hydrogen. I have named this substance Thiogen; its specific gravity is 1.707. It has a great affinity for hydrogen, and converts muriatic acid into chlorine. It converts oil and fat into carbon in quite a new state, the carbon being white, soft, and nearly transparent, after having lost its hydrogen. Thiogen decomposes phosphorus by depriving it of hydrogen; the remaining part is a new and very inflammable gas, the colour of chlorine."

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JUNE 28, 1833, TO JULY 25, 1833, INCLUSIVE

June 28.—H. ALLENBY, George-street, Adelphi, boarding-house-keeper. F. TAYLOR, Webber-street, Blackfriars-road, victualler. W. FOWLER, Cirencester, printer. B. HILL, Oxford, hatter. P. DAVIES, Fishguard, shopkeeper. G. HORTON, Birmingham, builder.

July 2.—J. STRANGMAN, Jun., Queen-st, Cheapside, flour-factor. T. ROVEDINO, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, music-publisher. H. HOLT, Somerset-street, Portman-square, bookseller. J. A. TAYLOR, George-street, Hanover-square, boarding-house-keeper. W. DELAMAIN, Wells-street, Marylebone, wine-merchant. R. STEPHENS, Newgate-street, victualler. T. CHRISTMAS, New Church-street, Lisson-grove, flour-dealer. J. MOOR, Manchester, glass-merchant. S. PEEL, Leeds, plaid-manufacturer. J. ROBERTS, Llandillo, Carmarthenshire, linen-draper.

July 5.—G. GRAY, Great Portland-street, Marylebone, corn-dealer. E. and M. WILSON, Shipton-upon-Stour, Worcestershire, butchers. J. TURNER, Lynn, jeweller. J. GREENWOOD, Liverpool, stone-merchant. E. GARNETT, Lancaster, coal-dealer. J. and W. TUCKER, Exwick, Devon, millers. R. H. TRICKEY, Bristol, builder. E. GRAY, Harborne, Staffordshire, nail-factor. B. COOK, Birmingham, brass-founder. J. LOWN, Lowdham, miller. W. SHIRLEY, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucester, builder. R. HINXMAN, Bishop's Waltham, Hants, dealer.

July 9.—J. BEVIL, Hanbyford-place, Kennington-common, auctioneer. J. BOLTON, Preston, coal-merchant. J. BOLTON and R. BARNES, Preston, corn-merchants. J. WRIGHT, Chancery-lane, law-bookseller. J. BRIDGWOOD, Folley lane End, Staffordshire, clay-merchant. F. MARRIOTT, the younger, Mapperley, Basford, Nottingham, brewers. T. BROADHURST, Stockport, Cheshire, builder.

July 12.—S. RADCLIFFE, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. J. R CASE, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, grocer. R. WATSON, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. J. PAUL, Houndsditch, baker. J. and H. R. WILSON, St. Osyth, Essex, grocers. T. FORD, Canal-road Wharf, Kingsland-road, coal-merchant. E. LEDWARD, Liverpool, hat-manufacturer. J. M. WRIGLEY, Pontefract, Yorkshire, merchant. J. R. KENWORTHY, Liverpool, druggist. T. S. FLUDE, Mincing-lane, wine-broker. M. TYLER, Lyncombe, Somerset, broker. W. KENDRICK, Birmingham, jeweller. J. LANGRIDGE, Salisbury, stay-maker. R. HONE, Brighton, grocer. W. POTTER, Broad-street, Golden-square, grocer. J. ARKELL, Warwick, appraiser. J. GIFFORD, Somerset, limeburner.

July 16.—C. POWELL, Birmingham, linen-draper, U. WRIGHT, Bury-street, St. James, Westminster, carpenter. J. HUSTABLE, Bristol, freestone-merchant. T. PAYNE, Folkestone, Kent, innkeeper. J. SOLLOWAY, Powick, Worcestershire, horse-dealer. E. CROCK[illegible] G[illegible]-yard, Sedgley, Staffordshire, pig-iron-maker. J. Birmingham, corn-factor. TONGUE, Theatre Tavern, [illegible]er Temple-street, Birmingham, retail brewer. J. C. and W. C. JENNINGS, Bristol, corn and provision-merchants. W. BELLAMY, Sheffield, corn-factor. T. STOKES, Cradley, Worcestershire, druggist. W. JONES, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, mason.

July 19.—S. STOCKTON, Long-yard, Lamb's Conduit-street, w[illegible]-cooper. F. POUT, Surry-street, Strand, attorney-at-law. S. STREET, Ashton-under-Lyne, grocer. J. HUXTABLE, Bristol, freestone-merchant. M. MARTIN, Newbury, Berkshire, carrier. R. HILLIER, Newport, Monmouthshire, provision-merchant. R. N. WILLIAMS, Bristol, coal-merchant.

July 23.—G. E. CLARK, Bath, linen-draper. W. BROWN, Wilmington, Kent, cattle-dealer. J. T. HUNT, Prince's-street, Lambeth, bone-merchant. J. HART, Liverpool, tailor. H. LEGH, Shrewsbury, butcher. J. BRECKNELL, Blackrook-park, Monmouthshire, miller. H. HALL, Doncaster, grocer. J. and G. JONES, Tywyn, Carnarvonshire, cattle-dealers.

July 26.—H. LEE, Little Windmill-street, victualler. J. C. STEWART, Torrington-square, merchant. C. FRIEND, Munster-street, Regent's-park, milkman. J. S. TROUTBECK and W. T. CLOUGH, Darry Lever, Lancashire, manufacturing chymists.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Revenue.—The official tables of the revenue were issued as usual on the 6th of July. Upon the receipts of the quarter itself, as compared with the corresponding period last year, there is a falling off to the amount of 5,251*l.*; though, upon the whole financial year, there appears an increase of 569,703*l.* The item in which the deficiency is most remarkable is that of the "Excise," which, as well upon the year as the quarter, shows a falling off to the amount, in the first of 218,880*l.*, and in the second of 183,740*l.* The assessed taxes, too, are less by 12,845*l.* than were returned in the quarter ending the 5th of July, 1832, though upon the whole year better by 85,069*l.* The Revenue derived from the sale of stamps has increased within the quarter 42,567*l.* but fallen off upon the year to the amount of 119,237*l.* Among the prosperous sources of public income, the "Customs" is uniform upon the year and quarter, the first to the amount of 818,776*l.*, and the second 147,433*l.* —and the Post-office, which shows an increase upon the receipts of last year of 16,000*l.*, and upon the corresponding quarter of that year of no less than 41,000*l.*! Those taxes called "Miscellaneous" are better upon the year by 17,505*l.*, and the quarter by 634*l.* Amongst the other items under the general head of "Decrease" in these tables we find that the repayments of money advanced for public works, have produced within the quarter just ending less by 40,300*l.* and upon the whole year, by 29.530*l.* than in the preceding year and quarter. No doubt this defalcation, arising, perhaps, from accidental causes, has had its effect upon the general effect of the returns for the present quarter. The amount required to be raised by Exchequer bills for the service of the current quarter is calculated at the large sum of 7,322,423*l.*

Stamp Duties.—The New Stamp Act, 3d and 4th William IV., chap. 23. passed on the 28th ultimo, came into operation on the 6th instant, Saturday week. It reduces the duty on Advertisements to one shilling in Ireland, and one and sixpence in Great Britain. The following are also some of the provisions of the Bill:—It exempts from Stamp Duty in Great Britain and Ireland receipts for payments of money, not amounting to 5*l.* It also exempts from Stamp duty, in the United Kingdom, all insurances of "agricultural produce, farming stock, and implements of husbandry," against loss by fire. It enacts that a copy of every pamphlet, or literary work, or periodical paper, containing advertisements, or having them annexed, shall be exhibited at the Stamp Office, (in Dublin, within six days after publication, and in the country within ten days,) for the purpose of enabling the revenue-officers to collect the duty on the advertisements. It repeals the present duty on marine insurances in respect to foreign voyages, and imposes new duties, according to the following scale:—If the premium shall not exceed 15*s.* per cent., a duty of 1*s.* 3*d.* per cent. If the premium exceed 15*s.* but not 30*s.* per cent., a duty of 2*s.* 6*d.* per cent. If the premium exceed 30*s.* per cent., a duty of 5*s.* per cent. In every case where the sum insured is under 100*l.*, duty is chargeable as at that sum.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

June 17.—A conversation arose on the subject of the Political Unions, in consequence of an inquiry made by the Earl of Winchilsea, whether the Ministers contemplated any measure for their suppression.—Earl Grey replied that he did not at present consider it necessary to propose any such measure, the existing laws being sufficient for the suppression of all illegal assemblies.—Lord Eldon complained that the Government had, during the last two years, passed over thousands upon thousands of seditious publications; and declared it was their duty, for the preservation of the monarchy, to put an end to the libellous productions which daily assailed even their Lordships' house.—Lord Melbourne admitted the pernicious tendency of many publications that had appeared; but asserted that the most efficient means had been adopted to check or punish those that were deemed seditious and illegal. It was the determination of Ministers to maintain the laws and the dignity of Parliament by every means in their power.—The Marquis of Londonderry expressed his belief that the Ministers were viewed with anything but satisfaction by the Political Unions.—Lord Segrave expressed his deliberate conviction that the Political Unions would have died a natural death before this time but for the creation of conservative clubs.

June 20.—The Quakers' and Moravians' Affirmation Bill was read a second time. In the course of the discussion which took place on the motion, the Bishop of London declared himself favourable to the Bill, inasmuch as it would go to reduce the number of unnecessary oaths which the law in this and other respects called upon parties to take.

June 21.—The Earl of Aberdeen adverted to the papers recently laid before Parliament on the subject of the occupation of Algiers by the French, and said he should, without hesitation, leave the construction that ought to be put upon them to men of sense and honour. He submitted, however, that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the occupation of Algiers by any Foreign Power, and especially by the French, and therefore trusted that Earl Grey would be prepared, when the proper time for so doing arrived, to show that he had exerted his utmost to secure the honour and interests of England.—Earl Grey replied, that at the proper time he should be prepared to vindicate the conduct that had been pursued by the English Government, and to show that every precaution had been taken to secure the honour and interests of this country.

June 24.—On the Lord Chancellor moving the order of the day for the House going into a committee on the Local Courts' Bill, Lord Eldon opposed the measure, inasmuch as it would fail in practice, and was an experiment of danger calculated to disarrange our whole system of existing laws. He moved as an amendment, that the Bill be committed this day six months. The Lord Chancellor defended the Bill, and their Lordships divided. The numbers were, in favour of the Bill 52, against it 38, majority 14.

June 25.—The Earl of Ripon brought forward the resolutions of the Commons respecting the abolition of negro slavery, the grant of 20,000,000*l.*, &c. His Lordship strongly and feelingly dwelt on the importance of the question, and the anxiety with which he approached it. The fate of the colonies, he contended, was dependent on this question, which he had ever viewed as one of time; and he maintained that the period for the abolition of slavery had at length arrived. Its abolition was demanded because slavery was at variance with every principle of justice and humanity. If it were argued that the time had not arrived when the slave was fit for freedom, he would reply that the time had arrived when he was unfit to continue a slave. To avert the consequences of sudden abolition was the object of a part of the plan embraced by the resolutions; hence the regulation for the term during which the masters should have a certain demand on the labour of the negroes. He decidedly approved of the proposed grant to the colonies. Though he had viewed abolition as inevitable, he had ever contemplated that, as far as the Legislature was concerned, some compensation was inevitable also. The adoption of the resolutions he strongly urged on their Lordships. They were, however, debated at considerable length, but in a somewhat desultory manner. The resolutions were adopted.

July 3—The agricultural "labour rate" bill, as amended by a select committee, called forth some discussion.—Lord Wynford, on the second clause, which defines who are to pay, and how the rate is to be levied, moved an amendment to the effect that the owners of tithes, shopkeepers, and, in fact, all persons who did not employ agricultural labourers, should be exempted from the operation of this bill, but it was negatived on a division of 25 against 12.

July 5—The Marquis of Lansdowne brought forward the resolutions on the East India Charter, which had previously been sanctioned by the House of Commons, and in moving their adoption spoke at considerable length. He pointed out the advantages that would accrue to this empire from the relaxed system, and particularly dwelt on the necessity of opening the trade and the country to the enterprise and skill of all his Majesty's subjects—The resolutions of the Commons were ultimately agreed to, and a message sent down to acquaint them thereof.

July 9.—The Irish Church Temporalities Bill was read a first time.—The House then proceeded with the Local Courts' Jurisdiction Bill, the opposition to the third reading of which was led on by Lord Wharncliffe and supported by Lords Lyndhurst and Wynford. The bill, after a long debate, was eventually thrown out by a majority of *five*.

July 12—The Court of Chancery Regulations Bill went through a Committee—the Lord Chancellor making some observations on the savings effected by its provisions as respected the Six Clerks, and the abolition of the gratuities in the offices

of the Masters in Chancery.—The Lord Chancellor afterwards brought forward a bill founded on the report respecting the ecclesiastical courts. That report recommended the abolition of about 300 ecclesiastical jurisdictions—their powers would be transferred to the diocesan officers. The bill would also correct the abuse as regarded the prosecutions for "brawling;" it proposed that henceforth such offences should be tried as misdemeanours in the Common Law Courts. Another provision related to probates of wills; it proposed, as far as they were concerned, the extension of the Statute of Frauds.—The Lord Chancellor then introduced a Bill for the purpose of establishing a concurrent jurisdiction, as regarded the Insolvent Debtors' Judges in Wales;—to prevent the retention in prison, in certain places, and under particular circumstances, of unfortunate debtors beyond the period contemplated by the benevolent principles of the *Acts on the subject*.—The Lord Chancellor also adverted to another bill, the object of which would be to establish a Court of Appeal from the Law Judges, in which three or more Judges should preside, and that would leave the Lord Chancellor the time to transact the business of his own court, and to preside in their Lordships' House. He also proposed an equalization of the salaries of the Chief Justice, and Chief Baron, to be 7000*l*. a-year; also for the reduction of the salaries of the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. His Lordship said he should also recommend that the Lord Chancellor's salary be 8000*l*. —The several bills having been brought in were read a first time.

July 15.—The Duke of Richmond, in reply to an inquiry, said that the ratification of the treaty for the Regulation of the Post between England and France, had not yet been received. When the proper time arrived, he should be prepared to show that in these arrangements the commercial interests of England had not been neglected.

July 17.—Earl Grey moved the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. His lordship, in a speech of considerable length, remarkable for its eloquence and sound reasoning, contended for the policy and justice of the government measure. The following is a brief abstract of his lordship's statement:—The objects in view were these: in the first place to abolish church cess, in the next place to make provision for the augmentation of small livings, and thirdly, to provide for the building of churches, and such other matters as had hitherto been provided for out of the church cess. These objects were to be effected by the sale of leases in perpetuity—by the consolidation of the revenues of the bishoprics, and by a tax on future incumbencies. One of the most prominent parts of the noble earl's speech was that in which he defended the contemplated reduction in the number of bishops. The number, he showed, had varied at different times; and 22 bishops for Ireland was, he submitted, out of all proportion, when it was considered that there were only 26 for England, with a greater number of parishes, and a greater number of Protestants. The proportion was 22 bishops in Ireland to 1,000,000 of people, and 26 bishops in England to 8,000,000 of people. His lordship concluded by admitting the measure to be a necessary consequence of the Reform Bill; and expressing his conviction that sooner or later justice would be done to the motives and conduct of the government.—The Earl of Roden contended against the bill on three grounds. First, because it imposed a tax on the clergy for the benefit of the people; secondly, because it destroyed ten Protestant bishoprics; and, thirdly, because it appointed laymen to regulate the spiritual concerns of the church. He moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months.—The Earl of Wicklow said he should support the second reading, a degree of excitement and expectation having been created, which rendered it necessary that they should adopt some change.

After a discussion, which excited considerable interest, the debate was adjourned by the Bishop of Exeter to the following day.

July 18.—The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill was resumed. The Bishop of Exeter had possession of the House, he having moved the adjournment; but he gave way to Lord Carbery, who, in a low tone of voice, opposed the Bill. The Bishop of Exeter then rose, and resisted the motion at considerable length. He dwelt strongly on the importance of the measure, and complained that the Bill proposed to tax parties who were only partially represented. Those who were to pay the tax, in reality had not been consulted. He reviewed the several provisions of the Bill, and contended that many financial errors had been committed in the calculations adduced in its support. As to the church cess, he admitted the propriety of abolishing it. No man could be bold enough to support its continuance. Lord Plunket replied at considerable length,

supporting the Bill, and maintaining that it was calculated to sustain the institutions and to promote the best interests of the country. Lord Mansfield opposed the Bill. The Marquis of Lansdowne rose late, and, amidst loud calls of "Adjourn," spoke in favour of the Bill as calculated to avert dangerous conflict with the people.

The debate was again adjourned.

July 19. The order of the day for resuming the debate on the second reading of the Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill having been read. Lord Eldon opened the debate, and strenuously opposed the whole measure.—The Bishop of London followed, and stated his reasons for *agreeing* to the second reading of the Bill.—The Archbishop of Dublin supported the Bill. He did so, as he knew of no better means to avoid the evils which could no longer be endured. He had himself consented to the reduction of the revenues of his see, upon the principle that they were granted, not for his sake, but for the sake and the advancement of Protestantism in Ireland.—The Duke of Wellington entered into a review of the policy adopted by the present Government towards Ireland, and censured in strong terms the mistakes which had been committed—such as the appointment of the Marquis of Anglesey after he had recommended agitation; the neglect to conciliate the Protestants after the Catholics had been emancipated, and the omission to enforce the payment of tithes before the combination against their payment had been fully organised. After tracing the subsequent events in the order in which they occurred, down to the introduction of the bill, he asked whether his Majesty's Ministers had a right to charge upon their predecessors the conduct which had led to the present state of Ireland? The great object of Government ought to be the preservation of the Church establishment, but whatever their inclination might be, that object was not very clearly deducible from their conduct.—The Lord Chancellor defended the Bill at considerable length. The following is the conclusion of his speech:—That their lordships should ever think of passing the second reading of this bill, and going into committee upon it with the intention of introducing changes that would impair its efficiency or materially change its nature, was a supposition that he would reject with indignation if ever he heard it mentioned—with an indignation proportionate to the respect he entertained for their lordships. Consistently with that feeling of respect, it was utterly impossible for him to believe that the House would come to a vote of a colourable and collusive nature, in mockery of the people of this kingdom, and fraught with a thousand times worse consequences than the manly and straightforward, though he thought deluded, course, of throwing out the bill altogether on the question of its second reading.—The Duke of Cumberland opposed the Bill, on the argument of the coronation oath.—The Duke of Sussex spoke in support of the Bill.—Lord Wynford opposed the Bill.—Earl Grey, in reply, alluded to an observation by a noble lord as to the possibility of a collision and convulsion. Upon that point all he could say was, that if their Lordships went on opposing all reforms, in defiance of public opinion—if from a false notion of the authority of this House to govern independently of the House of Commons and the country, they should estrange the public mind, and exasperate public feeling—if they should persist in so disastrous a course, then he thought that a collision would ensue, of which he could not foresee the consequences. But he trusted that they would act differently, and by giving their sanction to this Bill prove to the country that they were ready to consult the best and dearest interests of the people—Their lordships then divided—Contents—Present, 104; Proxies, 53; total 157.—Non-Contents—Present, 68; Proxies, 30; total 98, Majority in favour of Ministers, 59. The Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 17.—The House went into committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and proceeded as far as the 39th clause.

June 18.—Colonel Evans brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a bill to amend the English Reform Act. He said his object was to bring in a bill, and get it passed with as little delay as possible, to repeal those clauses of the English Reform Bill which disfranchise a voter who shall not, to a certain time, have paid his poor-rate and King's taxes. The House, he thought, would be surprised to hear that this provision had operated to disfranchise not less than 300,000 householders. The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, declaring that the required change would affect a characteristic part of the Act, as those rates and

taxes were taken as the criterion of the value of the houses and the right to vote. Mr. Hume supported the motion, and expressed his regret at the opposition of Lord Althorp. The House divided; for the motion, 24—against it, 84—majority, 60.——Mr. Fryer moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the corn-laws, urging that repeal was essential to the best interests of trade and of the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed it, stating that the subject had already been discussed this session, and that no advantage could result from again agitating it at the present period. The House divided; for the motion, 47—against it, 72.—Sir A. Agnew moved for leave to bring in a bill to provide for the better observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, and upon a division the motion was carried, there appearing against it, 60; for it, 73.

June 19.—The House proceeded with the Irish Church Temporalities Bill to Clause 117.

June 20.—Colonel Evans having presented a petition from Westminster praying for repeal of the assessed taxes, Lord Althorp said his object had been to repeal taxes so long as there was a surplus revenue, but he could not consent to repeal taxes to such an extent as would endanger public credit or be incompatible with the due support of the dignity and honour of the country.

June 21.—The House resolved into Committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill. The bill proceeded to the 147th clause. Mr. Stanley then announced that the Government proposed to withdraw this clause—the clause enacting that the surplus from the arrangement respecting Bishops' leases and Church lands, if any, should be appropriated according to the direction of Parliament. It was withdrawn, because the fact of any surplus was doubtful; and, viewed as alienation of Church property, it did not give satisfaction to the country. This declaration led to much stormy debate Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, and Mr. D. W. Harvey declared that the only value of the bill was lost—that the Ministers, when carrying the Coercion Bill, pledged themselves to stand or fall by this bill; and that if this clause were not carried, they hoped the whole bill would be kicked out. Mr. Stanley, Mr. Macaulay, Dr. Lushington, Sir R. Peel, Lord Sandon, &c. defended the alteration, and denied that the Government had pledged itself to an alienation of Church property. Sir R. Peel denied that he had been any party to compromise on the subject of change in the bill. After extended discussions, the negativing of the clause was proposed The numbers were, for the clause, 148—against it, 280—being a majority of 132 in favour of Ministers.

June 24.—The House resolved itself into a Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities' Bill.—Mr. Hume contended that the Bill, as amended by the late vote of the House, added 3,000,000*l*. to the already overgrown revenues of the church, and moved as an amendment that the chairman do leave the chair. This led to a long conversation, and Mr. Hume ultimately withdrew his motion. Mr. Stanley moved several amendments to the 54th clause, which called forth a good deal of discussion. Mr Hume, Mr O'Connell, and others, again affirmed, that in their opinion the abandonment of the 147th clause was the virtual defeat of the Bill, while Mr. Stanley, Dr. Lushington, and others contended that if the surplus contemplated by the 147th clause, to be placed at the disposal of Parliament arose, the principle of parliamentary appropriation was left untouched by this Bill. The 54th clause, as amended, was eventually adopted. Upon the 56th clause being put, Mr. O'Connell said, that until the Act of the 7th of George IV., which went to prevent Catholics voting in vestry upon ecclesiastical matters, was repealed, this Act would be a nullity; he therefore proposed, as an amendment, the repeal of that Act. This proposition produced a long conversation, but was lost on a division, the numbers being—for the amendment, 48; for the original clause, 189.

June 25.—The Church Temporalities' Ireland Bill was again considered in Committee. On schedule A, Sir R. Peel suggested that the scale of income from which the per centage should begin should be at 300*l*, instead of 200*l*.; and he justified his suggestion by stating, that if the present amount were continued, the 2½ per centage would not produce much above 700*l*. Mr. Stanley said he should not resist the alteration, if such change were the wish of the House. The schedule was eventually amended by substituting 300*l*. for 200*l*. as the *minimum* for the per centage. The Bill having gone through the Committee the report was received.

June 26.—The Roman Catholic Marriages' Bill, a measure to mitigate the penalties imposed on priests for marrying Protestants with Roman Catholics, called

forth a good deal of observation. Mr. Shaw, Colonel Perceval, &c., contended that all restrictions ought not to be removed. Mr. Stanley submitted that it was expedient to repeal those severe penalties, which were a disgrace to the Statute Book. If it were thought advisable still to impose restrictions on marriages performed by Roman Catholic priests, the Committee would be the place to propose them.—The Bill was read a second time.

June 27.—Mr. Finch brought forward his resolution against political unions.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he felt it to be his duty to meet the motion with a direct negative.—The House divided on the motion; the numbers were—for the motion, 8; against it, 78.

June 28.—The House again resolved itself into Committee on the Bank Charter Acts. Colonel Torrens moved, as an amendment, that the consideration of the question be postponed till next session. He made this motion on the ground of the avowed completeness of the inquiries of the last session, and of the ignorant and mischievous principles upon which the Bank of England, according to the evidence, conducted its affairs. He contended, and he was supported in these sentiments by Mr. Scrope, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Gisborne, who followed him, that the money affairs of this country ought not to be left in the irresponsible and unskilful hands of the Bank of England. The Chancellor of the Exchequer maintained that it was unnecessary to wait for further evidence; that the evidence obtained by the Committee of last session was quite sufficient to enable the House to judge of the propriety of renewing or altering the Bank Charter. The Committee divided. The numbers were—for the amendment, 83; against it, 316.—Majority against postponing the question, 233.

July 1.—The House proceeded to the further consideration in committee of the Bank Charter, and Lord Althorp proposed an alteration in the second resolution, to the effect that persons presenting notes above five pounds would not be entitled to demand gold. Sir R. Peel asked whether a person presenting two five pound notes would be entitled to demand gold. Lord Althorp said that the case was not contemplated in his resolution. Mr. A. Baring approved the measure: by making Bank of England notes a legal tender, panic would be prevented, as people would not then be running to the Bank on every idle rumour. A long discussion followed, in which Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Grote, Colonel Torrens, Sir J. Wrottesley, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Herries, and others spoke, and ultimately a division took place, when Lord Althorp's motion was agreed to, the numbers being 214 in its favour, and 156 against it. The third resolution was, after some conversation, agreed to without amendment, and the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Wednesday.

July 2.—Mr. Buckingham brought forward his motion for a select committee to consider the practicability of progressively reducing the national debt, by its conversion into terminable annuities, at gradually diminishing rates of interest, so as to lessen its burden every year; and to determine the best mode of assessing the property and income of the nation to meet the expense of such conversion; and to form at the same time a surplus revenue fund, which should enable Parliament progressively to repeal those imposts which bear most heavily on the agricultural, manufacturing, and shipping interests of the country. He urged the necessity of such an inquiry, and contended that no relief could be afforded to the country, without the adoption of some such plan as that he now proposed. Lord Althorp agreed with much that had been advanced by the honourable member, but objected to his project, for various reasons. He maintained that a graduated property-tax would be a measure of confiscation; and said that as even indirect taxation was so loudly complained of, he thought it would be imprudent to attempt direct taxation. After some discussion the motion was negatived on a division.

July 3.—The imprisonment for debt abolition bill was read a second time, after some conversation on its importance, and on the credit due to the government for having brought it forward. The House resolved into committee on the Bank Charter acts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating that he postponed the resolution regarding joint-stock banks, but that he should press the legal-tender part of the plan. Mr. Clay complained of the amount of remuneration proposed to be awarded to the Bank; and maintained that the items of charge, on the assumed truth of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had acquiesced in the bargain, were altogether delusive. He wished the matter to be referred to a select committee. This course was supported by Mr. M. Attwood and several members, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord J. Russell resisted it as unprecedented. It was

eventually moved, as an amendment, that the Chairman do quit the chair, and that the House resume, in order to move that the subject be referred to a select committee. The House divided on this question. The numbers were—For a committee, 88; against it, 176; majority, 88.

July 4.—Mr. Tooke moved an address to his Majesty to grant a charter to the London University. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that the subject had been and was under the consideration of the Government; and that the great difficulty was the terms on which the charter should be granted; but, as the subject was under consideration, he suggested the propriety of withdrawing the motion.

July 5.—Lord Ashley brought forward his motion, "that the House resolve itself into Committee on the Factories' Regulation Bill." This motion was met by an amendment on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who proposed that the bill should be referred to a committee above stairs—another committee, after the report of the Commissioners, and the reports of previous committees! The proposition was resisted, as an attempt to defeat the bill for another session. It was strongly maintained, that any further inquiry was useless after what had already taken place, and that if the House was not sufficiently informed to determine whether children ought to work in heated factories for more than ten hours a day, they never would be qualified to legislate on the subject. The House eventually divided, when the numbers were—For Lord Ashley's motion, 164; for the Committee above stairs, 141; being a majority of 23 against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposition.

July 8.—The Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed; the numbers on a division being—Ayes, 274; noes, 94; majority, 180.

July 9.—Mr. Cutlar Fergusson brought forward his motion on the subject of Poland, in a very able and eloquent speech, and concluded by moving the following address to his Majesty, "that he will be graciously pleased not to recognise, or in any way give the sanction of his government to the present political state and condition of Poland, the same having been brought about in violation of the treaty of Vienna, of which Great Britain was a party." After a lengthened discussion the motion was negatived, the previous question having been put, by a majority of 82, the number for it being 95, against it, 177.

July 10.—Mr. C. Grant moved the second reading of the East India Company's Charter Bill, and Mr. Buckingham moved an amendment, to the effect that it was expedient that a short bill should be passed in the present session for opening the trade with China in April, 1834, and that all the other arrangements connected with the subject should be deferred till next session. The bill was, after some discussion, read a second time.

July 11.—Mr. H. L. Bulwer brought forward his promised motion, for papers respecting the measures pursued by Russia in her late interference with the state of Turkey. Lord Palmerston, in reply, said that compliance with the motion would be productive of great inconvenience: that there was proceeding a correspondence on the subject; that he believed Russia would keep faith on this subject; and that he believed, at the time he was speaking, the Russians were withdrawing. Mr. C. Fergusson could have no faith in Russia, after the manner in which it had trampled on the nationality of Poland, in violation of a treaty. There was, in reality, a conspiracy of crowned heads against the free institutions of Europe; and at the head of that conspiracy was the Emperor of Russia, who was aided by the Emperor of Austria. But so long as there was a good understanding between England and France, he was not without hope that the conspiracy would fail in its objects. Mr. Bulwer, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's statement, consented to withdraw his motion. Dr. Baldwin brought forward his promised motion for a Select Committee, to inquire into the effect of absenteeism on the prosperity of Ireland, and to devise a remedy for the evil, which was eventually negatived without a division.

July 12—The House went into Committee on the East India Bill, for the purpose of filling up blanks, and making verbal amendments. On the proposition to fill up the blank for the term of the charter, Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, that for "twenty" years be substituted "ten" years; afterwards proposing an addition to the first clause, namely, that the charter should terminate at the expiration of ten years, and two years' notice, or power to amend the charter, as to the Parliament should seem meet, if circumstances required. This amendment was negatived on a division. The Committee proceeded to clause 40.

July 15.—Sir John Wrottesley pressed his motion for a *call of the House* in order that the House might be prepared for events, should the Lords throw out the Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill. Mr. R. Denison, Sir R. Peel, and other Members resisted the motion, contending that it would lower the dignity of the House to act on mere report. The Chancellor of the Exchequer repeated that the Government stood pledged to the Bill; he thought, however, that something of menace was conveyed in the present motion; he felt certain that the friends of Government did not wish to increase its difficulties. He, therefore, hoped that the motion would be *withdrawn.*—Sir J. Wrottesley expressed his disinclination to embarrass Ministers. After some observations from Major Beauclerk, the Chancellor of the Exchequer added that it was not from impending events that he wished the motion to be withdrawn.—Mr. Stanley and Lord J. Russell also urged the Hon. Bart. to withdraw his motion; but Sir J. Wrottesley replied that he felt it to be his duty to press it. The House then divided. The numbers were—for the call, 125; against it, 160—majority against the call, 35.—The House then again resolved into Committee on the East India Charter Bill, and resumed the consideration of clause 40, which with other clauses were agreed to.

July 16.—Mr. F. O'Connor withdrew his notice of motion respecting the "Repeal of the Legislative Union between England and Ireland," that stood first on the list of notices, without assigning any reason whatever for doing so.—Mr. Ruthven brought forward his resolution, declaring "That the reduction of taxation, and the diminution of the public burdens, by every attention to economy, are objects of paramount importance; and that, in justice to the people who pay taxes, all sinecure places should be abolished throughout the British Empire."—Mr. Rice contended that more extensive reductions had taken place than the Government had credit for; that they had exceeded what even Mr. Hume asked for in 1821; that the reductions were 3,000,000*l*; and that the reductions in expenditure had been applied to the diminution of taxation, instead of keeping up a fanciful system of finance, and sustaining a large sinking fund, and further reductions were contemplated.—Mr. Hume said he was not amongst those who maintained that the present ministers had done no good beyond that of being instrumental in the carrying of the Reform Bill; on the contrary, they had effected many reductions, and had conferred incalculable advantages on the country, by bringing all the civil list charges, with the exception of about half a million, under the inspection of Parliament, and by affording means of giving publicity to all accounts.—Sir R. Peel said that the resolution embodied a mere truism.—The house finally divided on it, when the numbers were—for the resolution, 88; against it, 79; majority in its favour, 9.

July 17.—The whole of the evening was occupied with discussions on the East India Charter Bill. Several clauses, down to No. 89, occupied the attention of the committee.

July 18.—Lord Ashley moved that the House resolve into committee on the Factories' Regulation Bill.—It gave rise to an animated discussion.—Mr. R. Fergusson contended that the evidence did not warrant this Bill.—The House then resolved into committee.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that they should postpone the first and proceed with the second clause (that respecting age and the hours of labour); that clause involving so much of the principle of the bill.—Lord Ashley complied, observing that if this clause were not carried he should abandon the bill.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved an amendment to substitute "thirteen" years for "eighteen" years, at the same time intimating that the fate of this amendment would decide the limitation that he should propose as to the hours of labour; but in both propositions, as to age and hours, he should follow the recommendations of the commissioners.—Lord Ashley opposed the alteration, and quoted many parts of the evidence to show that the restrictions proposed in the original clause were essentially necessary for the security of the health and due protection of those children who could not protect themselves. The debate occupied the whole of the morning; and it was continued in the evening, after several notices had been postponed to afford the opportunity. At one o'clock the house divided on the amendment. The numbers were—for, 238; against, 93; majority, 145.—Lord Ashley then stated, as such was the result, that he should leave the bill in the hands of the government.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that in such case it would be better to "report progress," which was done.

July 19.—The East India Bill was discussed both in the morning and evening

sittings, and considerable progress was made.—Mr. Littleton gave a satisfactory explanation of the intentions of the Irish Government in the case of the recent outrage at Coote-hill.—Mr. Spring Rice corrected a misstatement made by Mr. Hume on a former evening. The important matters of the Deccan prize question, and of the conduct of certain agents of the Post-Office, were just glanced at; and the only other noticeable topic of these intermediate conversations was Mr. Lamb's intended motion to amend the Beer Act. If the Beer Act has been the cause of any new or increased irregularities on the part of the poorer classes, for whose benefit it was intended, let some effort be made to control or prevent those improprieties; but we would caution Mr. Lamb against lending too ready an ear to the interested testimony of licensing magistrates, who, finding their all but irresponsible power abridged by this bill, see in this sad result more than a counterbalance to the advantage of an augmented consumption of barley.—The Small Debts Bill for Scotland was read a third time and passed.

FOREIGN STATES.

PORTUGAL.

The fleet of Don Pedro, under the command of Admiral (Captain) Napier has obtained a decisive victory over the fleet of Don Miguel. On the morning of the 2d instant, the squadron under the command of Admiral Napier, consisting of the Rainha da Portugal (his flag ship), the frigates Don Pedro and Donna Maria, the Portuense corvette, and the brig Villa Flor, sailed from Lagos Bay. On the 3d the Miguelite fleet hove in sight, and Admiral Napier being at the time to windward of the Miguelite fleet, made a heavy press of sail, and at three o'clock bore down on them, closely followed by the other ships of the squadron.

The devoted fleet of Don Miguel was drawn up in line of battle, presenting a very imposing appearance. The Don John (Admiral's ship), of 74 guns, and 750 men, was the headmost ship; then followed the Nao Rainha, 74, also with a crew of 750 men; the next was a large store ship of 52 guns, and 640 men; then the Princesa Real, a noble frigate of 48 guns, the corvette Princesa Real, and three brigs brought up the rear. At a quarter past 3 P.M. Admiral Napier first hoisted his flag, and at half-past three the enemy first showed his colours, the Rainha de Portugal frigate bore down under full sail, making for the second ship in the enemy's line, (the Nao Rainha, 74). At five minutes before 4 the action was commenced by a broadside from the Princesa Real frigate, immediately followed by broadsides from the store ship and the Nao Rainha, which, had their guns been otherwise than badly pointed, must have totally disabled the Rainha de Portugal, but the only injury sustained was in her rigging, and that only trivial. The Rainha de Portugal never fired till close alongside the Nao Rainha, when Admiral Napier, attired as a common seaman, boarded that ship sword in hand, immediately followed by his officers and such part of the crew as had been selected for that duty. The Don Pedro, commanded by Captain Napier, son of the Commander-in-Chief, followed closely the Rainha de Portugal, ran up on the lee quarter of the Nao Rainha, and also boarded her. The conflict was dreadful, but in ten minutes the Constitutional flag floated proudly over that of the despot Miguel. The Don John (the Admiral's ship), which had hitherto only fired her stern guns, now set all sail, and attempted to make off, but was pursued by Captain Napier, and surrendered without resistance, after receiving one broadside. The Donna Maria frigate, in the meantime, had engaged the large store-ship, which vessel was defended with much bravery, and did not surrender till she had become totally unmanageable. The Princesa Real frigate also struck, and the corvette, in endeavouring to make off, having fallen athwart the Birmingham steamer, hove to and struck her flag, although the Birmingham offered no obstruction to her escape.

The loss on board the ships of Admiral Napier was considerable; among them were—Captain George, of the Rainha de Portugal, killed while boarding the Nao Rainha, 74; Captain Goble, of the Don Pedro, killed; Lieut. Woolridge, Flag Lieutenant to Captain Napier, wounded severely, since dead; Lieut. Millet, marines, killed; Captain Napier, the Admiral's son, was severely wounded; Captain Reeves, severely; Lieut. Edmonds, severely; and Captain Vancello, of the marines, severely.

This important action in favour of the Constitutionalists enhances the chance of

a speedy and decisive result to the Portuguese question, coupled with the account of the land forces in Algarves gaining a constant accession of numbers. The number of the inhabitants of the Algarves, including troops, which have declared for Donna Maria, is estimated at from 4000 to 5000; which makes the force under the command of the Duke of Terceira to be about 8000 men. The greatest degree of enthusiasm for the cause continues to manifest itself throughout the southern part of Portugal, and indicates the rapid termination of the protracted struggle; leading us to anticipate at last with some degree of certainty, that a few weeks will announce the fall of Lisbon, with the entire close of the usurper's reign, and the commencement of the liberal government of Donna Maria II.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Cortes assembled at Madrid on the 18th ult. for the purpose of swearing fidelity to their future Queen, the young Princess of Asturias. The Members were required to take an oath that they had only been empowered to assemble, and were met exclusively for that purpose.

ITALY.

The duchess of Berry arrived at Palermo on the 5th inst. The declared husband of the Duchess, Count Lucchesi Palli, had arrived three days before, and received her Royal Highness on her disembarkation. The father of the Count, the Prince of Campo Franco, is Governor of Sicily, and in that capacity gave General Bugeaud, who accompanied the Duchess, a kind of receipt for the delivery of his charge. Such is the end of the expedition to La Vendée, and of the romantic patriotism of the Royalist heroine.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Albert Conyngham, second son of the late Marquis Conyngham, to the Hon. Henrietta Maria, fourth daughter of the late Lord Forester.

At Florence, A. Bower, Esq., of Kincaldrum, Scotland, to the Countess Plagie Kossakowska.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, H. Kingsbote, Esq., to Harriet, daughter of C. T. Tower, Esq., M.P.

At St. Ibrnias's, in Wexford, Capt. Gardener, 1st West India Regiment, to Constantia, daughter of the late Major-General Trevor Hull.

At St. James's Church, Captain C. Crespigny Vivian, eldest son of Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., to Miss Scott, niece of the Earl of Meath.

At Carnock, William, eldest son of Sir W. Maxwell, Bart., to Helenora, daughter of the late Sir M. S. Stewart, Bart.

At Elvedon, Suffolk, Sir Mark Wood, Bart., to Elizabeth, daughter of W. Newton, Esq.

At St George's, Hanover-square, Sir T. B. Lennard, Bart, M.P., to Georgiana, relict of H. D. Milligan, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. T. Mott, Esq, of Norfolk, to Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley.

At Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone, the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, eldest son of Lord Kenyon, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Lord Walsingham.

At Mary-le-bone, John W., only son of Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., of St. James's-place, to Harriet, daughter of the late Colonel Hotham, of York.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles, eldest son of Admiral Stirling, of Woburn Farm, Chertsey, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Harrison, Esq, of Heath Bank, in Cheshire.

At Winchelsea, Archibald, son of the late Colonel Bulkeley, of Huntley, Stafford, to Helen, daughter of the late W. Randall, Esq., of Blackheath.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, Esq., to Sophia, daughter of Sir G. Pococke, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Beilby Porteus Hodgson, eldest son of the Dean of Carlisle, to Frances, daughter of the late G. J. Legh, Esq., of High Legh, Chester.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, Stirling Freeman Glover, Esq., of his Majesty's 12th Regiment, to Georgiana, second daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Charles Henry Somerset, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

At St Mary's, Bryanstone-square, Frederick Lewis Nicoley, nephew of the late Sir W. Burrdight, Bart., Cavan, Ireland, to Elore, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Briggs, resident of Maypore, East Indies.

At Dover, R. W Hawkes, Esq, Royal Marines, to Ellen, daughter of Major Petley, R.A.

Died]—Lieut.-Colonel Edward O'Hara, C.B, formerly of the 63d Regiment.

At Marble Hill, Galway, aged 76, Dowager Lady Burke, mother of Sir John Burke, Bart., and grandmother of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Marchioness of Sligo, and Countess of Howth.

At Wimbledon, Sir W. Beaumaurice Rush, in his 83d year.

Suddenly, J. Reed, Esq., Secretary to the

Captain-Superintendent at Sheerness Dock-yard.

At Merrion, near Dublin, the Right Hon. and Rev. Viscount Harburton, aged 75.

At Great Marlow, Lady Mortlock, wife of Sir J. Mortlock.

At an advanced age, Mrs. Young, mother of the tragedian.

In Dublin, Dr. Laffan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, and brother of Sir Courcy de Laffan, Bart.

At Tunbridge Wells, the eldest son of the late Sir T. Hill Noel, late commandant of the Maidstone Cavalry Depot, and grandson of Lord Teignmouth

At Taplow, Bucks, Colonel M. Williamson Browne, H E I. C. Artillery.

In Rochester, Augusta, daughter of the late Sir J. Gregory Shaw, Bart., of Kenward, Kent.

At Kensington, Charlotte, daughter of the Dean of Chester.

Lady Jane Houstoun, sister to Lord Lauderdale, and wife of Sir William Houstoun, Lieut.-Governor at Gibraltar.

Suddenly, in his 43d year, the Hon. Captain Roper Curzon, R.N., second son of Lord Teynham.

At the Vicarage, Cripplegate, the Rev. W. Holmes, Vicar of that parish, Sub-Dean of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, and one of the Minor Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In Weymouth-street, Lieut.-General Sir T. Bowser, K C.B, aged 81.

At Barnstaple, Devon, John Wickey, Esq., Admiral of the Red, aged 83.

At 21, Conduit-street, Maria, Lady Anstruther, widow of Sir J. Anstruther, Chief Justice of Bengal.

Mr. Stephen Lavender, formerly of Bow-street office, but latterly head of the police at Manchester.

At Brompton, Madelina, wife of Signor Spagnoletti, of the King's Theatre.

In Portland place, G. P. Heneage, Esq., of Hainton Hall, Lincoln.

At Richmond, the Hon. George Murray, brother of Lord Elibank.

At Carhead, Yorkshire, Lady Amcotts.

On his passage to Gottenburgh, Baron Ralamb, many years Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires from Sweden to this country.

At 24, Sussex-place, Regent's-park, Anne, daughter of the late Sir Walter Scott. Miss Scott was carried off by brain fever after an illness of ten days: but she had never, it is understood, entirely rallied after her father's death.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

St. Katharine Docks.—A half-yearly general meeting of proprietors has been held at the Dock-house, Thomas Tooke, Esq., in the chair. The Chairman, after some introductory observations, adverted briefly to the increase which had taken place in the trade generally of the port during the last three months, as compared with the preceding quarter, in the advantage of which the St. Katharine Docks had fairly participated. The Board of Directors, it was stated, were of opinion that it would be advantageous to the interests of the Company if the number of Directors, which then consisted only of nineteen, was extended to twenty-one, being the maximum fixed by the Dock Act, as such an increase would be productive of an accession of business. The recommendation of the Board was adopted; and after thanks had been voted to the Chair and the rest of the Directors, and a dividend of 1½ per cent. for the half-year ended the 30th of June last declared, the meeting broke up.

DEVON.

A fine colossal figure of his Majesty King William the Fourth, standing 14 feet 5 inches in height, of Portland stone, has been erected on the entrance gate of the new Victualling Office, at Stonehouse.—*Plymouth Chronicle.*

HAMPSHIRE.

Opening of Southampton Pier.—On the 8th of July the grand ceremony of opening the new landing pier took place at Southampton, amidst an immense assemblage of spectators. The entire number, it is supposed, would be at least 25,000; and it is stated, from authority, that there were as many as 10,000 persons upon the pier at one time. The spectacle was rendered doubly attractive by the attendance of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, who are at present residing at Norris Castle, East Cowes.

LANCASHIRE.

The intended railway between Manchester and Bolton, by the line of the canal, has been commenced.

At an adjourned meeting of the proprietors of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, held at Manchester, it was unanimously agreed to dissolve the company and abandon the undertaking, and to return the balance in the hands of the treasurer to the subscribers.

NORFOLK.

In the city of Norwich there were, a few weeks ago, no less than 12,000 persons receiving parochial relief out of a population of 70,000.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The iron trade is at present very brisk, at the prices fixed on April quarter-day; so much so, indeed, that some parties confidently look for an advance. This state of the business has had its effect on the workmen, and we have received from one of the first iron works in Staffordshire, information of their having turned out for an increase of wages; which, as the masters are expected to accede to their demands, will probably operate a rise in the prices of goods as early as the ensuing week. The wire-drawers, indeed, and others connected with the trade, have, we are informed, been served with notices to this effect. There are, at present, a good many orders in the market from America, but they do not seem large; and the dealers, as might be expected of them, at a period of anticipated change, are just now extremely cautious. The prices of manufactured goods of nearly all kinds are very low, but not lower than they have been for the last nine months.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The London and Birmingham Railway.—This railway is proposed to be 112¾ miles long, and rise 256 feet. The different levels require one rise of 315 feet in 15 miles, or 11 minutes only. There will be ten tunnels, and two lines, six feet distant, with places for turning out. It will pass under Primrose Hill, by Watford, Northampton, and Kilsby, entering Warwickshire near Farnborough. For 15 miles, it will pass through clay; for 19, chalk; 20, marl and clay; 16, lias marl; and 21½, red marl and sandstone; the travelling rate will be 20 miles an hour, and the distance be performed in 5½ hours, or between breakfast and dinner. A similar railway is in progress from Birmingham to Manchester, of 4¼ hours' distance.

SCOTLAND.

The four Scotch Universities receive 5696*l.* annually from Government, which is thus divided:—St. Andrews, 1010*l.*; Aberdeen, 1397*l.*; Glasgow, 1360*l.*; Edinburgh, 1929*l.* This was formerly defrayed from hereditary revenues of the Crown, but now comes into the miscellaneous estimates.

The state of the crops in the Highlands is described in the Scotch papers as most promising, the late rains having done great service everywhere—they were general. The grass crops are of a superior growth and quality. The wheats are, generally speaking, strong, and full in ear. Oats and barley promise equally well; and the potatoe crop is healthy and advanced.

IRELAND.

The Irish Post Office has given notice, that in future unstamped supplements to newspapers published in Ireland will be charged the full rates of postage.

County Clare.—In consequence of the peaceable condition of the county Clare, it is intended to withdraw the peace preservation force from that district, and draft them to other counties where their services may be required. The constabulary force, of course, remains.

Coast-Guard Service.—It is confidently stated that an extensive change of the coast-guard service between England and Ireland will shortly take place.

The amount advanced by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland out of the Consolidated Fund to ecclesiastical persons for tithe due, and which, from the disturbed state of the country, they were unable to collect up to the 14th of June, is 49,707*l.* A repayment of 12,174*l.* 6*s.* 4¾*d.* has been made into the Exchequer on account of the above advances for tithe recovered on the prosecution of petitions before the Lord Chancellor at the instance of the Crown.

The number of persons in Ireland licensed to sell spirits by retail, not to be consumed on the premises, are as follows:—In the city of Dublin, 80; other parts of Ireland, 66; total, 146. The numbers licensed to sell spirits to be consumed on the premises stand thus:—In the city of Dublin, 1,078; other parts of Ireland, 16,753; total, 17831.

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TO THE

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